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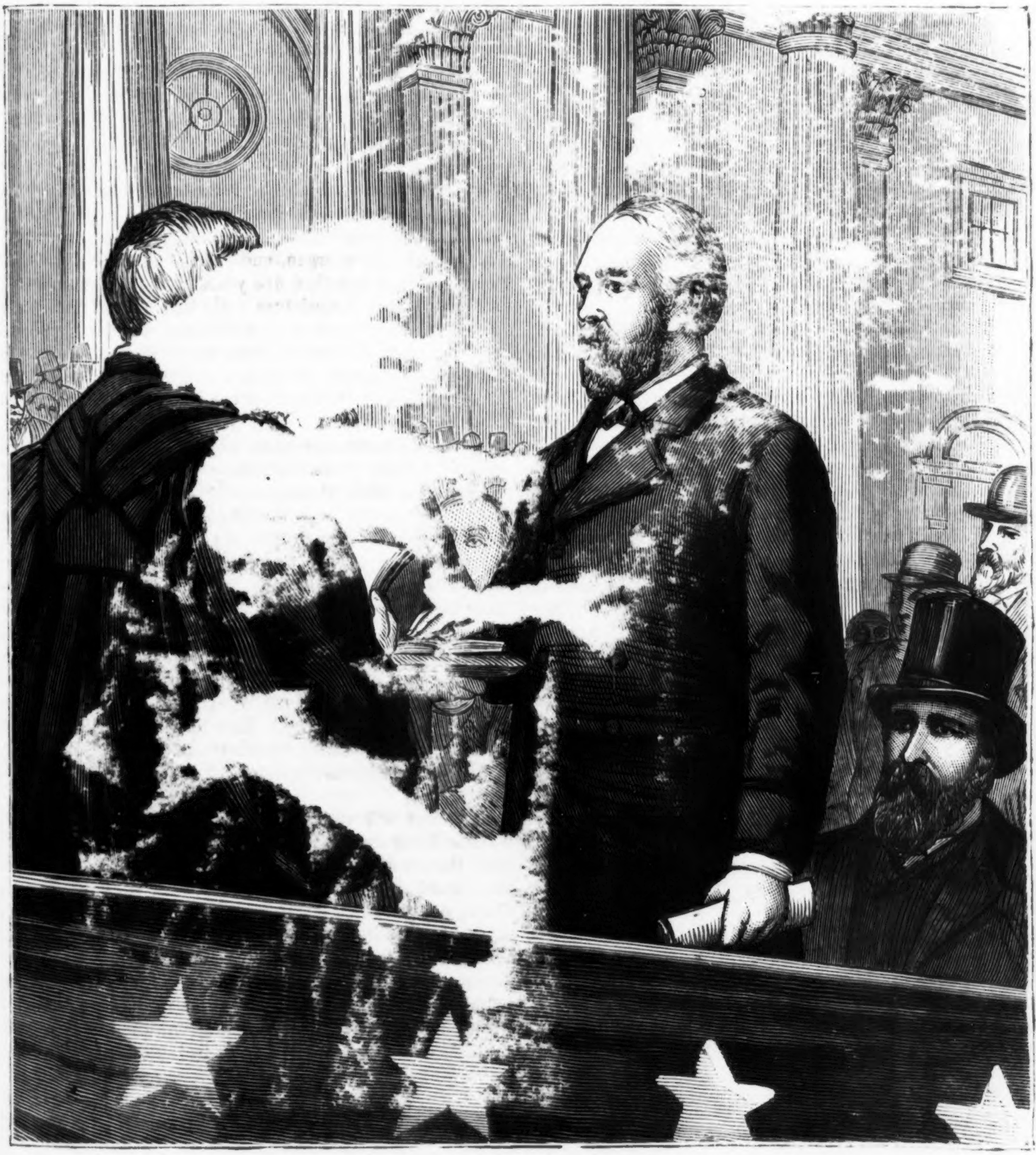
PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.

By GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

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PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.

By George Alfred Townsend.

The writer of this contribution was walking toward the White House, at Washington, about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, March 5th, when he came upon Senator Blaine, soberly crossing the avenue from the White House gate. Mr. Blaine bent out of his course a little, put out his hand, and said: "You like early information? Walk up toward my house a short way, and I will tell you the Cabinet." He had the minute before received the full news himself, which was, perhaps, already on its way to the Capitol, to be laid before the Senate. I turned about, and this remarkable man, with the openness of a father or guardian, repeated over the list. I had not been on pleasant terms with him for several years, but he had closed the gap in an instant.

"Windom," said he, "for the Treasury; Kirkwood, Interior; McVeagh, Attorney-General; Hunt, Navy; Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War; Mr. James, Postmaster-General; and your humble servant, State."

As he pronounced these names we were passing the old Rogers house, where Secretary of State Seward had been stabbed by an assassin, and had, with the foxiness of an old diplomatist, though an invalid and with a broken arm, rolled out of his bed immediately, and rolled under it. Where, in the annals of personal resources, did any minister at sixty-four ever beat this? Yet my friend, the new Secretary, could, I believe, have done it twice as well.

"How does it strike you, Mr. Blaine?"

"This, at least, can be said of it," replied the new head of the Cabinet—"there is not another man upon it who has been for Blaine for President." He then added, still reflectively, walking along: "But, regarding statesmanship to be wise concession, as I have always done, I think it is a good Cabinet."

The man who thus gave me, unsolicited, what everybody in Washington was yearning to learn, has probably filled the most popular niche in American politics since Henry Clay. Without the least imitation, he is probably as successful, as real, and as attractive as Clay. An affectionate, graceful nature, competing in the cold upper pastures of ambition, must needs yield a little too much, produce hatreds, make missteps, and fall far, oft and again. But a man who, at the age of fifty-one, has already been Speaker of his Legislature, three times Speaker of Congress, seven times elected to Congress, twice put in the United States Senate, and twice nearly nominated President, and only defeated in convention by the concurrent jealousy of all the other candidates, and who is now the head of the Cabinet, as he was on the floor of Congress the leader of his party and the most attractive Senator as well, surely has had no superior in this country among politicians. He has never been befriended by such memorable accidents as elevated Lincoln to the Presidency, or raised Chase, between parties, to the Senate. He never wielded the war patronage of a State Governor, like Morton and Kirkwood. Yet no man ever so thoroughly controlled the polities of a State to which he was alien by birth, and both his colleague and successor in the Senate, and the venerable Mr. Hamlin, who leaves Washington at the moment Mr. Blaine ascends into executive life, owed their elections to his friendship. He went eastward and captured the Pilgrim Fathers and their children, and turned westward from them and nearly captured the whole nation.

Mr. Blaine is now as gray as a badger, to use the trite expression, but his powerful frame and erect head, and bright black eyes as round as marbles, and ready laugh, shake of the hand, and sympathetic response to any man of modesty and respect, betray the heart of youth and the mental and physical athlete. In any village or town of the country, he would have been the most popular man. Born in southwestern Pennsylvania in 1830, of highly respectable family and connections, all Scotch-Irish, he went to the college of "Washington and Jefferson," in the same county—through which passed the National road—and there distinguished himself on the playground and in the debating society. It was very near Ohio, separated only by the thin pan-handle of Virginia, and Blaine came that near being an Ohio man. Ohio is the one State of great population and enterprise which has had no political "boss," and therefore presents a free group of available men, instead of some one pampered and spoiled favorite. Our three Presidents past have been from Ohio, and Blaine appears only to have missed the Presidency by the jealousy of the bosses of his native State. Yet there he is the idol, as in his adopted State of Maine he has been the hero.

Graduating at "Little Washington" in 1847, he set out to teach school, and naturally drifted down the tide of the Ohio. At Georgetown, Kentucky, while a fresh and popular teacher, he fell in love with his wife, Miss Stanwood, of Maine, also a teacher in that educational town; and she, seeing the fullness of his temperament, led the way back to her native State, where her family were highly considered. He was then twenty-three years old. He obtained employment on the newspapers; became editor of the State organ, and rapidly made his way up in politics, and in less than five years' residence was elected a member of the Legislature. He thus repaid the obligations of Pennsylvania to New England in sending Franklin. By 1862, known to everybody in Maine, he was elected to Congress, at the age of thirty-two. There he rapidly walked to the head of the body, and in 1869, when Grant was made President, Blaine became Speaker of Congress—perhaps the most popular Speaker Congress has had in forty years. He was a generous foe, a hospitable friend, a bold yet magnanimous Speaker, and watchful at every point of his behavior and resources. His business ability grew with his reputation. He neglected nothing that could equip him for the great battle of life. Before the older politicians knew it well, he was upon them for the Presidency. But, of course, such rapid success made numerous and great enemies. Yet, turning aside to forgive many of these, his career has been strengthened, and he is to-day as vigorous, as beloved and formidable as ever. He has missed nothing in the battle of life but the Presidency. That he may yet receive; but he is loyally devoted to President Garfield, and the duties of the State Department stand out before him to be grappled with.

The most difficult office President Garfield had to fill was the Treasury. It not only required a man who would have the confidence of our financiers and merchants, but who could be a firm, well-acquainted politician, who would not drive away the President's political support, nor yet weakly distribute it. The people often forget that government is not merely administering our institutions, but has its party relations, as necessary to be attended to as the machinery of a factory which is to produce a certain fabric. More than eighty years ago Alexander Hamilton wrote to a friend in Scotland: "In the office of the Secretary of the Treasury I met with many intrinsic difficulties, and many artificial ones, proceeding from passions not very worthy, but common to human nature, and which act with peculiar force in republics."

Those organic peculiarities of our politics remain little chastened, and probably they never will be. The labor and sacrifice of keeping up our political organizations has led the successful Senators and party-managers to demand that some reference to their deserts and future be kept in filling the highest offices. Consummate as Hamilton was at the head of the Treasury, the better politician, Jefferson, drove him out, even by resigning himself. A similar sacrifice for a jealous end was the resignation of General Jackson's Cabinet, after it was found that half of them were the friends of Calhoun. The publishers of reviews and amateur essays must go to Washington to see our government operate as it is. It never will operate as it ought to do, and no government ever did.

There was no pre-eminent man for the Treasury Department after the resignation of Secretary Sherman. He had the diploma of a most successful administration, and, besides, had a good address, midway between the mercantile and the political. He had assisted to make nearly all the laws entering into the government of the Treasury Department. This is the advantage of keeping a capable man a long time in public life, because, when he comes to Executive position, he is merely applying the very laws he has made or debated. Mr. Windom fills the latter qualification, at least. He has been in Congress and the Senate since the Civil War. Not a man of the most active temperament, nor, perhaps, of the most intellectual type, he has been superior to most of his associates in his close attention to his duties, his constant supervision of his appearance and manners, and his thorough caution, yet without any cunning in it. He has no love of appearing smart, nor of speaking when there is a desire to hear him. Probably an ambitious man, he has never allowed it to incite him to vanity, nor make him offensive to the humblest of his constituents.

He comes out of that cradle of office-holding talent, Virginia, which supplied both Northward and Southward the most available men for affairs in the history of our country. The Virginia temperament is cool, yet acute, based on courage, and with a fine natural address. In social intercourse or on horseback, in hunting or in battle, they have preserved to this day a temperament apparently begotten of their soil, and old and settled as their ancient dominion. Their government was something analogous to the English monarchy, with a landed aristocracy, yet with powerful rebellious elements in it, such as Fairfax and Cromwell headed in England, and therefore, while the Commonwealth was closely administered, the spirit of party in Virginia was ever fierce. Good politicians make good government.

Senator Windom's name is English, and was probably spelled at one time "Wyndham," in which form it will be at once recognized. His people were of the ordinary respectable type of frontier Virginians, and had been brought up in a cabin in the forest. They crossed the Ohio into what was formerly Belmont County, immediately opposite Wheeling, and it is to be said that in the same county lived Colonel Kirkwood, the Delaware veteran, whose namesake and connection is also in this Cabinet.

William Windom was brought up on a farm, and learned the value of money and of labor. Undesirous of this hard work, without time for mental cultivation, he got his parents to apprentice him to a tailor, after the style of Andrew Johnson. The Windoms were Quakers, of the Hicksite or Unitarian branch, and large numbers of them were settled in this part of Ohio. They regarded it as more honorable to be a tailor than a lawyer, and a positive moral disadvantage to a good man's son to become a lawyer. He was a short time on the tailor's bench at Fredericktown, in Central Ohio, not far from Mount Vernon, a pleasant village with an old Presbyterian population. In the vicinity was Kenyon College, where David Davis and Henry Winter Davis—both to become eminent men—were about that time completing their educations. Hezekiah Windom and Mercy, his wife, worshiping at Owl Creek meeting, heard with sorrow and wonder that their bright boy, who still preserves the Quakerly form and feature, was bent on going to the law. He persisted, and at Mount Vernon, in the same county where he had been a tailor, finished his readings, and in 1849 he was admitted.

His good appearance, expressive eyes and very gentlemanly address, made him speedily the victor in a contest which all young lawyers try to make—to be the attorney of their county in the courts thereof, on behalf of the people. Windom ran as a Whig in a Democratic district, and was easily elected. Columbus Delano was then living in Mount Vernon, and was a prominent lawyer and an aspirant to be Governor. Windom pressed forward, and when the Whig party expired was one of the first to hail the Republican organization, and his friends pushed him for a place on the ticket with Governor Chase, for Attorney-General of Ohio. Failing in this, and hearing that his friends who had gone West were all doing well, he removed, in 1855, and settled at the town of Winona on the Mississippi River, where there is now a great bridge and a railroad across the State. He was but twenty-eight years old, clean and wholesome-looking, and he took a little house and sat down to practice at Winona. Near the commencement of the Civil War his neighbors sent him to Congress, and kept him there until the Governor appointed him to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Norton—who had voted to acquit Andrew Johnson. The people confirmed the Governor's choice by keeping him in the Senate, and he was twice elected. There has been no change in his general appearance since that period, except that he has been gradually growing more fleshy. He probably weighs two hundred pounds and more.

His public life has never been distinguished by any loud quarrel, yet he has had his enemies, and acquitted himself well in conflict. I visited Winona about eight years ago, and saw Mr. Windom's residence, a pretty yellow cottage in the best part of that now flourishing town. Since Mr. Windom has been in Congress almost every kind of public question has come from his State to be pressed by him. The Indians have had successively to be removed, and they once broke out into a massacre and desolated all the western part of the State. The streams have required improvements to carry off the grain, and the Mississippi River itself has required constant legislation, both to improve its navigation and to allow the proper kind of bridges to be put across it consistent with water transportation. Mr. Windom has taken a prominent part in all these questions, and was the most active advocate of a jetty improvement at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he has lived to see fulfilled. His State has become the largest wheat-producing State in the Union, and contains one of the happiest populations. The Northern Pacific Railroad, of which Mr. Windom was an undiscouraged advocate through all its dark days, is again revived, and during his term of Cabinet office will be finished from the Lakes to the Pacific. As a Whig, he could consistently promote all forms of internal improvements, and in this way, not by oratory, but by minute attendance to his committees, to the departments, etc., the people of Minnesota found him one of their greatest factors.

Minnesota was a Territory when Mr. Windom went there, and was admitted to the Union in 1858. He has been a

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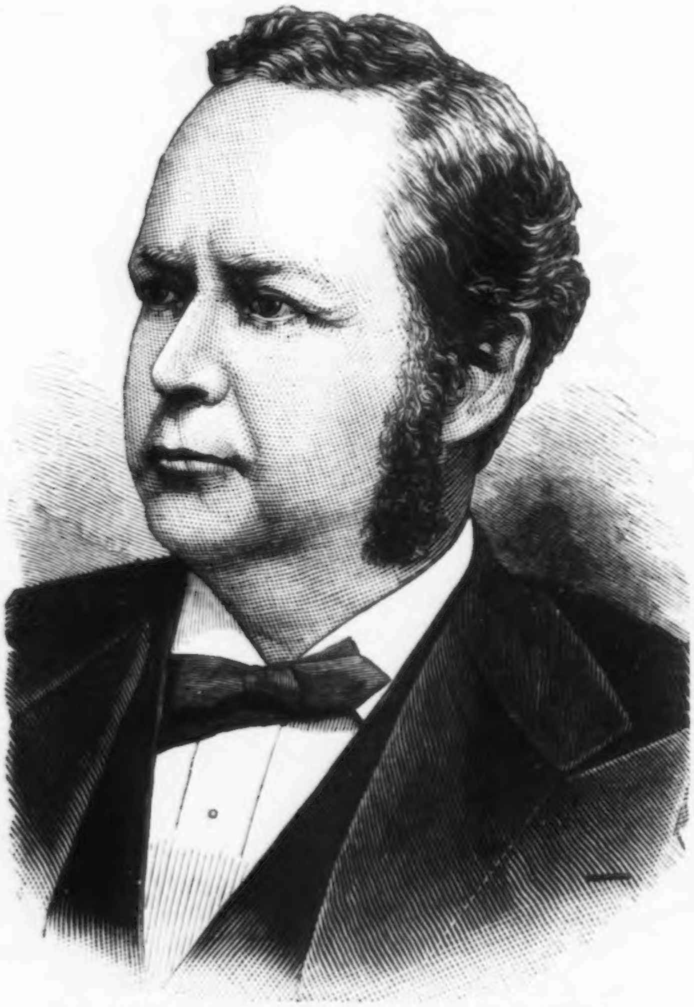
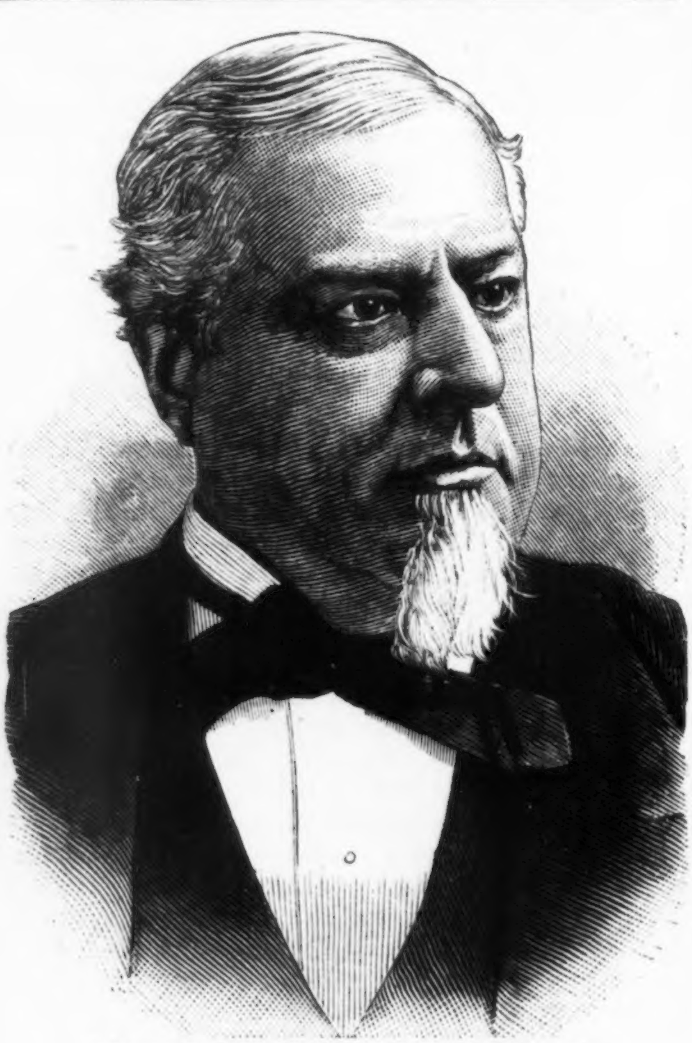


HON. WILLIAM WINDOM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.



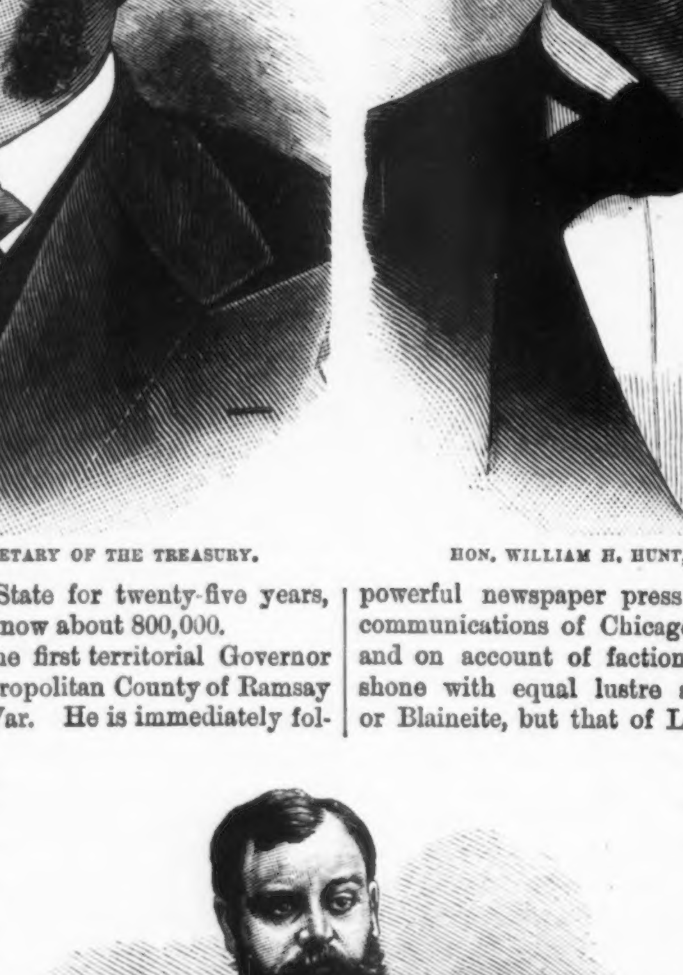
HON. WILLIAM H. HUNT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

citizen of the Territory and State for twenty-five years, and Minnesota's population is now about 800,000.

In the Cabinet of Hayes the first territorial Governor of the State, for whom the metropolitan County of Ramsay is named, was Secretary of War. He is immediately followed by his former colleague in Congress in the proud position of Secretary of the Treasury.

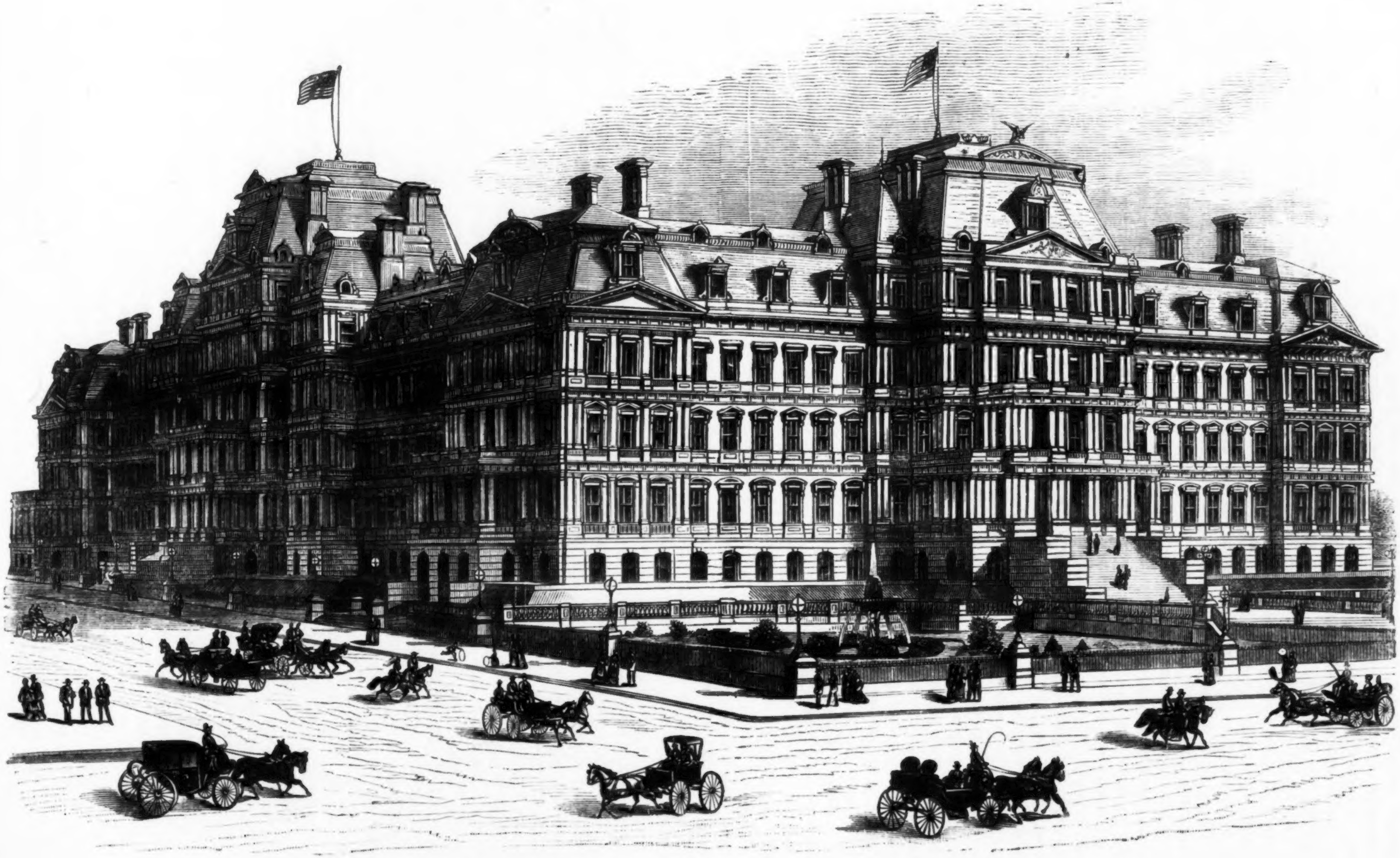
In what country can such development as this be seen? The man who landed at St. Paul when there was not a tavern to receive him, and the Indians were living all around the city, in holes dug in the river-banks, is yet alive and hale, and he steps out of the Cabinet while one of his associates administers the finances of over 50,000,000 of people.

Robert Lincoln is Secretary of War. It is said that this appointment arose out of the sensibility of General Garfield to the obligations of the Republican party, now nearly a quarter of a century old, to the great memory which attended its first national success. The State of Illinois, too, occupying a metropolitan position in the West, with a powerful newspaper press and the rich resources and communications of Chicago, required some recognition; and on account of factional differences there, no name shone with equal lustre among Grantite, Washburnite, or Blaineite, but that of Lincoln.



HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, SECRETARY OF WAR.

The wearer of this name—the only living child of the great President—has been diligent, modest, yet public-spirited. A moderate fortune was left by his father, and he has well maintained himself at the bar, in society, and in affairs, like a man of great descent. There were some hypercritical objections to Lincoln, on the ground that his appointment would be in deference to his father, and not to his own performances; yet the race from which we are descended has been wont to respect the sons of great and useful men. William Pitt was the son of Chatham, and his services, though of a different character, have almost buried his father's reputation. To him fell that department which wielded the thunders of England against the Continent; and to the son of Lincoln has fallen control of the army.



THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

He sits in the chair of Stanton—that Stanton who has left no living son.

Robert Lincoln was born in Sangamon County, near the centre of Illinois, in which is situated the City of Springfield, where President Lincoln is buried. About the time of his birth, his father was living at the Globe Tavern in Springfield, paying four dollars a week, according to Ward Lamon, for board for himself and wife. Lincoln had already been a Presidential Elector on the Whig ticket. There is a letter extant of his, in which he says:

> "We have another boy, born on the 10th of March. He is very much such a child as Bob was at his age—rather of a longer order. Bob is short and low, and, I expect, always will be. He talks very plainly—almost as plainly as anybody. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear that he is one of the rare ripe sort, that are smarter at about five than ever after. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief which is the offspring of much animal spirits. Since I began this letter, a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost; but, by the time I reached the house, his mother had found him and had him whipped—and now, very likely, he has run away again."

Such is the mention of the present Secretary of War by his father in 1846.

Mr. Lincoln was sent to Congress when "Bob" was a few years old, and sat there with Stephens and Toombs and Cobb of Georgia, all living men now. When his father came to the Presidency, "Bob" was a young man, under age. Notwithstanding all the temptations of Washington life, when the city was full of officers and contractors, and corruption and extravagance reigned on every hand, the young man kept the plain, genial course that might have been expected of such an honest and humorous father; and he had been educated at the best schools, and had finished at Harvard Law School. An infinite amount of pleasant gossip could be written about this young man, but the principal fact of his Washington life was his marriage.

Senator and Secretary Harlan of Iowa, a man of great executive ability, and a native of Illinois, had a beautiful daughter, whose bright complexion and rich, loving eyes stirred all the fine young men around Washington. It is told there that "Bob" was deeply in love with her, and amidst many tempting offers, some from rich and gallant young men, she was somewhat in doubt where she ought to bestow her hand. It is said that Mrs. Lincoln, feeling for her son, made his father lay down the load of State for a little while, and consider the question of his son's happiness. Miss Harlan accepted the young man, and is to-day the mother of his three or four children.

Robert Lincoln always had his father's full confidence, and in the delicate treatment of his mother, arising out of her afflictions and disease, he acted the part of a true son. He worked hard at his profession, and has founded a law firm which has not only had a large practice, but has had the dispensation of great sums of money from the East. For a considerable time Robert Lincoln paid slight attention to public questions, but as he was approaching his fortieth year the instincts of public life, inherited from so great a sire, began to stimulate him to expression, and he appeared in Chicago as the friend of Grant. Garfield was in the Convention, and took a prominent part in asserting the claims of individual delegates as opposed to any dictation from their State. One of the results was the retirement of that part of the delegation led by Robert Lincoln. It was possibly this scene of the son of the great President leaving the Convention which had nominated him, that made Garfield glad to consider representations from Illinois, that Robert Lincoln was qualified for an Executive place. Therefore, without incurring the familiarity and strain of intermediate public life, young Lincoln has advanced to a seat in the Cabinet. He is now a strong-looking young man, with plenty of beard, and grave yet prompt of movement. On both sides he is Southern. His father was born in Kentucky, and his mother's family came from the same State. We must, therefore, say that in this Cabinet the parents of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Secretary of War were from the South, and the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior were personally from below Mason and Dixon's line. In the temperament, at least, of this Cabinet, there is nothing sectional.

A distinguished politician, formerly one of the officers of the Port of New York, told me recently that after President Lincoln had been inaugurated, he happened to be at a small town in the interior of New York State, and was met by a cordial, welcoming kind of man, who published the village organ. This was in the county south of Utica. Pleased with the journal, the gentleman asked some particulars of a mutual friend, who told him that the editor was Thomas L. James, who had been raised to the printing business in Utica City, and schooled in the Utica Academy, and that he had a hard field to occupy in this little town of Hamilton. "I wish," said the citizen to the guest, "that something could be done for James, because his talents are surely misplaced here. He has a partner, and there is a very small living for two of them." "I'll tell you," said this gentleman—who, although holding office in New York, was one of the abused Ohio men, raised in the Congressional district with General Garfield—"what I can do for him. I can have him appointed to something under the Government in New York City." He was as good as his word, and consulting Hiram Barney, Collector of the Port, Mr. James was offered an inspectorship, at $1,500 a year, and was put on the wharf, to look into baggage, freight, etc., and see that the Government got its dues. There, twenty years ago, a European passenger might have beheld him, a well-made, modest, dark-eyed man, looking over the personal effects of the traveler. He had previously been a collector of canal tolls in the town of Hamilton, where he could never have been accused of want of stability, as for twelve years he had published a newspaper.

For about thirteen years Mr. James was a laborer in the Custom House, and not for years was he raised to the place of "weigher"; and in our Centennial year, when he was forty-five years old, he became Deputy Collector of the Port. After Grant had been some time in office, Civil Service Reform was brought forward as a problem, and, in the experiment with it, Mr. James was made chairman of the examining board. The Postmaster of New York having retired, the question of his successor arose, and Mr. James was appointed. The public had the benefit now of this long experience in the humble fields of public labor. Our post-office had been loosely administered under several administrations. Without any parade or notification, its efficiency rapidly increased, and merchants and others having business there found a man always in his seat, always acquainted with the slightest function of the office, rather desirous of being annoyed than not, and conveying to all a high idea of the capacities of our public service under a willing man. Little by little it crept into the newspapers and through the prints of the country, that the New York Post-office was the model one of the country—something that had never been heard of before. Under Colonel James, the great post-office building was completed, and the post-office business transferred from an old church to more capable quarters. The numerous reforms which have happened in several years past found their earliest exponent in the New York

Post-office. Finally, as the fact of another Republican President was manifest, the public, without suggestion, began to mention Colonel James's name for the new Postmaster-General. It did not look probable that it would be adopted; but the whole country, desirous to see New York State get out of the clutches of factional politics, took up the cry of "James!" It gratified Garfield, and, though there were many competitors for Cabinet positions, among them the Chief-Justice of the State of New York, it was happily given to this untiring, simple gentleman, with the assent of Mr. Conkling, and by the particular request of Governor Cornell and Senator Platt, who had been his most faithful friends from the outset.

The new Attorney-General is a decided exponent of the school of reform in politics, though the son-in-law of the celebrated Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania. Wayne MacVeagh came from the old manufacturing town of Phenixville on the Schuylkill River, where Bayard Taylor first published a country newspaper. MacVeagh was born in 1833, was named for General Wayne, the distinguished soldier of Pennsylvania, and he is said to be of some family connection with that hero. He went to school in the beautiful old town of Pottstown, among the Blue Mountains, and was sent to Yale College, and graduated very high in his class. At school he was a fine debater, and was particularly strong in satire and irony. His disposition to take the unpopular side of things was shown by a celebrated debate in his college society, where he declaimed against the recognition of Hungary by the United States. He went to study law at the county seat of old Chester County, near the battlefield of Brandywine, and entered the bar there.

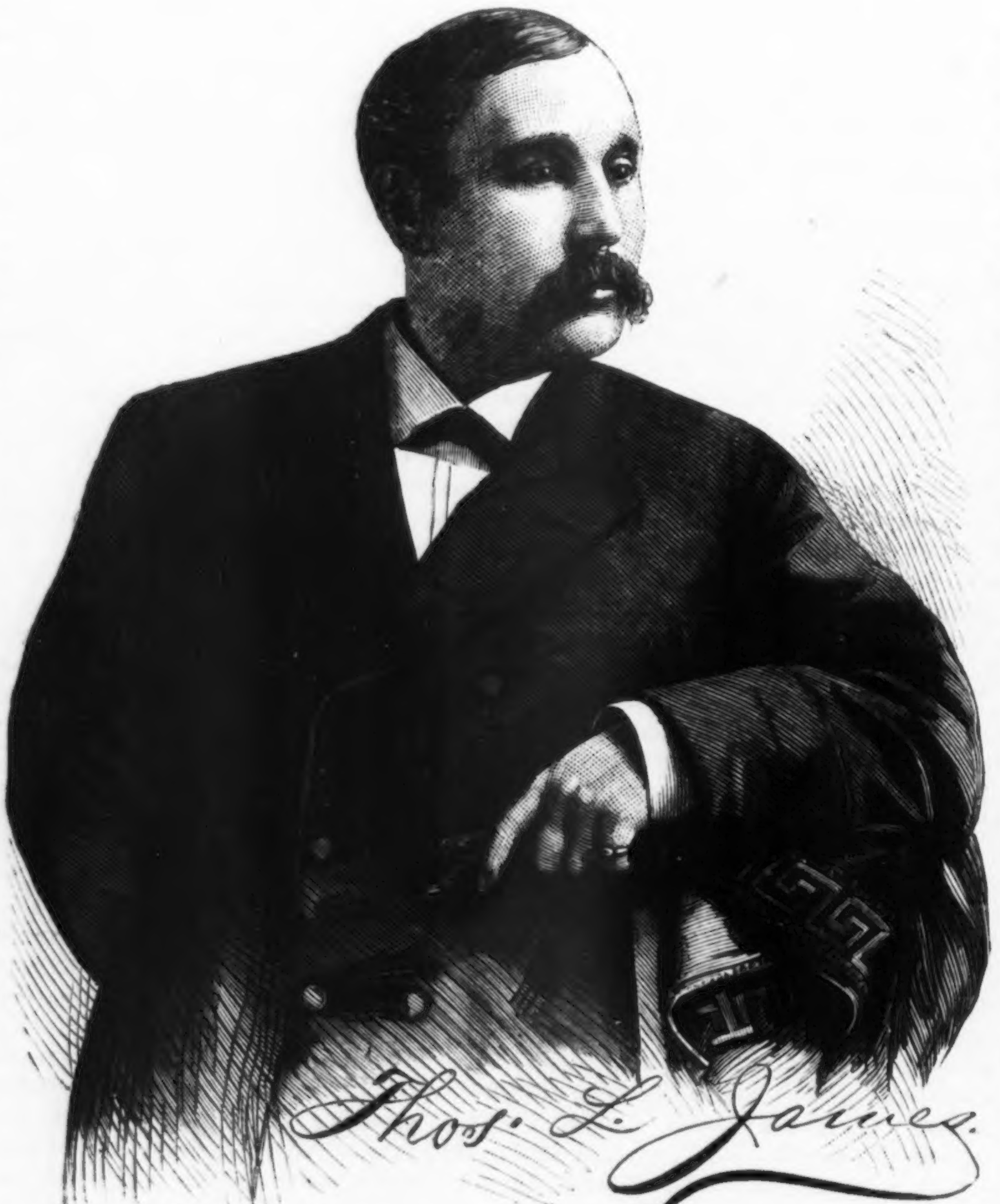
In the year 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was running for President, the writer, then a boy, went to a great mass-meeting at West Chester, with a torchlight procession from Philadelphia. John Hickman, the Member of Congress, made a speech, and Bayard Taylor, I think, presided; during the meeting a young gentleman with red beard, blue eyes and blonde skin came out, and was introduced as the Prosecuting Attorney of the county. He delivered a speech which made one of the greatest impressions on the hearer's mind he ever remembered to have received; and after the lapse of more than twenty years, that speaker is now the Attorney-General of the United States, nominated by the President without the request and against the counsel of his distinguished father-in-law, but as a concession to a formidable independent spirit in Pennsylvania, which had but recently asserted itself in Philadelphia, and in other parts of the State, and even in the election of a Senator.

For a time during the war Mr. MacVeagh was in the Cavalry service, and when Grant ran for President the first time, he managed the party politics of Pennsylvania, as Chairman. He served as Minister to Constantinople, and on his return from that place threw down his gauntlet against what he considered the abuses of the majority party, even though represented by his connection, Simon Cameron. There are various criticisms upon Mr. MacVeagh, which may as well be mentioned. The following is one of them: "He searches," says a newspaper, "all his friends for defects of character, and never gives up the job until he has found them unworthy somewhere. Instead of attacking some distant enemy, or some common enemy, his eye falls upon something to dissect or oppose within the short radius of his intimacy. Consequently he seems to have slight belief in those parts of the world with which he is absolutely familiar, and looks to ideal places, provinces, men and circles, to which he has not yet come, but which, whenever he comes to them, he will likewise turn the microscope on, and prove his faith unfounded."

The Interior Department consists of a number of bureaus aggregated under one Secretary. It was not created until about the time of the Mexican War, when our large conquests from the Mexican people and our settlements on the Pacific Ocean greatly increased the area of the Indian question, made us a mining nation, and gave us a vast domain of public lands. The Patent Office was put in with these relations, and the Pension Office added, and next the Bureau of Agriculture. To be the Secretary of the Interior effectively, one requires to have been interested as a Member of Congress, or Senator, or pioneer Governor, in the real concerns of such a loose, large department. Thomas Ewing, a relative of Mr. Blaine, and father-in-law of General Sherman, was the first Secretary of the Interior, appointed by President Taylor. He was succeeded by Alexander Stuart, of Virginia. President Pierce put Governor McClernand, of Michigan, in the office, and the notorious Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi was Secretary all the time of Buchanan's Presidency. Under Mr. Lincoln there were two Secretaries successively from Indiana—Smith and Usher. Then followed Mr. Harlan of Iowa, and Mr. Browning of Illinois. Under General Grant, Governor Cox of Ohio, Mr. Delano of the same State, Senator Harlan of Iowa, and Zachariah Chandler, were the Secretaries of this department. Mr. Hays brought in General Schurz, of Missouri. It will thus be seen that never but once has the Interior Department been administered by any Secretary from the Atlantic coast States.

General Garfield has given it to Senator Kirkwood, of Iowa, one of the most successful States in the Union, its population being from the earlier Western States, but greatly reinforced by New Yorkers, New Englanders and Kentuckians. This State gives the largest and steadiest Republican majorities. It has no great city nor general railroad centre, and therefore the agricultural population, supporting a series of beautiful towns, controls the political destinies of the State. It is a pleasing observation that this very radical Northern State, which was never behind during the war in its *quotums* of troops, intrusted its military and political destinies to a man born in a slave State, and who had passed all his youth in unprotesting familiarity with a milder form of slavery.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, the War-Governor of Iowa, is now the Secretary of the Interior. He is by far the oldest man in the Cabinet, and was born about the time the British under Cockburn were devastating the coasts of the Chesapeake and of his native county, and were burning the town of Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is in the county of his birth. Harford County, Maryland, is named for an illegitimate son of one of the Lords of Baltimore, proprietors of Maryland. It was a wild county until after the Revolutionary War. Immense hills there abut upon the broad and brawling Susquehanna River, and behind these, during the Revolutionary War, the army of Lafayette stole its way from the North to the South in order to foil Cornwallis and his depredating army. A beautiful stream called Deer Creek winds through Harford County, and on this was born Mr. Jewett, President of the Erie Railroad, who had respectable mention for the Presidency at the hands of the Democratic party. Not far from the headwaters of this creek, where it bursts through very picturesque rocks, Kirkwood was born, in 1813. He came of a family, probably Scotch, which landed at Newcastle, Delaware, and furnished during the Revolutionary struggle the commander of the Delaware line—the gallant fellow, who fought on Long Island and through all the Southern campaigns, and was finally killed by the Indians at the defeat of St. Clair. Previous to the Revolution, Harford County had been the seat of many a border foray into Pennsylvania when Mason and Dixon's Line had not been surveyed; and the Marylanders, being very aggressive, undertook to locate the best lands among the good old Pennsylvanian Dutch about York and Gettysburg. Harford County had no large towns, and much of the land was poor. Kirkwood's father was a farmer; and, having to choose between Baltimore and Washington, sent his son to Washington, and put him in a good academy there. Washington had for a schoolmaster about that time the future Chief-Justice Chase, and among its great men was the German tavern-keeper's son, William Wirt, a native of the country parts of Maryland. Kirkwood, the only man of his name who has been in Congress, was a plain boy with some of the Scotch traits—observant, obstinate, but not aggressive. After some little schooling, he was apprenticed to a druggist in Washington, and served his full term, most of the time as a clerk. This was during the administration of Andrew Jackson. Governor Kirkwood has remarkably full recollections of the old General riding and walking about the capital, who was the most popular President the people of Washington ever knew. In those days, Washington was a little place of perhaps 20,000 people or less.


Thos. L. James.

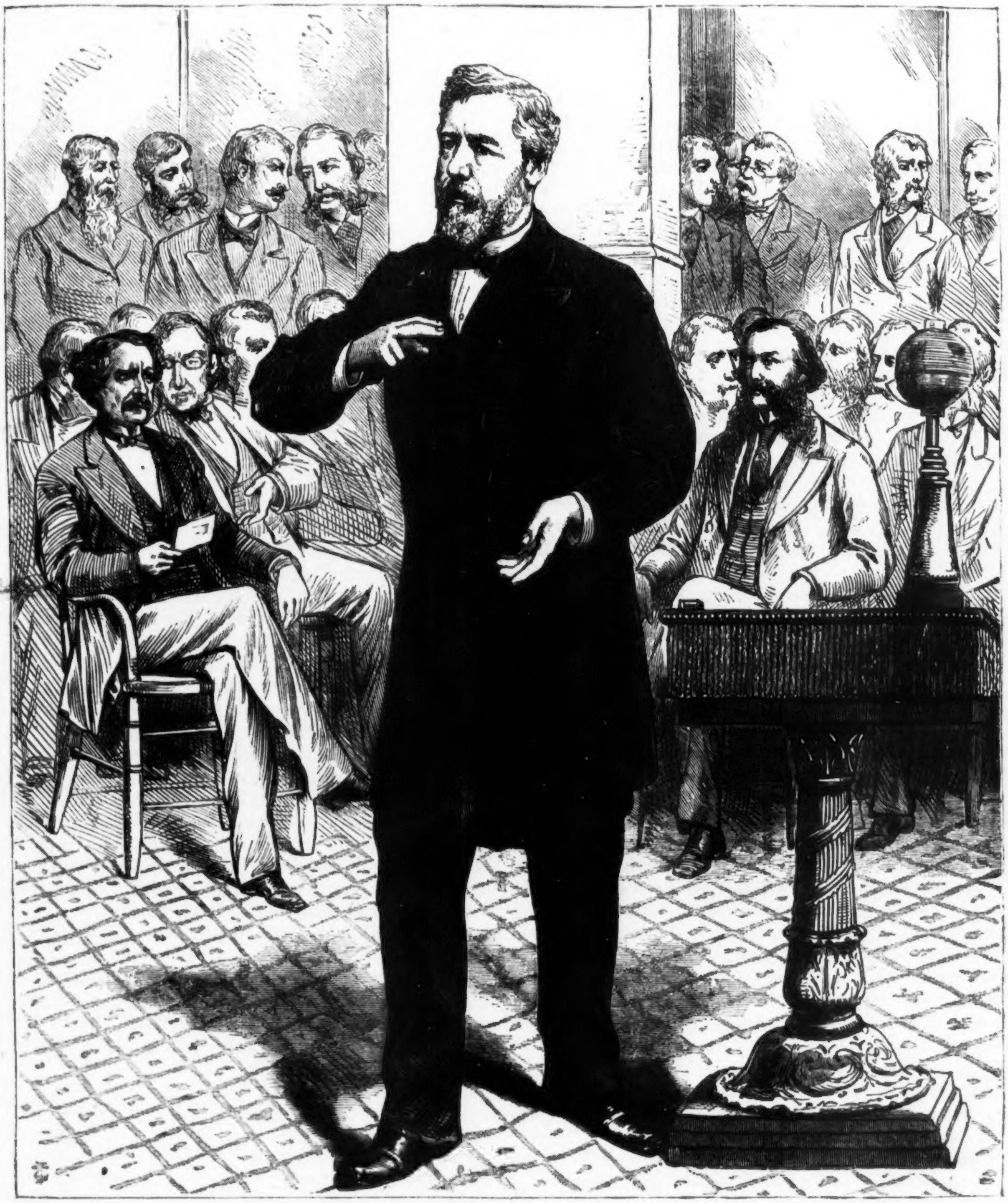
HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Recalling this period of Kirkwood's life, the reader may remember another druggist's clerk, also from Maryland, who died on the scaffold for being an idle apprentice. This was the boy David Herrold, who accompanied Wilkes Booth on his flight from Washington and was found in the barn where Booth was killed, and after being tried was hanged in the City of Washington, where he had for so many years enjoyed the same chance in the drug business as Kirkwood. But the one was steady, regular, reliable; the other was a vagrant, and whenever he could get an excuse was off gunning and fishing in the old slave parts of Maryland, where his familiarity with the by-roads and hiding-places recommended him to Booth for the uses of his plot and flight. The coincidence is recalled because Booth was born in the same county with Kirkwood. At the county seat of Harford, called Belair, Edwin, Junius and Wilkes Booth made their amateur appearance in theatricals; and while Kirkwood was a boy coming to Belair to buy groceries and household necessaries, old Booth, the actor, and his father, Richard Booth, were familiar people to the villagers. The elder Booth, almost immediately after he came to America, bought a sterile old farm near Belair, and there he raised his family. So the same county which brought forth Lincoln's assassin also produced one of his most trusted associates at the head of a State to restore the Union.

Looking on at public events, the tall, thoughtful boy Kirkwood made up his mind that most of the successful men he saw in Washington were lawyers. There were Henry Clay and Thomas Benton and Martin Van Buren, Calhoun and Webster—all lawyers. Many young fellows from his native county had gone to Ohio, among them Mr. Jewett, who was the son of a tanner and farmer in Harford. The National Road was then open from Baltimore to Wheeling, and through Ohio; and in 1835 Kirkwood set his face West, thenceforward for ever to be governed by new neighbors and new influences. The change was most advantageous. Ohio already possessed in their adolescence the magnificent spirits which were to develop on the great theatre of Civil War, twenty-five years later: the Grants, Shermans, Mitchells and McCooks.

Garfield was then a child of four years of age; his father dead, and his good mother bringing up the household by the work of her own hands. President Hayes was thirteen years old, supported by his young uncle, who afterward left him his fortune, and who was taking care of the Widow Hayes's family. Sherman, the future Secretary, was a boy of twelve. Salmon P. Chase, the law student of William Wirt of Maryland, was writing law books in Cincinnati, having preceded Kirkwood to Ohio by about five years. General Harrison was running for the Presidency about the time Kirkwood went to the new State, but was not elected for four years more. Wilson Shannon, afterward the docile pro-slavery Governor of Kansas, was about that time the principal Democratic politician in the State, and Thomas Corwin was his rival on the other side, though a native of Kentucky. Thomas Ewing was in the United States Senate. The population of Ohio was already rising one million.

Kirkwood settled in Richland County, of which the centre was the pleasant town of Mansfield, now the home of Secretary Sherman. Most of the people were of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, and there was a considerable Connecticut admixture. There Kirkwood buckled down to work and read law, having saved enough money to give him a partial independence as a student. In 1843, after the death of President Harrison, he was admitted to the



HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE.

bar, and such was his affability, dignity and natural magistracy, that in two years he was elected the county attorney. Re-elected to that office, he acquitted himself well as a friend of justice and a man in every way reliable. He was not a man of striking talents, nor apt to press himself forward, unless he knew the way and felt his utility. He has emphatically been one of the men whom the people have called to his post, recognizing in the man a person fit, yet not anxious, to rule. Whatever he knew he knew well, and the people liked to come in contact with him as a friend. Besides, his genial Maryland manners and neighborly address were much in his favor, while his recollections of Washington and the instruction he had received there gave him a good, wholesome tone.

About 1850 a new constitution was demanded for Ohio, and the convention called to make it was composed of the best lawyers in the State. Kirkwood went there, took a leading part in the debates; and he spent twenty years in Ohio, highly considered. There were, however, many brilliant men in that State, which was settled from all parts of the Union, and by the best stock of Pennsylvanians, Connecticut men, Virginians, and even North Carolinians. The Maryland element and the New Jersey element were also strong in Ohio.

Iowa had been made a territory after Kirkwood went West, and was admitted to the Union in 1846. Friends of Kirkwood from Ohio who had gone on there wrote back that there was a great opening for such a man as he, and that he was really needed. Many of his best neighbors were taking their departure for the rich lands of that pleasant State, and in 1855 he also took his departure from Ohio, and settled at what was then the State capital, Iowa City.

His reputation had preceded him, and he was immediately elected to the State Senate as a Republican. So rapidly did his character and services show out, that in four years he was made Governor of the State, and two years afterward they gave him a more rousing majority. The war now came on, and it is a matter of record that the first company in all the Union which tendered its services was Kirkwood's own Light Guard, commanded by Francis J. Herron, afterward the distinguished general in Arkansas. There is not space to describe the arduous duties of a War Governor of an enthusiastic State like this, situated immediately north of the great slave empire of Missouri, and obliged to furnish troops for the war on the borders of Kansas to the west, as well as to the great armies of the South. Kirkwood took rank with Morton, Andrew, Curtin, and the best War Governors of the period. Lincoln was so delighted with him that he nominated him to a foreign mission, and he was at once confirmed; but the Governor was now fifty years old and overworked, and he declined. For three years he practiced law in his methodical, painstaking way, and in three years was sent to the United States Senate. The people took him up again in 1875, and made him Governor, and in our Centennial year sent him back to the Senate. He had two years to serve when he was put into the Cabinet.

Governor Kirkwood has never desired to make an exhibition of himself. He is a tall man, of that grave, almost melancholy countenance common in Maryland. His face expresses his nature, which is to be right and do his duty. A religious man, not fond of quarrels or displays, he has never had one word breathed against his character, nor been underrated by any one. He knows the whole story of the West, and is a good lawyer; and while he accepted his place in the Cabinet, he made no personal endeavor to get it, not having the passion for riches nor the lust of power. Nearly seventy years of age, he presents no slight resemblance to President Harrison, who also came to national politics late in life.

The new Secretary of the Navy is one of the family curiosities of our country. About fifty years ago, the State of South Carolina was thrown into a paroxysm of political and military passion on the subject of nullifying the laws of the United States concerning the payment of import duties. Mr. Calhoun, a man of great talents, had been Vice-President of the United States, a member of the Cabinet, and a very efficient Senator; but, after the election of General Jackson, he saw a Northern man, Mr. Van Buren, preferred to him for the Presidency, and he set on foot an agitation—that the North was outgrowing the South, that the balance of power was not respected, and that the laws were partial. His choleric people, many of whom were of the Irish race like himself, took up his views, and they revived an old vagary of Thomas Jefferson, who, when a jealous aspirant for the Presidency, found his political opponents making laws to the probable injury of his own party, and he secretly got the Legislature of Kentucky to pass resolutions claiming the right to "nullify"—that is, to reject any law of the country distasteful to them, by the Act of the Legislature. Scarcely had Jefferson been dead, when this mischievous doctrine was revived in South Carolina, and the Legislature of the State nullified certain revenue statutes passed at Washington. Foreseeing a conflict with the Federal Government, some of the greatest people in South Carolina, such as Legare, Grimke, and Pettigrew, opposed this rash action. The nullification party triumphed, and made Hayne, the old opponent of Webster, Governor of the State, and sent Calhoun in his place to the Senate. Thereupon Hayne began to organize his militia to resist the enforcement of the National laws. General Jackson issued his proclamation against the rebellion, and prepared to carry into the State the same fierce military tactics he had shown in Florida and Louisiana. The rebellion expired from the consciousness of its leaders that they did not have a harmonious State—and, besides, their Senator Calhoun feared that he would be personally tried for treason. But the victorious nullification party revenged itself socially on many of the Unionists of the State, and several of these removed to more distant Southern States. Among them were the sons of Thomas Hunt, an English gentleman, who had held a commission under the British crown on some of the islands near our coast; but, marrying in South Carolina, became a citizen of distinction there. His wife was of the Gaillard family, which had furnished a United States Senator from South Carolina for a part of twenty-two years. The Gaillards, like most of the Carolinians of French descent, were also Unionists and patriotic people. In the lapse of time, the names of the Union South Carolinians of that period have passed out of public notice; but they will one day be revived, and their biographies written.

The sons of Thomas and Louisa Hunt were remarkably fine-looking, and all talented. The youngest of them, William Henry Hunt, resembles the large English figure and hospitable manner of an English gentleman. His brother, Dr. Theodore Hunt, became a Congressman from Louisiana; his brother Randal Hunt, the lawyer, obtained nearly a national reputation. The Congressman in the war became a Confederate general. William H. Hunt, however, turned a deaf ear to all talk of quitting the Union, and held at all periods the view that a division of the United States could produce no compensation for the calamity to the happiness of the people, and the welfare of mankind. These sentiments, perfectly understood by his fellow-citizens, and spoken at the bar and in the social circle, he maintained through all the early reverses of the Union armies; and when the fleet of the United States occupied New Orleans he immediately stood ready to assist any effort to compose his fellow-citizens and raise the Union flag. General Butler, notwithstanding the aggressive part he played in New Orleans, was always honored by William H. Hunt. When peace returned, Judge Hunt resolved to take his part with any Union party that could be formed. Notwithstanding there were many crude new arrivals in the State, and the great bulk of his fellow-citizens held off or resisted reconstruction, he, eminent at the bar, made no compromises whatever. The Republican Party was delighted that a man of his position should be on their side, and they asked him to stump the State. Senator Kellogg says that when he appeared through all the upper parishes preaching the Union in obedience to the new laws, his manner was so beautiful, and his arguments so strong, that his opponents said: "There is no way to answer this man except to shoot him."

Although the fortunes of the Republican Party wavered, Mr. Hunt held with them to the end. Nothing was breathed against his public character; he recognized the fact that there were personal wiles in his party, but not greater, perhaps, than in the other. At last, when at the close of Grant's term Louisiana was abandoned by President Hayes, he appointed Judge Hunt on the Court of Claims. As soon as he came to Washington his social ability, clear head and good *bonhomie* were discerned. It had not been expected that a Southern man would be put in the office, because it was not believed that a native Southern man of sufficient popularity in his section, who had been a Unionist, could be found. As soon as Judge Hunt was mentioned everybody wondered that he had not been canvassed before. In point of fact, he had sent word to the President-elect, who had inquired of him, that he would be glad to be useful anywhere, but solicited nothing. "Put me anywhere," he said, "if I can do you or the country any service." It is noteworthy that both in South Carolina and Louisiana, even by the extremest reactionaries, this appointment has been applauded; and thus, by one happy selection, another step has been made toward closing the gap that ought never to have been opened.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

A SMART verbal joke that—

"Like a razor keen,
Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen,"

may be appreciated, and even enjoyed by the individual at whom it is leveled; but the victim of a practical joke, however admirably devised and executed, never sees the fun of it.

If there should be any exceptions to the rule, they are not to be found among the perpetrators of such witticisms, who cannot abide others doing by them as they delight in doing by others.

In the time of the elder Lorenzo de' Medici, there lived in Florence one Neri Chiaramontesi, who was much given to playing off his wit upon those who dared not give vent to their resentment, a certain Master Scheggia being his especial butt. Chiaramontesi, Scheggia, and his friends Monaco and Pilucca met one day at the table of Mario Tornaquinci, Knight of the Golden Spur, and over their wine the first-named offered Scheggia a gold crown if he would besmear his face and hands with ink, and going to the house of La Pellegrina, present her with a pair of gloves without speaking a word.

"No," answered Scheggia; "but I will give you two crowns if you will go in white armor, with a lance on your shoulder, to Ceccherino's shop (the rendezvous of Florentine gallants), and threaten to make mincemeat of everybody you may find there."

Thinking to ease Scheggia of money he could ill spare, Neri accepted the challenge, donned a suit of his host's armor, shouldered his lance, and departed on his graceless errand; unaware that Monaco and Pilucca had left before him, one bound for the mercer's shop, the other for Grechetto's fencing-school, to spread the news that Neri Chiaramontesi had gone mad, attempted to kill his mother, thrown all his household gods into a well, and now, clad in mail, was driving everyone before him with his lance as he made his way to Ceccherino's place, intent upon giving that worthy a tremendous thrashing. As the conspirators hoped, there was a general stampede for the scene of action, and, sure enough, Neri was there, crying, "Ye are all dead men!" and laying about him right and left.

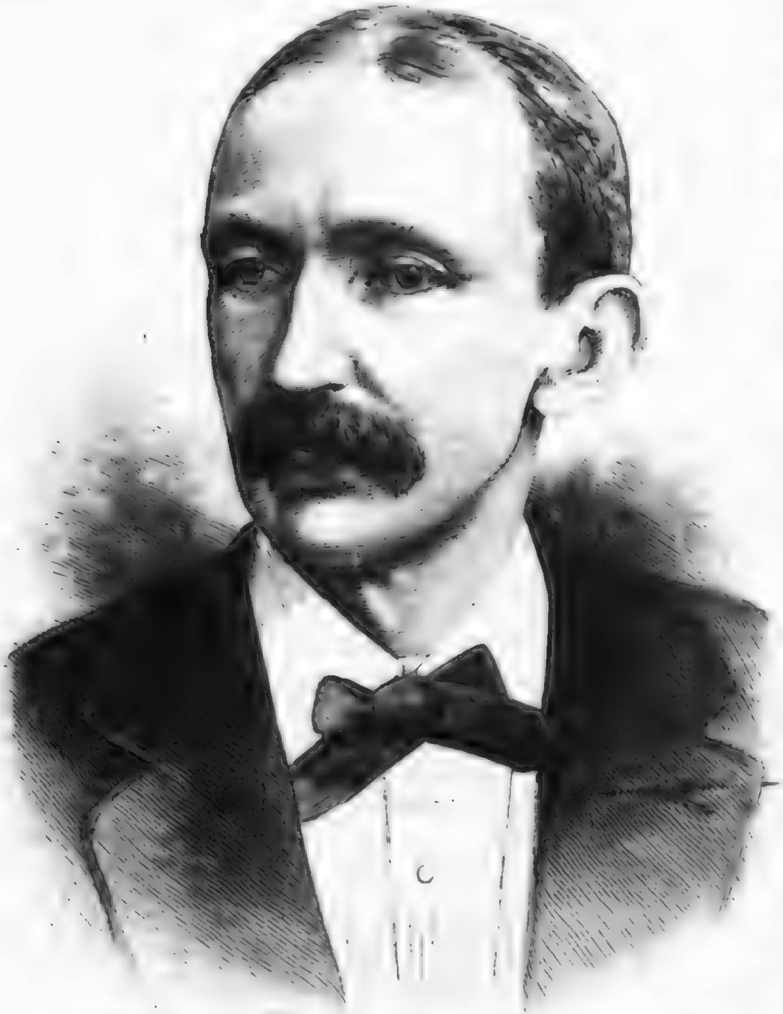
Meanwhile Scheggia had run off to Portarossa, to apprise Neri's uncle, Agnolo, that his nephew was raving mad, and doing sad mischief, and entreat him to hasten to Ceccherino's and secure the madman; who, if put in the dark, with nobody to speak to for two or three days, would come to his right mind again.

The unsuspicious wool-comber, calling half a dozen stout workmen, provided them with ropes, and went in all haste to the mercer's shop, where they found everything in confusion, and Neri plying his lance in every direction, when he thought he could increase the consternation without doing actual damage. Agnolo, coming behind his nephew, seized his weapon, and in a twinkling Neri found himself on the floor bound hand and foot. Despite his angry expostulation, he was tied on a litter, a cloak thrown over him, and so carried through the crowded streets to Portarossa; when, thanks to Monaco's thoughtfulness, his weeping mother waited his coming, ready to help in removing her hapless son to the best room, to be laid out, bound as he was, upon a bed, and left to himself until the morning.

Alone in the dark, Neri thought matters over, and arriving at the conclusion that Scheggia was paying off old scores, became nearly mad in reality with rage and vexation. Growing hungry, he shouted lustily for his mother to bring him meat and drink, but a deaf ear was turned to his frantic appeals. When, next morning, Angolo entered with two physicians, Neri was as gentle as a lamb from sheer exhaustion, and instead of uttering reproaches, quietly told his visitors of the wager he had made, and asked them to send to the house of Tornaquinci, where they would find the two crowns held by the Knight, as stakeholder. Agnolo acted accordingly, and finding his nephew's tale true, and that Scheggia and his friends had celebrated the success of their joke with a good supper, relieved poor Neri from bondage, and begged his pardon for his part in the affair.

There are practical jokers yet to be found in Florence. On a certain day last year a gentleman, whose loose gray overcoat, checked trousers, white hat, double eyeglass and leather satchel left no doubt as to his nationality, might have been seen at the railway-station, waiting the arrival of Captain Webb, who, according to an announcement in one of the newspapers, intended next day to perform in the Arno. The famous Channel swimmer was soon shaking hands with his countryman, and the pair paraded the city, that all Florence might know what was in store for it.

At twelve o'clock the next day the quays were blocked



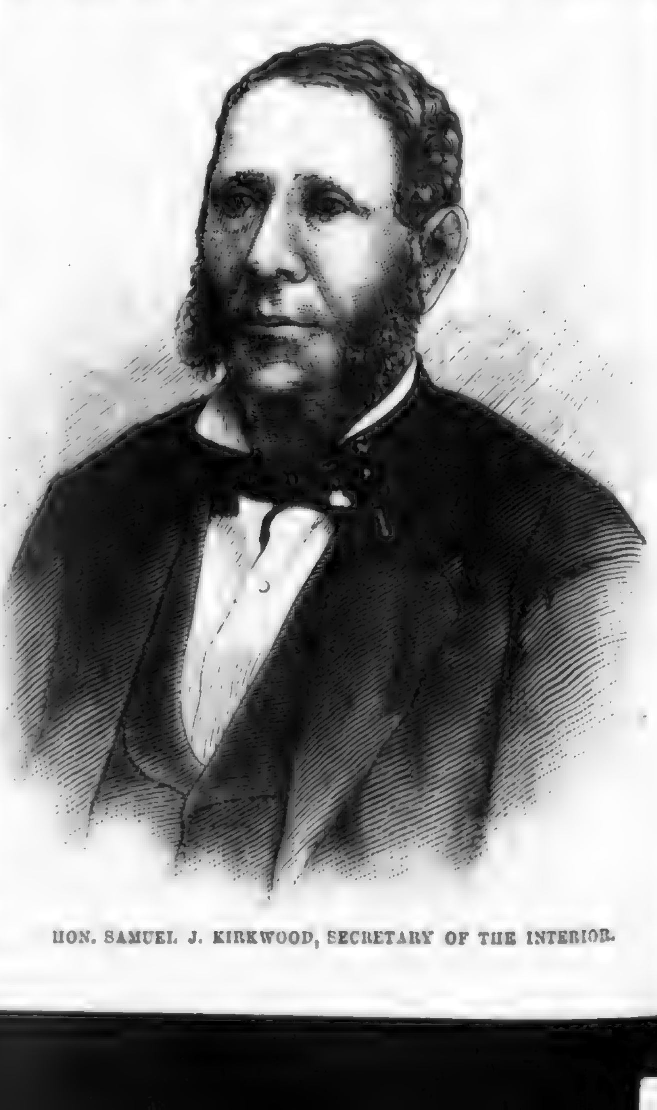
PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.—HON. WAYNE M'VEAGH, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—SEE PAGE 514.

with vehicles, the bridges thronged with spectators, and, when a little boat appeared carrying a man in swimming costume, the air was rent with shouts of welcome. The boat was rowed to the middle of the river, the swimmer dropped overboard, and the boat made off, to be seen no more. To everybody's surprise, the captain had disappeared too, and after waiting anxiously and vainly for him to rise to the surface, the perplexed multitude dispersed. Some few, however, followed the course of the stream for some distance, and were both rewarded and disgusted to see the figure of the swimmer floating quietly along, bearing on his straw-stuffed breast a huge placard, inscribed: "*1mo Aprile—regalo ai Fiorentini!*" (April first—a gift to the Florentines!)

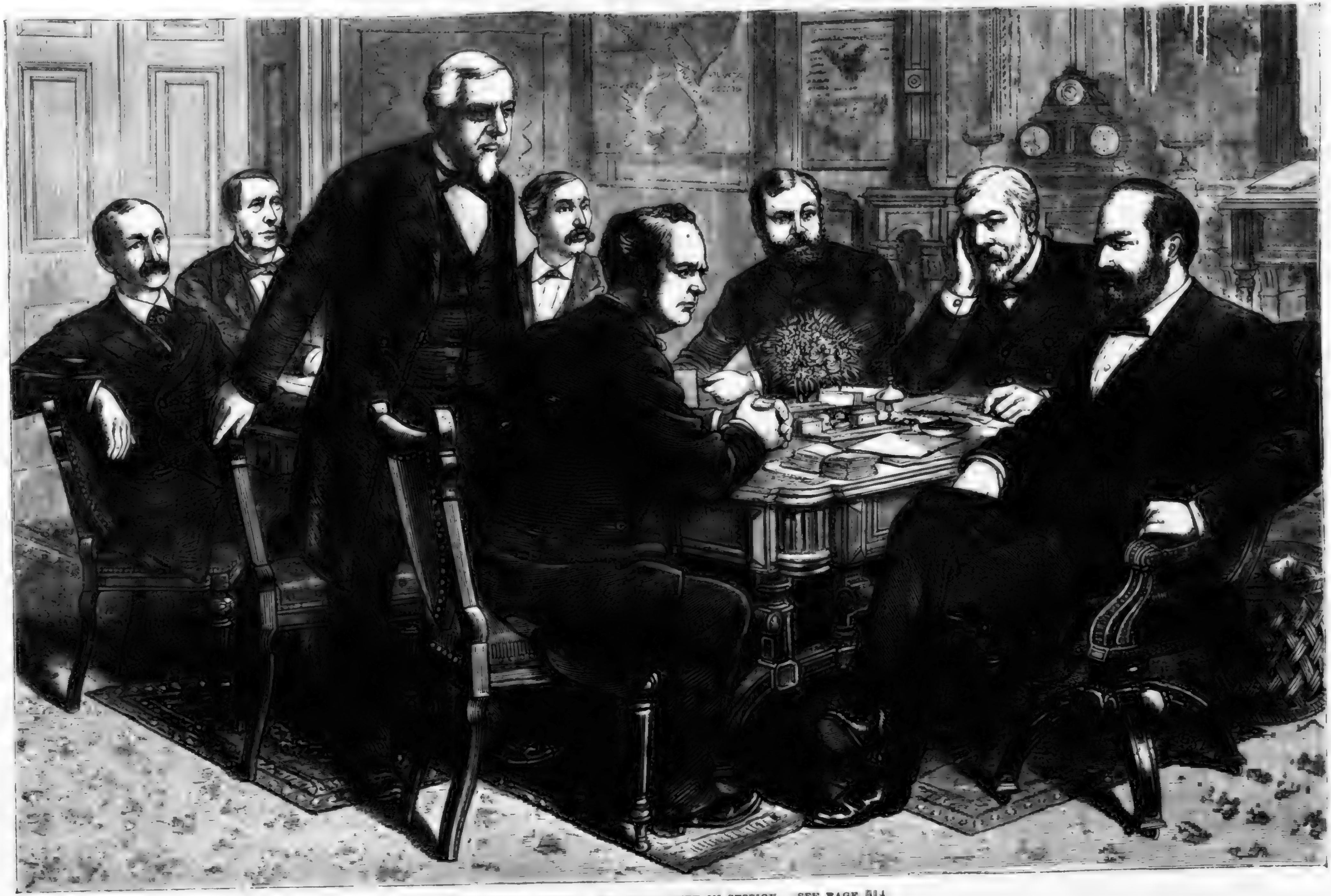
Very rarely, indeed, is there any tenable justification of practical joking, but it has existed in some cases. An English officer, determined to explore that forbidden land, Chinese Tibet, slipped across the frontier one dark night, only to be overtaken at daylight by the guard. Instead of making a prisoner of him, they politely informed the intruder that, as he was resolved to go, they would go with him to protect him from robbers. After journeying pleasantly for some hours, the party came to a deep river, crossed by a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which the passenger is placed in a basket slung from a rope, and pulled along that rope by a double one, allowing the basket to be worked from either side. To show their new friend that the conveyance was safe, some of the Tartars went over first; then the Englishman got into the basket, and presently found himself exactly half-way across the river, when there came a sudden stoppage. His protectors sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as if he were an interesting object provided for their contemplation. "Pull!" cried the officer. They nodded their heads, but still sat and smoked. He exhausted his stock of equivalents for "pull," but the more he cried out the more furiously the Tartars puffed and nodded, stopping their performance now and again to prevent his pulling himself one way or another; and it was not until he had been kept suspended until nightfall, and was well-nigh frozen, that they agreed to pull him back, on his promise to recross the frontier, and trouble Chinese Tibet no more.

It is useless for one man, however obstinate, to pit himself against numbers equally determined. Napoleon the Great found this out. Hearing that a new tragedy by Lemercier had been vehemently damned by the students, he ordered it to be played again, with the same result. The nettled Emperor thereupon commanded a third performance of the obnoxious play, and went to the theatre with a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts passed off in utter silence. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon, leaning over his box to see if the students would dare to show their displeasure in his presence, beheld a vast assemblage of night-capped heads, nodding apparently in slumber. He left the tragedy to its fate.

Thinking his chase at Chantilly marred for want of a farm belonging to La Roye, one of Louis XIV.'s secretaries, the Prince of Condé offered its owner treble its real value; but the secretary would not sell at any price, and Henri Jules resolved to be even with him. To that end he ordered the keepers of his many estates to devote their energies through the Winter to trapping foxes, and sending them on to Chantilly. By the eve of Shrove Tuesday more than four hundred were there. That night every one of them was



HON. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.



PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET IN SESSION.—SEE PAGE 514.

bagged, carted to the high wall surrounding La Roye's property, and dropped over it. Next morning the secretary was disturbed at his breakfast by laborer after laborer rushing in, crying: "The foxes! the foxes!" Leaving his meal unfinished to see what it all meant, La Roye thought that all the foxes in creation had come to pay him a visit. Foxes were tearing across his grounds, fighting in his cornfields, barking in his orchard, playing havoc everywhere; and he bewildered his brains trying to account for the strange irruption, until somebody let out the secret. He lost no time in complaining to his royal master, who laughed heartily at the carnival jest, but made amends for his merriment by commanding Condé to catch every fox within twenty-four hours, and to make good the damage they had done.

Mischief is not always brought so quickly home. Years ago Professor Holland gave an evening party at his house, adjoining Hartford College. All went merrily enough until the guests were going down to supper, when their ears were startled by the sudden tolling of the college bell. The host sent for the old negro janitor, "Professor Jim," who soon mounted the tower stairs, to find all quiet there; but no sooner had he returned to Mr. Holland than the bell tolled again, sending one lady into a fainting-fit, two into hysterics, and breaking up the party most effectually; and when the professor died, three months later, the mysterious tolling was remembered, and its meaning made palpable to the meanest comprehension. Professor Jim, however, put the ringing down to "the boys," or rather to one in particular, but unable to fathom how the thing had been done, kept his thoughts to himself.

Forty years afterward a gray-haired bishop of the Episcopal Church attended Hartford "Commencement," and Jim, drawing the prelate to a quiet spot, said: "Bishop, I never was beat by the boys here but once, and I think you did it. I never found out who rung Professor Holland's bell, but I think you did it." The bishop owned up, explaining that he had got up into the tower, tied a stout black-silk cord to the clapper of the bell, passed it out through the oaken bars of the tower window, and conveyed it to the umbrageous recesses of a maple behind the chapel, from whence he could see every movement of the janitor's lantern, and the lights in the professor's house, and regulate his proceedings accordingly. "I know'd it was you," was Jim's comment. "But I couldn't fix it on you, nohow. Couldn't see how that bell'd ring if nobody catched hold o' de ropes. But I won't tell. Guess de colored folks down your way'd think it queer if dere bishop tole all he know'd. I never tells nuffin' on de boys, bishop; you know dat, easy."

A gentleman returning home from the Gilroy hot springs by coach, was asked to exchange seats with a lady who found riding inside disagreed with her. As he was making his way to the inside berth, she bade him take especial care of two bottles of the Gilroy water, which she was carrying to her husband. As it happened, the lady had contrived to make herself very disagreeable to her fellow-visitors at the springs, and the passenger she had ousted from his seat determined to have his revenge. Opening each of the bottles, he poured out half the contents, and filled them up with whisky. Before many days elapsed the proprietors of the Gilroy Springs received the following epistle, dated San Francisco, August 30th, 1869: "Sirs: You are a precious lot of scamps, you are! My wife paid a visit to your confounded place, and brought back some spring-water. I drank about a bottle of the miserable stuff, and went to the Good Templars', and had not been in the hall more than fifteen minutes before I was as drunk as any man you ever saw; disgraced myself and the lodge; and this morning I am on a sick-bed. My impression is that any set of men who will run an institution of this sort ought to be soused into hot-water springs until life was extinct."

Says the Watertown *Times:* "A rather ludicrous sight was witnessed awhile ago on the top of an incoming freight train. The conductor of the train ordered a brakeman, a very green hand, to the head of the train, there to repeat all signals to the engineer as given by him—the conductor—to the brakeman on the back of the train. The last brakeman was a comical genius, so he determined to have some fun with the greeny. The first few signals necessary to the running of the train were all right, but soon the end brakeman commenced his fun. He lay down on the top of the car and rolled over. Greeny on the other end of the train, thinking it was a signal, did likewise. The end brakeman's leg went up in the air, then the other leg, then both legs together, then a yell, then both legs commenced to kick, and a grand kicking match began. Greeny, taking all this manœuvring as signaling, repeated it accordingly. Thus they were drawn into town, flat on their backs, and kicking in the air."

There is one instance upon record of a practical joke proving as enjoyable to the victim as to the victimizers. Writing of his friend Offenbach, Mr. Albert Woolff relates that he and some of his companions, hearing the popular composer would stop at their hotel at Etretat, got up a mock triumphal reception. Half a dozen halberdiers worthy of figuring in one of the maestro's opera-bouffes, were drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel; a grotesquely-dressed lad was mounted on a donkey to act as herald, and arrangements were made for a salute from two small cannon. When Offenbach's carriage drew up, the halberdiers presented arms, the drums beat, the trumpet sounded, the guns boomed, and Mr. Woolff, advancing with the keys of the hotel on a plated salver, presented them to the delighted composer, who, embracing his friend, said, wiping the tears from his eyes: "Oh, this is indeed too much! These good people are too kind!" and Mr. Woolff felt he was well rewarded for his pains.

THE CAT'S FUGUE.

FANCY a small house, half hidden in dark-green myrtle-bushes, fringed with vines, surrounded and shaded by roses and orange-trees. In the background, on its glorious site, Naples, the queen of all cities; and over-arching all, the ever-laughing Italian sky. A scene so rich in color as this is—really an enchanting one for eyes half blinded by Winter snows and ice, makes our longing souls dream over all this luxuriance of beauty until we at last get to speak of Italy's clear, dark-blue sky as if we, too, had felt the inspiriting, gladdening sun's kiss, and had gazed with our own eyes upon the strange, bewitching splendor of the South.

And now that you have refreshed yourselves for a moment by the contemplation of this picture, turn your eyes toward an old, negligently dressed man, who sits before the door of the house, and gazes, lost in thought, into the distance. An orange-tree strews now and then a few fragrant blossoms over him, but he doesn't notice it; roses coquettishly kiss his forehead; gayly colored butterflies flutter sportively around him to no purpose; the signs of life and stir make no impression upon him; and still there was passion and sensibility in his dark, nobly cut features, and the burning Italian eyes contrasted strangely with the Northern snows on his head.

It was the maestro, Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp was leaning upon his chair, in front of which, with an indescribably earnest mien and inimitable dignity, sat a large black cat. He was occupying himself with flourishing the tip of his tail, which, as well as his left ear, was of a dazzling whiteness, gently over the chords—which singular experiment very naturally brought forth all manner of strange sounds. It was his habit, in fact, since his lord and master never took his musical studies amiss, to abandon himself every morning, with utter recklessness, to his genius, accompanying the movement of his tail with the most absurd gestures; and sometimes, in the overflow of his feelings, he sang one of the ancient melancholy strains of his forefathers, which, as has been asserted, have power to soften the hardest stone, and drive the calmest of men to madness.

All this caused not the least disturbance to Master Scarlatti; on the contrary, he laughed good-naturedly whenever the cat fell into his musical ecstasies. In the evening, however, the cat always sat in a corner of his beloved master's room, with an expression like that of a sentimental privy councilor, and then it was the master who played the harp; and that must have been gloriously worth listening to, for all the little birds who sang among the orange-trees and myrtles came flying to the open window to hear it, and the roses crowded in their little heads, one after another, in such haste and impatience that many a tender bud lost its young life.

The master on these occasions looked like that wonderful old bard, Ossian, only not so shattered by pain and grief. What wonder if these magic tones caused the sensitive soul of the cat, who was still mourning, withal, for the death of a beloved bride, to melt, and his green eyes to overflow, like the King of Thule's? Whenever Scarlatti perceived this, he took up his faithful four-legged companion into his lap, and stroked, caressed and kissed him until he had recovered his mad romping humor. On the whole, the cat led a perfectly charming life with his gentle master, to whom he was all in all—friend, wife, and child, whom he never left by day or night. When the old master was engaged in composing something, Ponto sat quietly upon his left shoulder, and brushed his forehead softly with his famous white-tipped tail. Sometimes Scarlatti would get impatient and vexed, when an idea was not clear, when his hand got wearied, or the malicious ink spread out upon the paper in a shapeless blotch. At such times, at a sudden angry shrug of his master's shoulders, the cat would spring down from his lofty seat into the middle of the room. He never took offense at this rough treatment, but continued placidly affectionate, like a sensible wife with a scolding husband, and always stole quietly back, after a few minutes of grievous banishment, and mounted again, with a comfortable purr, upon the forsaken throne. For this, too, he got a thousand caressing words, when his master at length thrust pen and paper and other things aside, which put him into a state of boundless ecstasy.

All this was very nice and comfortable, if it had not been for the Sunday; for on that day a jovial mad fellow was in the habit of beating up Master Scarlatti's quarters, and staying with him until night. The Sunday guest was a favorite scholar of the master's, who had come a long distance from Germany, and was named Hasse. Now, there could not possibly be in the whole wide world a bolder, jollier fellow than this same German, who tormented and insulted the venerable Ponto in every imaginable way; now he would fasten a little bell to his tail, now put baby shoes on his feet, now crown him with a wreath of roses, or strew orange-blossoms over him, whose strong scent the cat's nasal organs could by no means tolerate, and against which he struggled with incessant convulsive sneezing. To cap the climax, the young German possessed a little frolicking dog, of whom even Ponto, his sworn enemy, had to confess that he was enchanting, dazzling white, nimble and graceful, with intelligent brown eyes. This splendid pet was, if possible, more mad, wanton and reckless than his owner, and the cat grieved, almost to tears, over his impudence.

And it was Sunday, as the cat, springing up and down, was drawing forth wild, fantastic strains from the harp, and his master was gazing so full of thought into the distance, as I have described him; and behold! the dreaded visitor appeared. With a light, joyous step he drew near—this youth with the beautiful locks and fresh cheeks, at whose side was springing and dancing his darling companion.

"Good-morning, Master Scarlatti!" cried the newcomer, with a friendly tone and look; "how I rejoice to see you again!"

Scarlatti nodded and smiled, half in kindly reciprocation of the affectionate greeting, and half in mockery at the queer German accent of the speaker, and replied:

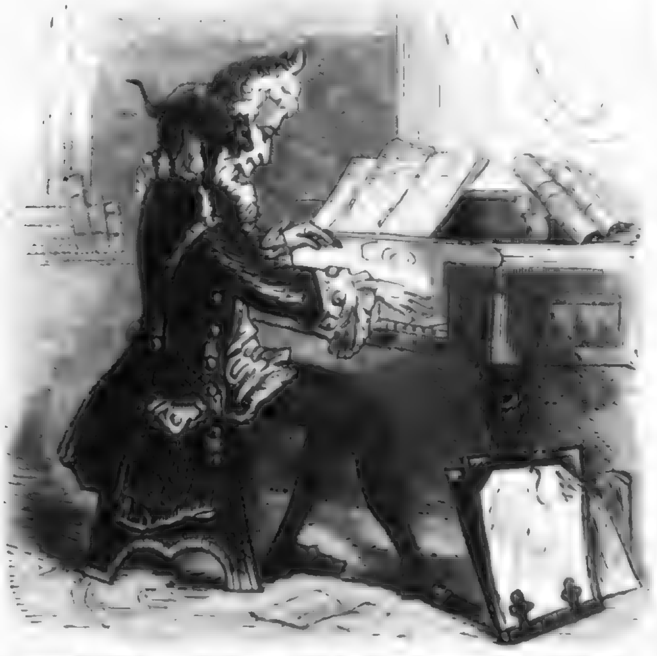
"I am but a sorry companion and friend to-day, Hasse. I have a great deal in my head—all sorts of tones are buzzing confusedly in my ears, and I can form no melody out of them. I am searching for something very especially original, and that I can't find—it throws me into despair. I beg of you to leave me at peace, with your nonsense, or I shall twist off your little spoilt puppy's head."

"Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti!" cried the guest—"not so fast. You are in a bad humor—that I can well see, but you shall not lay a finger on my little Truelove; you know he was the parting gift of my German sweetheart, and accompanies me always, like her love and truth."

The master turned toward the young man with a tender smile, and gazed at his clear and almost childlike countenance. There stood the young enthusiast, leaning against an orange-tree, shaded by its luxuriant foliage, his eyes directed to heaven. He seemed to be dreaming of his beloved home, with her clear sky and snow-capped mountains; or were his thoughts given to his distant bride—the loveliest of all flowers? But the clouds which had gathered over his brow soon vanished—Truelove jumped upon him and kissed his hand. The master lost himself again in deep thought, and left it to his pupil to take measures for the preservation of peace and order in his little commonwealth. This the young man did for a time, preaching a most excellent and reasonable sermon to both animals, at the close of which, however, he drew out of his pocket a little wig and pair of spectacles, with which, in spite of all resistance, to decorate the silently indignant Ponto. This seemed to cause especial delight to the little Truelove; he barked loudly, and sprang about the despairing sufferer with the agility and elegance of a ballet-dancer.

Scarlatti cast a glance at the group, and could not help secretly smiling, though he took good care not to betray this sign of weakness to his mad pupil; but, on the contrary, he growled out something in no very gentle tones, so that Hasse, dreading an outbreak, snatched up both animals, and carried them into the next room.

The old piano stood open, the young man's hands glided over the keys; he played a furious Witches' Dance. Truelove jumped about as if possessed, and at last, in the excess of his excitement, threw himself, with a yell of joy, upon the wretched Ponto's back, clinging with his forepaws to the cat's neck. Then, at last, the tough thread of patience in the cat's soul was broken. He began, with the



THE CAT'S FUGUE.—PUSSY ON THE PROFESSOR'S SHOULDER. SEE PAGE 526.

light burden on his back, to race—nay, to fly around the room, trying to run up all the walls; sprang, spluttering and squalling, over chairs and tables, till the master's papers were scattered about like chaff.

Hasse started up, but his calls and scoldings were to no purpose. At length Ponto was exhausted. Shame at the disgrace which had been inflicted upon him, anger at his own weakness, inspired him with a sublime idea. He wanted to summon his master to the rescue. Without hesitation, he sprang upon the keys of the piano, whirled about, ran twice wildly up and down, at the same time he sounded his tribe's piercing cry for help. Truelove tumbled half senseless from the back of the inspired cat; a hollow accord marked his fall. The cat's spectacles followed; only the wig remained. The confused tones grew into a melody. Hasse looked around—the master's face appeared at the open window, in the midst of the grape-leaves and wild roses, illumined with the most passionate joy, while he cried: "Come to my heart, puss, *thou* hast found it!" And Ponto threw himself, almost fainting, into his master's arms.

Scarlatti sent off his mad pupil straightway until the following morning.

When the young man appeared the next morning before his master, Scarlatti showed him, with a brilliant, triumphant look, a sheet thickly covered with notes, over which was printed, in large letters, the title "Katzenfuge." Master Scarlatti placed himself at the piano, and played. In the artistically woven and beautifully constructed theme, the youth recognized with joyful astonishment the singular cries of distress, and the infernal melodies of the wild hunt, which had rushed over the keys of the piano the day before, in the form of a despairing cat. When the performance was ended, master and pupil laughed as if for a wager. The cat sat upon Scarlatti's left shoulder; and the latter maintained, to the day of his death, that Ponto had laughed with them like any human being.

LOVE is king wherever he elects to plant his throne. He is as potent among the lowliest as in the palace of the mightiest emperor, and his sceptre is wielded with as much despotism as though it were studded with precious stones and held over the devout heads of prince and archduchess.

THE CROSS FROM THE TOMB OF MLLE. VIRGINIE CAILLOU,

THE ORIGINAL OF THE HEROINE OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE'S "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

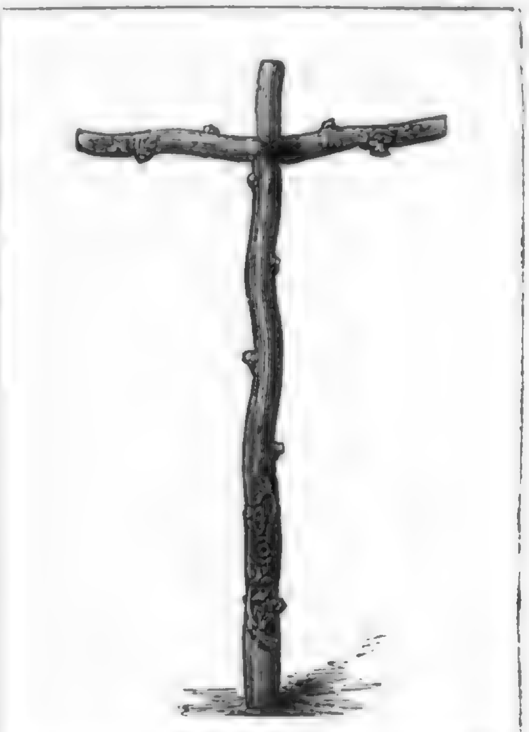
BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE laid the scene of his famous story in Mauritius, and the heroine was taken from a real personage, Mlle. Virginie Caillou, the incidents of whose life were treated simply with a poet's license. She was interred in her native isle, and above her grave the hand of affection had reared a beautifully carved ironwood cross, simple, beautiful, and almost as enduring as iron itself. A few roses wreathing and clustering around the cross were its only ornament.

The grave was naturally the resort of the thousands from all lands who had read with emotion the touching pages of the French author. The simple cross was one of the great points of interest in the island. Yet—will it be believed?—the authorities, some thirty years since, suppressed the ancient cemetery; but, instead of making it a park or public resort, cleared everything away, putting up the monuments for sale at auction! The commander of a French vessel—Captain Avril—secured the cross, and took it with him to his native place, St. Malo, France.

Here it remained in his house, almost forgotten, till his sister, the Superior of a house of Hospital Nuns, appreciating the memento, induced her brother to add it to the treasures of Mr. Edward Montague, a famous collector.

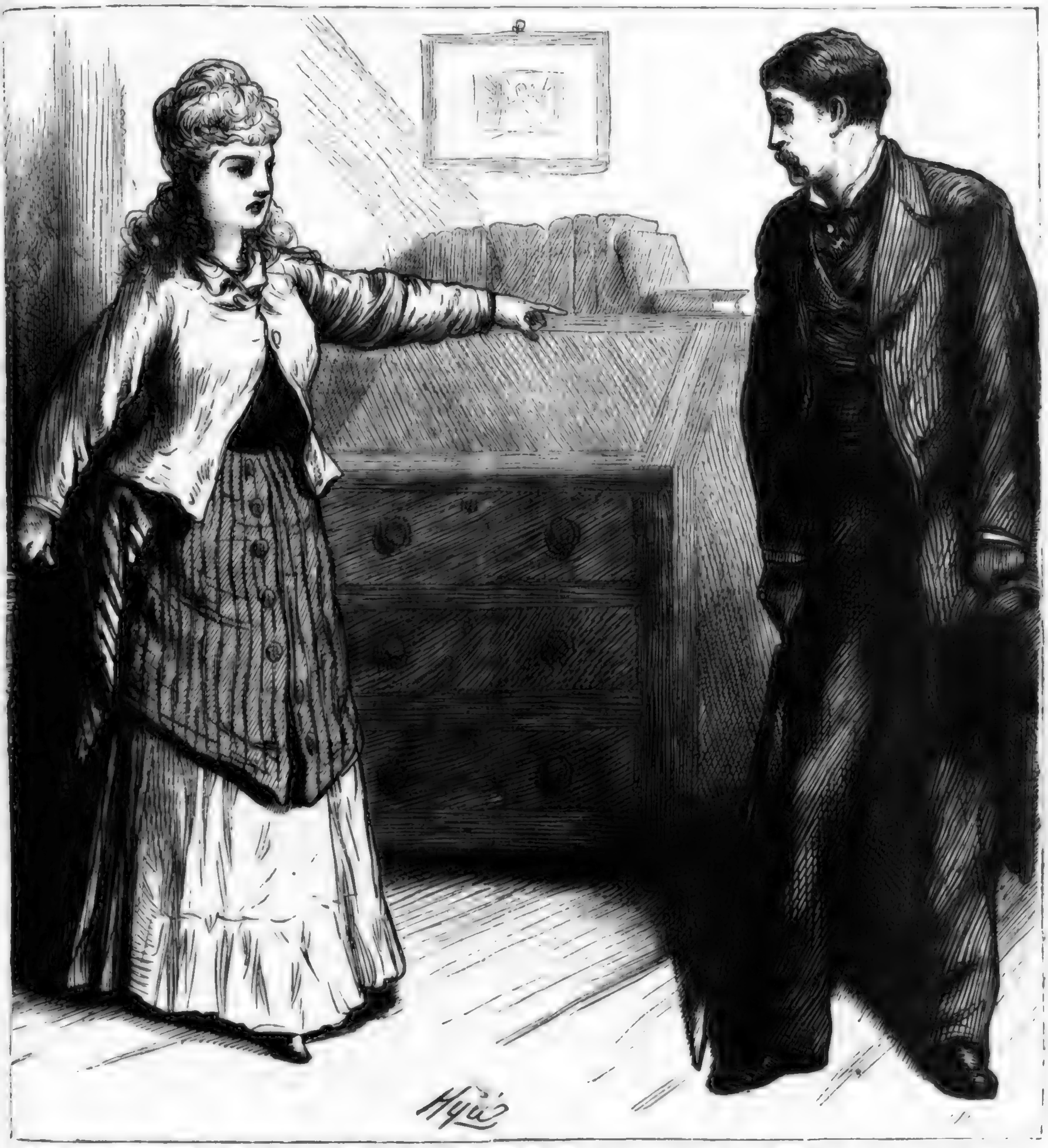
The cross is about a yard and a half in height, and two feet across. A figure of Christ was once evidently attached to the cross, but there is no trace of any inscription.

COMPARATIVELY few people enjoy fine weather for its own sake. They take a practical view of the matter. The weather is "good" when the farmer can secure his hay or plow out his corn; when my lady can go down town without her waterproof, etc. But weather that is good simply to live in, and be happy, is not much thought of. We are too thoroughly accustomed to the free gifts of nature to value them as they should be valued.



THE CROSS FROM THE TOMB OF MLLE. VIRGINIE CAILLOU.

XUM



"PEG."—"THE GIRL HAD, WITH ONE GRAND, SILENT GESTURE, POINTED TO THE DOOR. PAUL HAD NEVER SEEN HER LOOK LIKE THAT. SHE STOOD IN MAJESTIC, HAUGHTY SILENCE, AN OUTRAGED, INSULTED WOMAN—NO MORE A GIRL."

"PEG."

Chapter I.—Sweet Bells Jangled.

I should describe Peg's father as a beery being. Life contained but one duty to him: to get through with a certain amount of imbibing, malty, alcoholic, or vinous, within the twenty-four hours. This duty fulfilled, Crofts slept the sleep of the unrighteous as soundly as though his spirit knew no guile. Indeed, I doubt whether, however guileless his conscience, a man with less beer in him could have snored as soundly.

Odd! that Peg should have such a father. For Peg, commonly called in the unpicturesque alley where she abode by the euphonious title of "Crofts's gal," was a creature so strangely beautiful, that not to have seen her to be so argued the absence of that which thrills at such sights—the *art-nerve.*

A Psyche? Yes. There was not a line in a form all delicate symmetry upon which the art-eye would have failed to rest with pleasure. A fair, pale skin, lustreful, but colorless. Indeed, there was little sun in the alley: and flowers, to be brilliant, must have that. Large eyes, of a dark, deep gray, with ever-dilated violet centres.

The features, from the low but wide brow to the rounded chin, had a symmetry purely Greek, if, perhaps, a trifle attenuated; and to a rare intellectuality of expression a mass of golden hair gave something angelic.

XUM

Yet Peg, to judge by her actions, and again by her words, was fast proving herself, not only "of the earth, earthy," but of the alley, naughty.

Close observation, indeed, might almost stagger the looker-on into the belief that Peg was "weird," or what the Scotch call "uncanny," for she had—her age being now twelve years—developed an elfishness of behavior that was perfectly startling to any but the residents in that elegant retreat—said alley.

How she escaped in all her *escapades* became a question. Explosions of badly managed fireworks, with which she feloniously provided herself out of Crofts's shop, on the plea that "Pop won't never miss 'um," had left her unscathed as the "pious Æneas."

Crazy men and intoxicated ruffians, provoked by her to more than maniac wrath, had cooled down, passed her by, and flung stones at other people.

Once she appeared to be run over. A vain illusion! The carriage, which seemed like a sentient being, bewildered in the unknown precincts of the alley, bounded, as it were, over her, and not a hair of her glorious head was touched; and Peg, in a state of high revival, requested the beliveried coachman to inform her whether he "warn't 'shamed to be runnin' over poor gals in that sort o' way?"

Also did our heroine remark to that astonished individual that he "hadn't better call round that way no more."

But Peg, the tricksy appropriator of her "pop's" fireworks and popguns, had the instinct of honesty. For a lady, calling upon a poor but artistic lace-mender—a Frenchwoman, resident next door to Crofts's candy-shop—dropped her portemonnaie, which Peg, finding in the muck and moil, and threatened by the weirs and lashers of a gutter-current that formed a mimic waterfall over rocks of garbage, handed to her, with something resembling politeness, on her coming forth. The lady, startled, stared at her, and, selecting it from among the contents of the velvet and gilt affair, gave her five dollars.

"I'm afeared yer can't spare this 'ere, nohow," remarked Peg, with a certain degree of sarcasm; for, be it known to my readers, Peg had examined the portemonnaie, which contained something over a hundred and fifty dollars.

The lady—one of the loftiest of the *haute-volée*—mildly remarked:

"You are a good, honest girl, and I shall see you again;" after which she took down the number of Crofts's candy-shop, where, invested with that sleepy dignity with which beer clothes languid manhood, its proprietor had contemplated Peg's unprecedented "foolishness," as he deemed it, with a sneer.

But Crofts never "interfered," as he called it, with Peg. Mysterious hints as to a possible future to dawn upon Peg had more than once fallen from him.

"There was to come," said Crofts, in moments of lucidity, such as flash upon even the beeriest of men, "a golden time, when Peg should come into her own, if I can ever find——"

And here mumblings and mutterings would cast his meanings once more into the uncertain void.

Peg had a friend, an invalid girl, thought to be "deficient," and afflicted by a painful distortion.

"Liz"—in Christian parlance, Elizabeth Meeks—was hunchbacked. Gleams of light, however, flashed brilliantly over that somewhat darkened spirit. She worshiped Peg. A poet-artist tells us that the "real superiority of one being over another is in the greater capacity for love." According to that, Liz was no imbecile, but an empress.

The same teacher tells us that women "are born to be Love made visible." *Then* Liz was a true woman. To her dim perception Peg shone like a star.

So, alone with Liz, Peg often wondered and speculated as to what might be the secret that her often oblivious "pop" held as to that shining, far-off future—the goal of many dreams in that densely "ignorant present."

Oh, guilty soul!—degraded fellow man! If, in that Slough of Despond, that low alley, that abode of shameful, because shameless, poverty and degradation, this bright, untutored but peerless creature, "breeding her future wings"—the Psyche—is dragged into the mire because of your inertness, will God hold you guiltless? Wake! Wake from your drunkenness, man! Time passes! Peg is fast growing into womanhood! Rouse yourself! Be not too late! Let not that soul be stained—its earthly tenement is too lovely!

But Crofts hears no inner voices. Their sound is whelmed—in beer! Meantime, let us pluck out the heart of his mystery.

Six years before, failing to find those whom he sought, a man of some forty years, a Greek by birth, had died in the miserable "lodging" perpetually announced to let, but seldom tenanted, over the candy-shop of Crofts, the inebriate. This man had with him a little girl, six years of age—to wit, "Peg."

Dying, Perdecaris had implored Crofts to take care of Zoe, his daughter, until such time as—Crofts having presented certain letters which he handed him—she should be under the care of a brother whom he, Perdecaris, had been seeking in vast New York when the Death Angel had met and struck him down. *Then* Zoe would be rich. With the letters, he had given to Croft's care a cameo bracelet.

It was at this time that Mrs. Crofts, the corpulent spouse of Peg's "pop," had found out that she had accomplished all the living that she intended to do. Nature had given Sarah Crofts more fat than any one human being is justified in accumulating, and to that illegal amount she had added by years of persistent over-feeding.

It would appear that the human stomach gives up the contest, and goes the way of all flesh, when cabbage, beans, pork, sausages, corn, etc., etc., are thrust into it three times a day by an individual whose sole exercise consists in getting into clothing in the morning and out of it at night, the rest of her time being passed seated in an easy-chair in a candy-shop.

Mrs. Crofts was sufficiently well-to-do to maintain a "white slavey," whose existence and appearance resembled that of the "Marchioness," and who saved her from "housework," Mrs. Crofts's favorite aversion.

Had Sarah Crofts lived, however, it may be supposed that Crofts himself would have been urged into serious action, and Peg's condition changed. He did, after the sudden death of his wife, seek, during three comparatively sober days, for the brother of Zavella Perdecaris; but failing to find him, did not take the pains to advertise, secreted the letters, and selfishly made up his mind that the "little gal" cheered his widowed home, and that "if them as she belongs to comes after her, well an' good; if not, why, she ain't in my way, nohow." And, adding insult to injury, Crofts dubbed Zoe "Peg."

CHAPTER II.

PAUL ELVERSTON.

TIME passed, as time has a way of doing, even in alleys. Peg grew up. The flower expanded.

It was four years after that date at which my story began. Peg was sixteen. She had never again seen that "grand lady" whose money she had handed to her, though she had vaguely, vainly and often hoped that she might seek her out according to promise, having remembered that promise, and taken her, perchance—that delicious dream!—as lady's-maid, or to do her plain sewing—for Peg could sew.

Yes, and read. She went to Sunday-school; could write, after a fashion; "do sums" such as enabled her to keep the paltry accounts of the candy-shop, and had dim visions of meanings in her geography and history books.

What she loved was what she called "books of poetry." Crofts had, with a half-consciousness that he was wronging the "gal," insisted upon regularity at school, which Peg, after a week's playing at what the alley boys called "hookey," made no further demur about consenting to it.

After that, there was no more being run over, no more fireworks, no more provoking of delirious dogs to turn and rend her. A poet soul awoke! Peg could read!

There was a fate in it, alas! Peg, out of a dingy, low, poorly kept "circulating library"—*stagnant* would have been a better word—got for her perusal sundry love-stories of a commonplace order. But love, love! what did it mean?

One day—by this time she had fallen upon an old Byron, the lassie!—she sat in the candy-shop, scarcely raising her head to look at such lads as demanded pennyworths of peanuts and Everton taffy, or such other Heliogabalian delicacies as Crofts's elegant establishment held forth as temptations to the fastidious, when there entered—Peg thought he lighted up the place into a kind of glory—"heaven save the mark!" a gentleman!

Now Crofts, having always been, as he phrased it, "down upon gadding," Peg's peregrinations had ever been confined to church and Sunday-school, and at neither of these had she seen any but that class which she had been taught to consider—tacitly taught, if I may use contradictory terms—her own.

The gentleman had seen, in an equipage that had passed him, a person whom he wished to avoid, and had slipped into the by-street where the classic Crofts held forth, simply that he might remain unseen.

Passing the window, he had seen the seraphic face of Peg, whom Liz was wont to call "a shiny star."

It would have puzzled the *élégant* to have said what he intended to purchase when he had fairly entered the candy-shop. Peanuts and Everton taffy were things of which even his childhood had been ignorant. The cigars would have poisoned if not killed him, and marbles would have been of little service to an individual of some twenty-eight or nine years.

"Can you tell me how far I am from —— Street?" demanded he, in mellifluous accents, of Peg, who was drinking in the consciousness of a realization of her poetic visions, outgrowths of her "beautiful Byron."

The street he named was a fashionable one, and one where Peggy had never set foot. She stammered out a few words to the effect that she "could not say."

"A sort of *Fanchon le Criquet*," thought our gentleman within himself; "probably 'a sleeping consciousness to be awakened,' a 'Margaret waiting for Faust.'"

And he apologized for disturbing Peg, and, staring most undisguisedly, withdrew.

Of course, he returned a day or two after. Paul Elverston had traveled too much, read too much, not to know that the beauty of this "shop-girl" was a sight such as men see but two or three times in a lifetime. He returned. His—

"Mutable loves and loves perverse"

might be set aside—for a time, at least. Here was "metal more attractive."

And Paul Elverston again and again, cautiously and meanly—in the absence of Crofts, its master, at the beer-house—stole in upon the solitude of Peg, the waif, to whom he began to tell "the old, old," but ever-thrilling, ever-tempting story—*love.*

Peg, perfectly and utterly innocent, with the innocence of the lamb, the bird, the little child—was shy, hard to win, even to listen. Without cunning, she did not, like Juliet, lack "cunning to be strange."

Unable to define her own sensations and perceptions in this "new matter," utterly unconscious of danger, Peg had, however, instinctively chosen "Liz," her elder, to talk of her grand and lovely hero. Liz, hearing of this idyl in an alley—this strange tale of an unusual courtship—had, in her quaint way, suggested what to Peg had little meaning—caution.

"'Tain't likely a gentleman's come to a by-street for any good, Peg. He ain't asked you to *marry him*, have he?" demanded Liz, one day.

Peg started. Marry him! Ah! that was what had been wanting!—that was what her spirit had yearned to hear. She was but sixteen, yet girls *did* marry at that age.

Peg grew paler, more thoughtful. The Corsair—she told Liz that her hero must be like *that* one—had never said a word of marriage. He had praised her "marvelous beauty," a gift which even in that poor street a girl learns that she possesses; and well it is with her if she does not learn it fatally. He had told her that she had a "fairy gift of imagination," too; for Peg had talked of dreams—her language had vastly improved with reading—in a way that startled the *blasé* man of the world into admiring perception of her fairest gift—*genius.* But he had said nothing of any fitness she might have *to be his wife.* Indeed, with a sickening heart-pain, it dawned upon Peg that the meaning of some of his words must have been *sneers at marriage.*

Poor Peg! Was it about to be her fate to become, like many—

"Adrift and afloat,
The barren waif of a heart"?

One day—Peg had marked it with a mental white stone; for she had on a new gray alpaca dress, the gift of Crofts on her birthday, a few days before—a lady alighted from her coupé at the lace-mender's, next door.

Peg saw and remembered her. Paul Elverston, leaning over the counter, and making love to his fair inamorata, had his back to the shop-door, and did not observe the lady, who, returning from her long visit—much lace had accumulated since she had visited, two years ago, the *raccommodeuse de dentelles,* as Mademoiselle Natalie called herself—saw his back through the open door, saw Peg's exquisite face, started, stared, and entered.

In another moment a small, gloved hand was laid on the "Corsair's" arm, and a voice said:

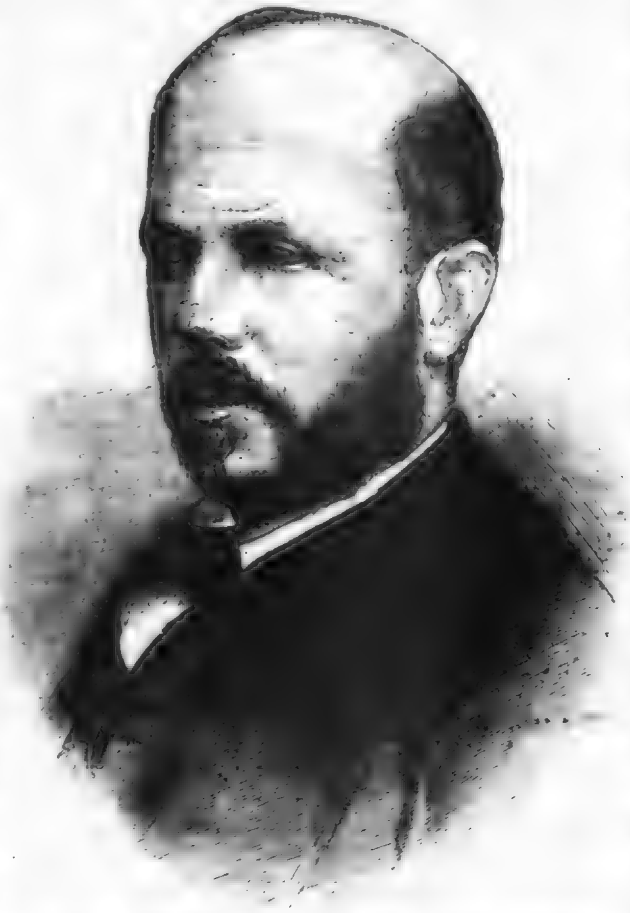
"Paul! brother! what are *you* doing *here?*" Then the beautifully attired and handsome lady had given Peg a look of mute reproach, as though there could be no mistake as to her being the culpable cause of her brother's misconduct, and had added: "This shop is no place for you. Come home with me *now,* Paul."

Paul Elverston was not given to blushing, but he was crimson now. His olive cheek and colorless brow bore a flaming flag of shame, as, with a half bow to Peg, and no apology, he—a man never awkward—shuffled out of the shop into the coupé, and, with his sister, vanished.

Vanished from Peg's life for a long, long month. During that weary month he was as completely lost to her as though they had never met. He had never told her his residence, and Peg, though a "shop-girl," was too proud to have written, had she known it. Paul did not write.

Meantime Mary Greyson—Paul's sister was married, and had a son as old as Peg's self—had, honestly and in good faith, done all she could to trample out and destroy the only pure and good impulse that woman had ever awakened in her brother's mind; for, strange to say, in that shabby shop, illuminated by Peg's young and poetic soul, and by her exceptional and angelic loveliness, Love the master, Love the god, Love the angel, had for the first time come to the man of the world.

Startled, touched to the very soul by the holy innocence of Peg, Paul Elverston *had* thought of marrying her! Who among his gay friends would have believed this? On them Paul, in his dreams, "stole a march." He would educate Peg in some distant place when he should have made her secretly his wife. Then, in the blaze of her perfected beauty, and when study should have shown her the meaning of her soarings after the infinite and plungings after the "unfathomable," and her gift of genius be patent to all—all such as can recognize it, the heaven-given!—he would announce his marriage, and she should take her place as Mrs. Paul Elverston. She would grace his home on the Hudson, and shine at his table on the avenue.



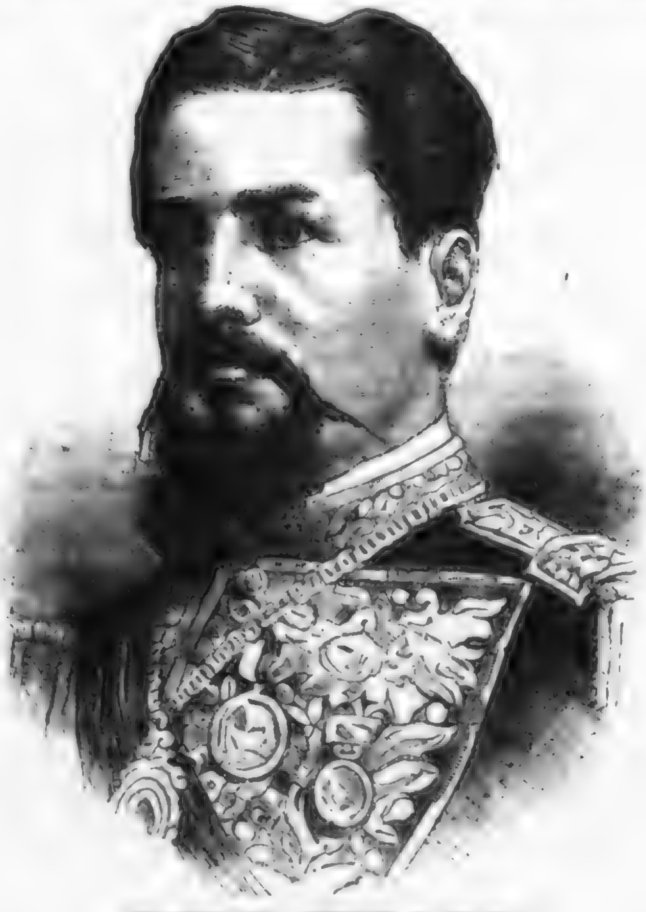
THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.—ANIBAL PINTO, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.—SEE PAGE 535.

Mary Greyson, proud of her handsome and accomplished brother — talented, too, though Paul had not Peg's gift, *genius*—had bitterly wept over his "infatuation."

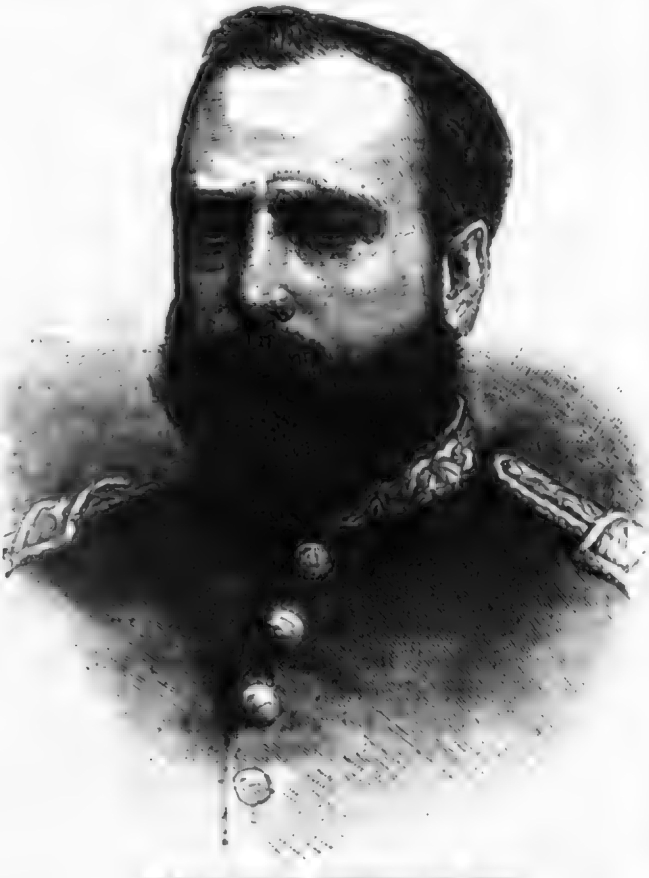
"I thought it strange when I found that neither Ida Sheldon, nor Maude Lafarge, nor Kate Wilton, had seen you for weeks, and that none of them had borrowed your Shelley and your Tennyson. I suppose all your elegant books are in that creature's possession? You might have remembered that some of them are *my* gift."

Mary was almost angrier for remembering that the "creature" was the beautiful girl who had handed her back her lost portemonnaie, and whom she promised to see again.

It matters not to tell by what worldly-wise, and, to Paul, incontrovertible arguments Mrs. Greyson brought her brother to "a sense of his folly"—she conquered.



HILARION DAZA, PRESIDENT OF BOLIVIA.



MARIANO PRADO, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

He would see Peg once more, though he promised his sister that he would not do so, and say farewell. He would never wrong the girl. Here he thought how certain of his friends would have laughed at that resolve They must part.

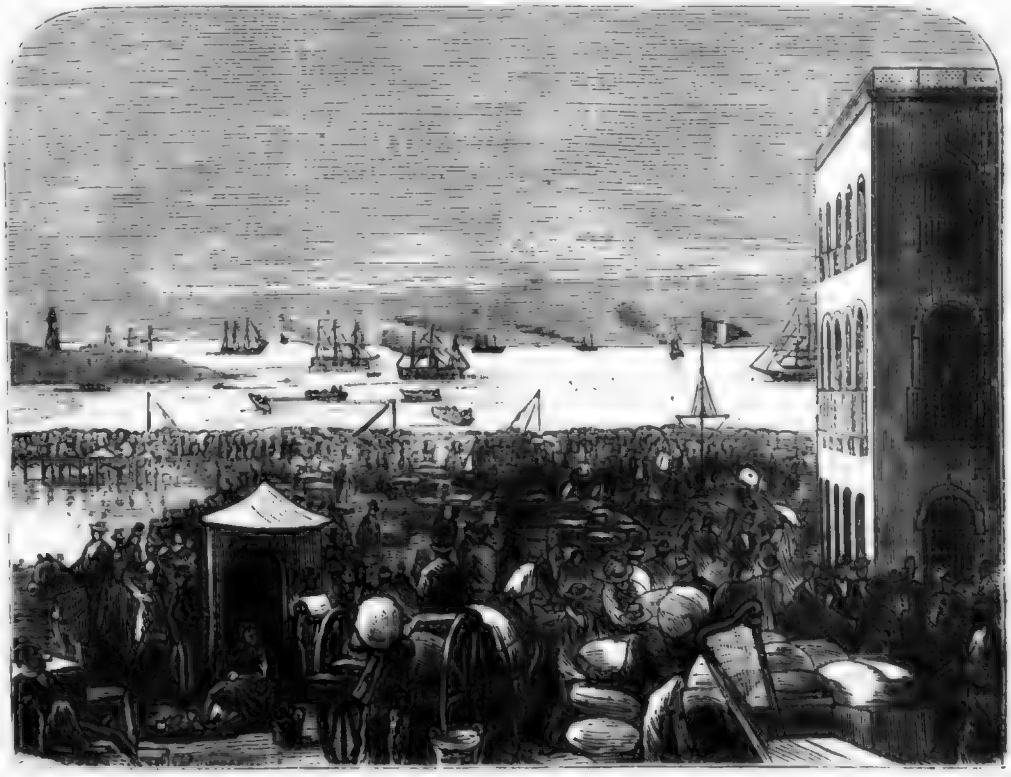
They met.

Peg—how Paul thrilled and yearned toward her at that sight!—had grown paler, thinner; but, oh! how unalterably beautiful!

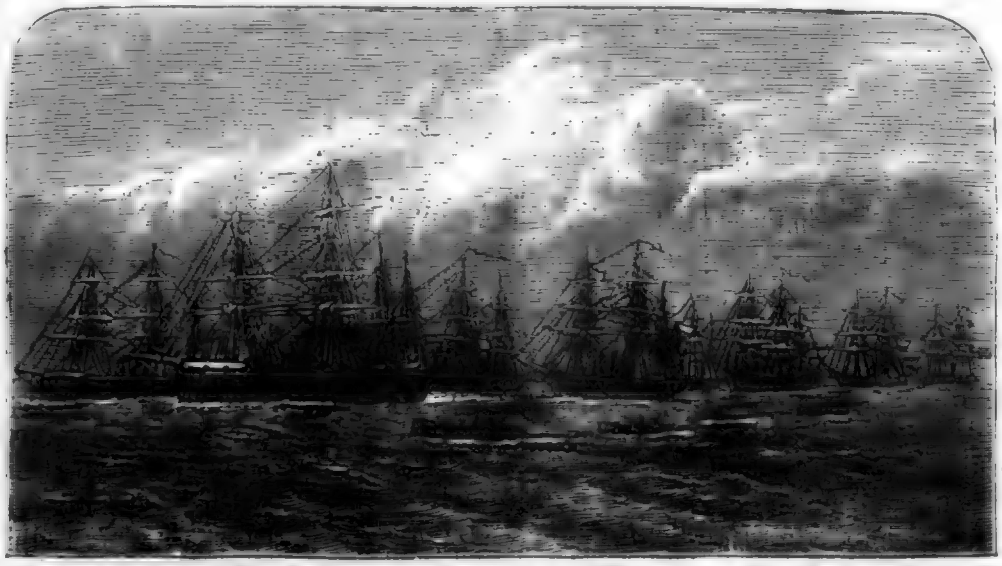
Renounce her—how could he?

The girl's face, her pallor, her start on his entrance—she almost swooned—everything told Paul Elverston that he was master of her soul—her pure, unblemished soul.

In five minutes more he had told her at once his love, and the "impossibility" of their marriage. Peg had sunk back in her chair with a choking, heart-broken sob.



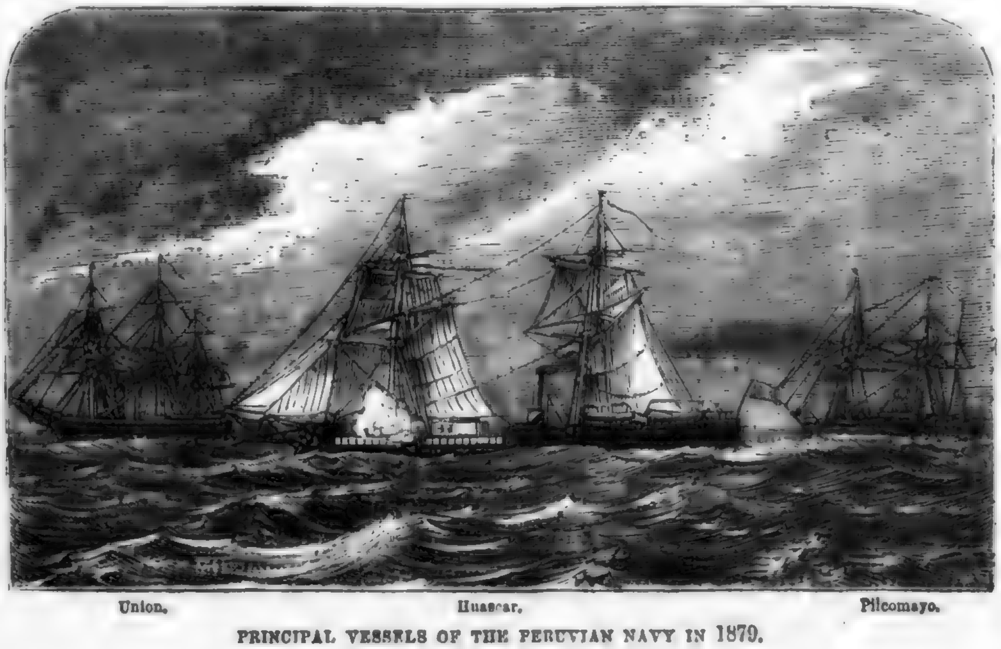
DEPARTURE OF CHILIANS FROM IQUIQUE ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.



Aimirante Cochrane. Blanca Encalada. Chacabuco. O'Higgins. Abtao. Magallanes. Covadonga.

CHIEF VESSELS OF THE CHILIAN NAVY IN 1879.

She rose now, and walked feebly into the small, dark sitting-room, and, with trembling hands, strove to pour out a glass of water to take away strange, deathlike feelings that she had never known before. Paul followed her and, in a moment more, when words had been uttered that he should have shamed to speak, and he had proposed to her flight from her home—anything, that she might be his, *all his*, *only his*—the girl had, with one grand, silent gesture, pointed to the door.



Union. Huascar. Pilcomayo.

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE PERUVIAN NAVY IN 1879.

Paul had never seen her look like that—like some terrible, angry goddess. Her lovely eyes never quailed. She stood in majestic, haughty silence, an outraged, insulted woman, no more a girl; and pale as she, but shrinking, trembling, he obeyed, and left her.

That was Paul Elverston's one approach to a happy life, a happy home. He might have won Peg in honor. Such was his chance, and—he lost it! And while, pale, languid, listless, aimless and wretched, he strove to find some interest in a life that had begun to be to him as a burden of lead, Peg, tended by Liz and

Crofts—who, during her illness, drank not one drop—lay at the gate of death with brain-fever.

It was a fierce struggle. Many a time an angel hand reached over "the gold bar of heaven" to snatch her up into seraph company. But youth was on the girl's side; a magnificent, unimpaired vitality conquered. Peg lived.

CHAPTER III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Peg lived. And—for heretofore my story has been but that of many an obscure life led into temptation—I will now relate its stranger and more unusual portion.

Crofts, sober for six weeks, awoke to the knowledge that this dying girl—he thought her so—was dearer to him than himself; and that he had wronged, bitterly wronged her in suffering her to believe herself his daughter. Liz, frightened at Peg's delirium, had told him all; and he, so she phrased it, "had flashed up red and angry-like," and said:

"No puppy wouldn't 'er dared to have kim after her in 'that mean, sneaky way ef he'd 'er knowed as she was sumbody. *She* was, an' none of yer 'riff-raff.' Why, Liz, he thinks she's *my* daughter. Likely as a queen like you"—pointing to the bed where, whelmed in the glory of the golden locks that Crofts had dared the doctor to cut off at his peril, *Zoe*, Peg no more, lay convalescent—"would be the daughter of a shabby old hoss like *me!* Look here, Liz, look here!" continued the old man, his conscience at last aroused; "this is hers!" Here he displayed a bracelet containing several fine cameos, evidently portraits of real, not ideal, faces. "And look here! this tells where her uncle—the old gentleman as was her father called him Demetri Perdecaris" (impossible to render the pronunciation of this name as *per* Crofts!)—"an' I'm a wretch, that's what I am, never to have found him an' given her her own!"

Here, with a wild outburst of sobs and tears, the old man sank upon his knees at the foot of pale Zoe's bed, and wept his remorseful heart out.

The light came in the dingy windows upon the gray-haired, prostrate man; the hunchback girl, who had started to her feet and stood leaning upon her crutches; and upon the glorious being on the bed. It was a strange picture.

Poor Liz! things looked as though "the shiny star" would pass out of *her* poor, beclouded sky—the firmament of the alley, the atmosphere of degradation—into other horizons.

Zoe convalescent, Crofts carried out his resolve. One of the letters was "to be handed," so its envelope said, to B—— the banker, Rothschilds' agent in New York.

On the following day Crofts had delivered it at the banking-house.

A polite gentleman in black signified his willingness to accompany him to visit the heiress.

The heiress! Croft's blood began to run cold. He was going to lose her—to lose Peg—no, *Zoe!*

"How did you happen to see the advertisement?" politely demanded the affable gentleman in black.

"Advertisement? What advertisement?" replied Crofts.

"Why, my good fellow," said the gentleman in black, "you hold the proofs in these letters of the existence of Zoe Perdecaris, niece of Demetri Perdecaris, brother of Zavella Perdecaris. Demetri Perdecaris died six months ago, leaving her everything he has made in a splendid business—the importation of foreign wines. They say that the father, Zavella Perdecaris, owned an island in the Archipelago, and that among his papers, if they can be found, must be a will leaving *that* to his daughter. Such, at least, was the statement made to me in our banking-house by Mr. Demetri Perdecaris, not eight months ago. The island used to be a poor sort of place, and Mr. Zavella Perdecaris, they say, had a fever there, and became somewhat deranged. That was after his wife's death. She was an Italian lady of high family—a Genoese. The old gentleman must have come here and died—you say at your house? Well, the island turns out to be rich in superb olives. Couldn't be better than that, and Miss Zoe is worth—well, I should say nearly, if not quite, a million, even now. Ugly, I suppose? Heiresses always are."

Crofts chuckled, but did not reply.

"Been quite like a daughter to you, I suppose? But why didn't you claim the property? Better than keeping a candy-shop, I should say." The carriage containing the affable gentleman in black and our Crofts had by this time entered the obscure alley, and stopped at the door of his by no means palatial abode. "Well, people can't have everything."

"Ugly!" thought Crofts, chuckling again.

And, opening the door, he let Zoe shine out in all her radiance of soft loveliness upon the gentleman in black.

Pale, the golden hair wrapped about that Greek head, and the oval face defined against an old horsehair arm-chair, she shone just as Liz said she always did, like "a shiny star."

The gentleman in black started.

"Ugly," chuckled Crofts, again, this time audibly.

"On the contrary, very beautiful," said the gentleman in black, smiling. "You are quite convalescent, miss? Your—ahem!—guardian informs me that you have been ill. Nothing serious, I trust?"

Zoe blushed.

"Nothing—a fever."

"You must be careful. Life's worth having to enjoy a—ahem!—million or so."

Liz—the poor hunchback had hidden herself in a distant corner—burst into tears, half of joy, half of sorrow. Zoe opened her violet eyes.

Paul—it flashed across her brain—was a proud, great gentleman, but she, *now*, was a great, a rich *lady!*

Crofts now laid before the gentleman in black—whose name I may as well state, lest you should begin to think him a *diable, à la Frederic Soulie*, was Vinton—all the documents left by the half-demented Zavella Perdecaris. Mr. Vinton carefully examined the bracelet, and noticed the likeness in the female head which formed the centre, to Zoe.

"Probably her mother," remarked he.

"Yes, yes, her mother," replied Crofts; "I mind how he kissed it when he was ill. An' it's like Peg—like the gal."

"Peg?" said Mr. Vinton.

"I called her that, sir, because I had a pretty sister named Margaret; Peg, we called her. I can't pernounce yer gran' names like Zoe; but that's what the old gentleman called her when he'd stroke her over the hair."

"You won't have to keep that shabby shop now, will you?" said Zoe, suddenly, to Crofts.

That was all. She never reproached him for her dark, degraded life in the alley. She never, in the aftertime, spoke of her neglected, untaught childhood. She never did aught but strive to make the last days of the old man happy.

"Ef she'd 'a' bin the chile of my own blood she couldn't never ha' bin no different, nor no better to me," the remorseful Crofts was wont to murmur, when Zoe "came into her own."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ISLAND.

In the aftertime, amid "the isles of Greece!—the isles of Greece!"—where in splendor rose the villa she caused to be built, and Zoe reigned in a manner over the hearts if not the rights of the denizens of the little island her father's will had left her, memories *would* come of Paul.

What then? Did she, could she cling to that memory? Did Love's young dream powerfully assert itself again, and did she yearn for him, as, trammeled still by his sister's stronger will, and unaware yet of her rise to fortune, Paul Elverston's weak, vacillating mind and tortured heart still yearned, and, with a feeling that was almost frenzy, still longed for her?

No. Coming to womanhood, Zoe realized, as many a woman, nay, *most* women, do, that her girlhood's ideal had little to recommend it. That Paul's had been a weak, a *mean* nature. That to give herself in wealth would be but to reward a bygone and cruel insult offered to her in poverty.

At last Paul heard the strange story of "Peg Crofts's luck." It had got into the papers. Peg's was now the "coigne of vantage"; she could look down upon him.

He spent four years in seeking her over all Europe. By this time his passion for Zoe Perdecaris had become a sort of monomania, which provoked first the remonstrances and then the jests of his friends. It was thought that his reason was becoming unsettled in the disappointments of his fruitless search.

At last he found her—found her the object of the love of as noble a being as kind Heaven ever sent to fill the void of an unoccupied heart. Antonio Vasselli, a young Italian physician, was at once a patriot and a man of science. Ever ready to lay down the scalpel to grasp the sword, Vasselli was one in whom the best of his kind had faith. He was young, handsome, too, and devoted. He had found Zoe when called in to attend Elizabeth Meeks—the "Liz" of old—who was fast becoming consumptive. Zoe learned his worth, and they became betrothed.

At this juncture Paul Elverston fell in their way. He endeavored, though received by Zoe, with whom lived both Crofts and an American widow who was her *chaperone*—with courtesy, to quarrel with Signor Vasselli. The Italian, with dignity, refused to notice his evil behavior.

Unaware of their quarrels, Zoe still received Elverston. One day, seated at table—Zoe was courteous though cold to her unwelcome guest—Mrs. Gleason announced that the occasion on which they and some eight or nine other guests had met was to celebrate the betrothal—a custom in Italy and modern Greece—of the Italian and her fair young patron.

It was afterward supposed that Paul must have indulged in wine before appearing. Certain it is that no sooner were these words uttered, than, with a horrible oath and a look scarcely human, he stigmatized the Signor Antonio as "a coward who had refused to meet him in a duel," and grasping a heavy *carafe*, hurled it at the head of his rival. It missed, and struck the invalid girl, Elizabeth, inflicting a ghastly wound upon her brow, and prostrating her. The terrified guests rose with one accord to their feet, and in a moment more Vasselli had pinioned, despite his struggles—he was foaming at the mouth—the now evidently insane Elverston.

Yes, the man in whose life of thirty-three years there had been no good act, had, under the influence of thwarted passion and frustrated ambition—for is it to be supposed that, with such a man, Zoe's wealth had no weight?—lost his reason. For an entire year Paul Elverston was the inmate of a madhouse, and had not Vasselli promptly and skillfully attended Elizabeth, who shall say that he might not have found a scaffold?

Zoe and Antonio are married. They inhabit the beautiful island, and have ever been—

> "Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast
> Soul to soul as the years flow past."

THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.

In one of its issues during the month of December, 1879, the *Nacional*, of Lima, thus aggregated the results to that date, of the war of Peru and Bolivia against Chili:

> "We have to record the loss of our territory to the nineteenth degree of latitude; the loss of more than 1,800 square leagues of Peru's area; the loss of nearly 200,000 souls of our population; the loss of our railroads and telegraphs for over 200 miles, worth more than twenty millions of hard dollars; the loss of the three ports of Patillos, Iquique, and Pisagua, and their corresponding inlets and smaller ports; the loss of $20,000,000 worth of nitrate factories, and 2,800 miles of nitrate lands, amounting to 140,000,000 hard dollars; and the loss of our guano and nitrate revenues, netting 10,000,000 hard dollars per annum."

In consequence of these immense losses, the editor was led to observe:

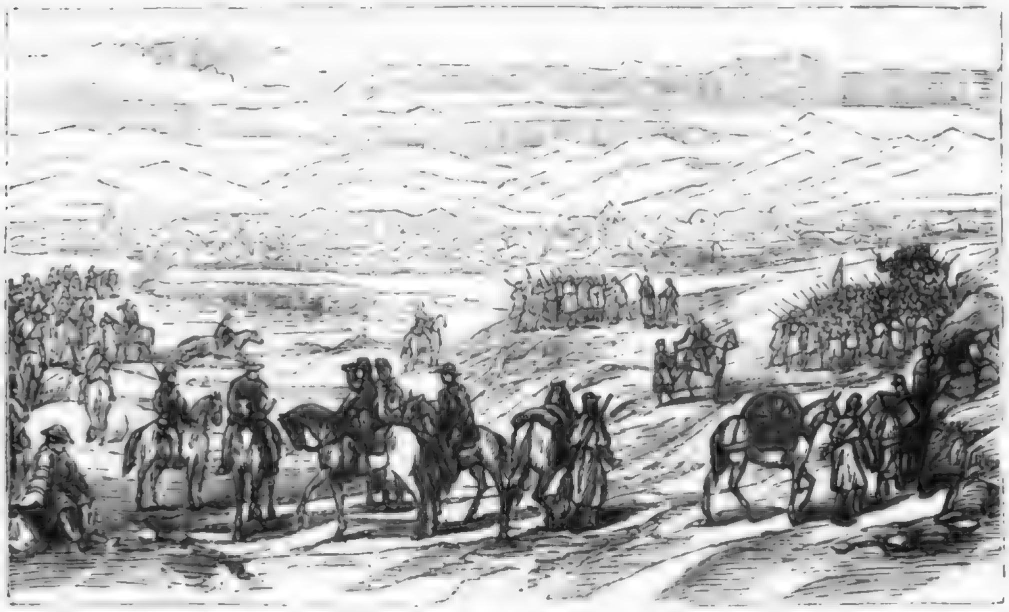
> "Through all the pores of our organization, there flows the blood of our shame and of the opprobrium which a handful of incompetent officials have cast on the Republic."

As the effects of a war that had then been waged for a period of forty days only, this was certainly an appalling summary. How much deeper must have been the humiliation a little over a twelvemonth later, when a faithful chronicler would have added to this extraordinary report the details of the forced flights of two Presidents; the loss of the victor of the sea, the renowned *Huascar;* the wonderful march of the Chilian general, Baquedano; the fall in succession before the invader of Chorillos, Miraflores and haughty Lima itself; the supplication of the populace, abandoned by all forms of legislative organization, for a merciful settlement; and the appeal to England, France and Italy for friendly intervention.

Brief and active as this tripartite war was, its progress was characterized by feats of amazing heroism, of wonderful strategic skill, of indomitable perseverance, no less than by evidences of the grossest incompetency.

The cause of the war is found in a struggle for the possession of the vast nitrate beds in the narrow belt or territory lying between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth parallels of south latitude, at the foot of the Bolivian Andes.

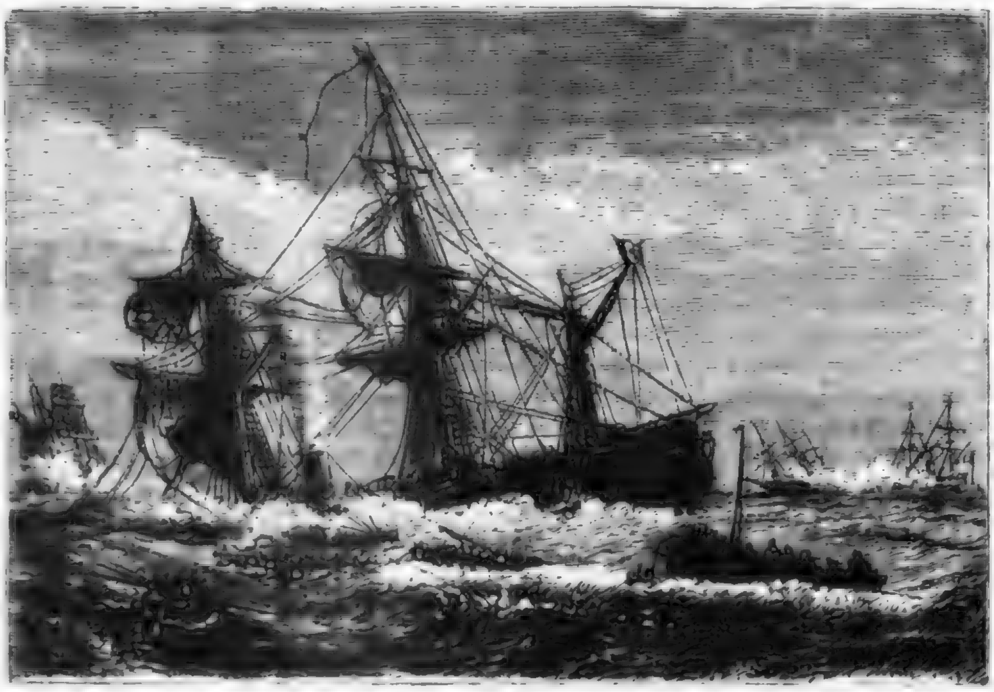
This territory, which was once a part of Peru, was claimed both by Bolivia and Chili, and had been the subject of many treaties; but one signed in 1866 renounced the Bolivian claim to that portion of the Desert of Atacama lying southward of the twenty-fourth parallel, and stipulated that Chili should share equally with Bolivia the valuable guano deposits, as well as the export duties on minerals extracted in that desert between the twenty-third and twenty-fifth parallels. That a partnership of this character should be the occasion for endless disputes is apparent. After the fall of the Dictator Melgarejo, the Bolivian Government repudiated the treaty agreement, on the ground that it contained unconstitutional provisions; yet, in August, 1874, it negotiated another by which the joint ownership was abrogated, the joint share in the guano products reaffirmed, and permission given by Bolivia for Chilian companies to work the deposits for the term of twenty-five years, without an increase of export duties,



CHILIAN ARMY REACHING CALAMA.

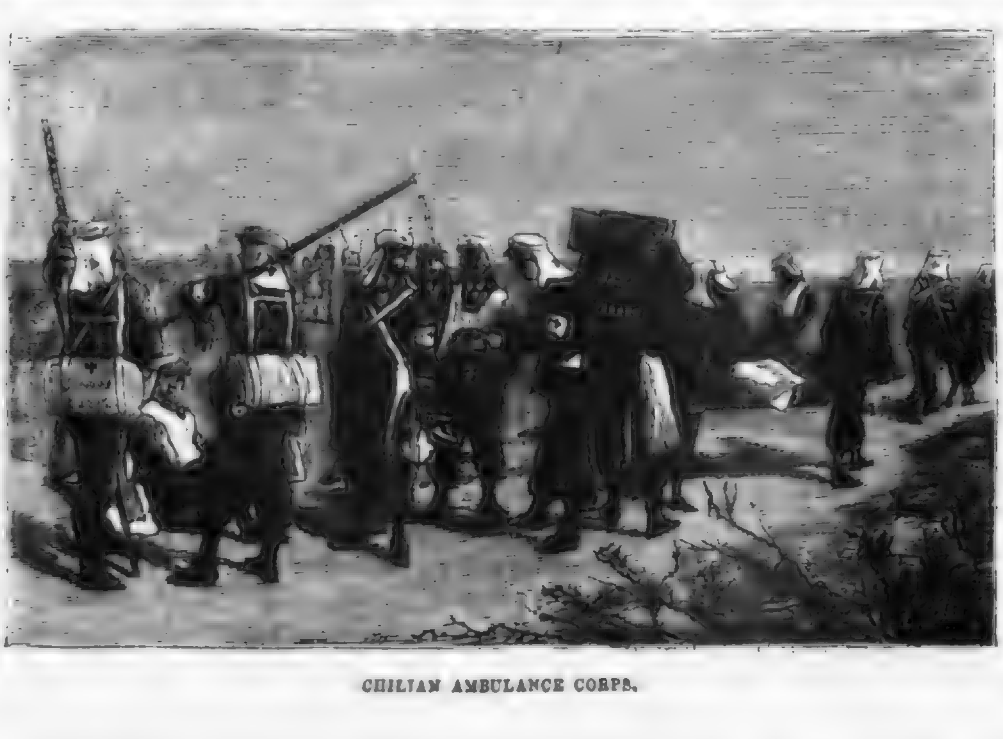
It was also stipulated that at the end of the term all improvements connected with the works, and the ownership of the nitrate beds, should revert to the Bolivian Government.

The ratification of this treaty was followed by an immense emigration of Chilians of wealth and enterprise into the Desert of Atacama, where their thrift soon gave birth to railroads, storehouses, wharves, the port of Antofagasta, and the towns of Mejillores and Caracoles. From the vicinity of the latter town, large quantities of silver ore have been and still are extracted, and taken to the port for amalgamation in the extensive reduction works of a Chilian capitalist. Vast deposits of nitrate of soda also exist between that town and the port, and the earth is likewise taken to the port for treatment by another Chilian firm, and made to yield its valuable constituents, including, besides the soda, salt and iodine. As much as 5,000 tons of nitrate are produced at these works in a single month.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF IQUIQUE, APRIL 21ST, 1879.—SINKING OF THE CHILIAN "ESMERALDA" AND LOSS OF THE PERUVIAN "INDEPENDENCIA."

On the alleged failure of Chilian companies to comply with the terms of their amended agreement, in February, 1878, Bolivia laid an export duty upon all the nitrate taken from Atacama. This action is said to have been taken without any warning or notification to the companies or to the Government of Chili. When the subject of the imposition of the tax was brought to the attention of the President of Chili, he caused a remonstrance to be sent to President Daza, and instructed the companies not to pay the tax.



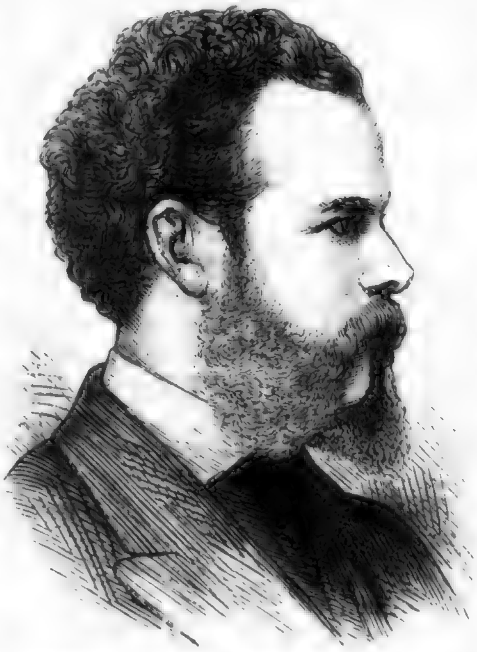
CHILIAN AMBULANCE CORPS.

It is at this point that the interests of Peru become actively involved. It appears that, in February, 1873, a treaty was negotiated between Bolivia and Peru, that was originally designed to include the Argentine Republic as well, but the Government of the latter, by a large majority, rejected the proposals. The basis of this treaty, it was alleged, was the refusal of

Chili to accept the offers made by the Peruvian Government, which was anxious to secure a monopoly of the nitrate industry, for the purchase of the various works that had been erected at Antofagasta by Chilian capitalists. When the Chilians admitted possessing a knowledge of the existence of the "secret" treaty, they set up the claim that it was in consequence of that refusal that the Bolivian Government, acting as the ally of Peru, had imposed the tax on the export of the product.

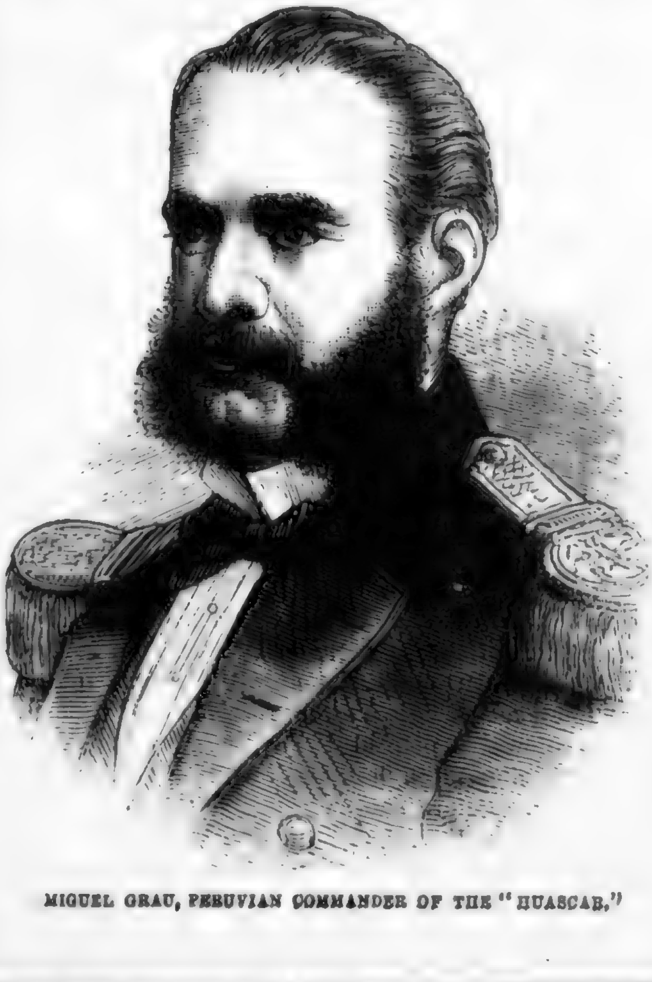
So, when the Chilians refused to submit to the taxation, the Bolivian authorities attempted to collect it by armed force, and soldiers were placed over the works. The appeal of the companies to the Chilian Government for protection was answered immediately by the dispatch of a superior force of troops, who not only recovered the works, but drove the Bolivians from the port of Antofagasta and the mining town of Caracoles.

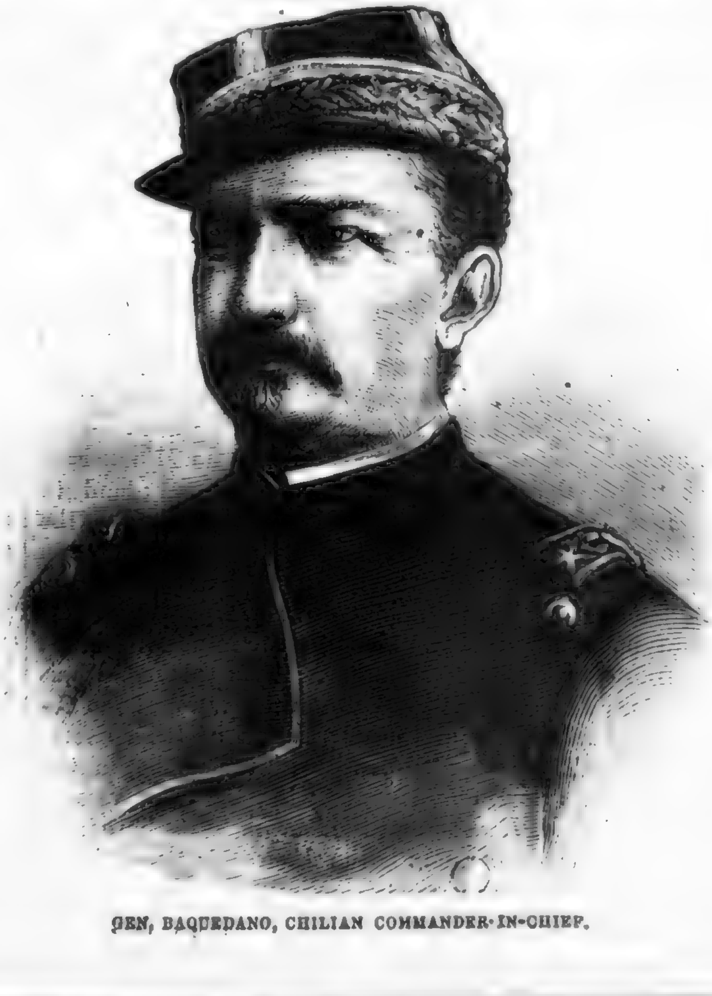
When the news of this formidable occupation reached the Peruvian capital the intensest excitement was aroused. The militia was ordered to be enrolled at once for service, and the President announced his determination to take the field in person. In Chili there was much less excitement, because war had seemed inevitable, and preparations had been made to meet it. With her army under arms and her naval vessels under steam, Chili demanded from Peru an acknowledgment or denial of the existence of the secret treaty with Bolivia. The Peruvian Government refused to make any direct statement, referring the entire matter to its ambassador to Chili. When he was approached officially for an explanation he promptly disclaimed all knowledge of the instrument. He was shown a verbatim copy of the treaty, but he still professed ignorance of it. The Chilian Government then cut the diplomatic business short by sending him his passport, along with a declaration of war against his country. This was on the 6th of April, 1879. The cables were immediately cut, and the Peruvian Government heard, almost by the same mail, of the declaration of war and the dispatch of a Chilian squadron to the seaport of Tarapaca.


GENERAL PIEROLA, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

Before proceeding with the narrative of the war, let us glance at the chief executives of the three Republics at this date.

Don Anibal Pinto, the President of Chili, was born in 1822, and educated at the National Institute. After spending several years in diplomatic service in Europe, he returned to his hacienda and devoted himself to literary and political studies until 1860, when he re-entered public service, accepting the portfolio of Minister of War and Marine. During his candidacy for the presidency, in 1876, he had the support of the administration of President Errazuriz, and this great influence doubtless secured his election. He believes in the doctrine of the independence of Church and State, in civil marriage and free public schools, and although known as a strict Roman Catholic in religious matters, he is credited with being a man of liberal mind and conservative action. His official term expires this year, but in view of the overwhelming success of the Chilian arms, a grateful country can do no


MIGUEL GRAU, PERUVIAN COMMANDER OF THE "HUASCAR."


GEN. BAQUEDANO, CHILIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

less than demand his services for a second term, in spite of any party issue that may arise.

General Mariano Prado, who succeeded General Pardo as President of Peru in 1876, was born in 1826, and laid the foundation of his military fame in the campaign of 1854, as the head of the celebrated column of "Sagrados." In 1864 the Spaniards seized the Chincha Islands, belonging to Peru, and war was at once declared by the Republic, but in the January following President Pezet concluded a peace by agreeing that upon the surrender of the island his Government would pay a war indemnity of $3,000,000. The publication of this treaty aroused the indignation of the Peruvians, and led to the downfall of Pezet and the elevation of the Vice-president. General Prado, placing himself at the head of the popular and indignant party, was proclaimed Provisional Dictator. His first official act was to reject the obnoxious treaty. This was done in November, and within thirty days he had concluded an alliance with Chili, on which he felt justified, in January, 1866, in declaring war against Spain. In the memorable contest of May 2d the allies defeated the powerful Spanish squadron, and eight days later the surviving vessels were withdrawn from Peruvian waters. At the end of 1867 a revolution broke out against Prado, and he took refuge in Chili, but in the following year his successor, Colonel Baller, was assassinated, the Gutierrez brothers were executed, and their bodies suspended from the towers of the cathedral at Lima, and Don Manuel Pardo was declared President. His reign was liberal, progressive, beneficent. An attempt to assassinate him was made in 1874, and a little later on he was shot down by the soldiers in the very corridor of the Legislative Hall. In August, 1876, General Prado was recalled from Chili to resume the Presidency. On the declaration of the late war he placed himself at the head of the national army, and assumed the supreme direction of military affairs. We shall hear of him again.

In Bolivia, General Hilarion Daza occupied the Presidential chair. He was born in Sucre, the capital, in 1840, of poor parents. He volunteered into the army when seventeen years old, and was rapidly promoted, gaining the rank of sergeant in 1860, lieutenant in 1861, and major in 1864. In 1868 he attempted to conduct a scientific expedition to investigate the course of the Pilcomayo River, and though he failed in his object, he succeeded in gathering about him a swarm of half-breeds, which, at the beginning of Melgarejo's administration, was recognized as a regiment, with himself as colonel. On the night of November 24th, 1870, Daza, backed by his regiment, broke into the bedchamber of the President, drove him therefrom, and declared Morales President. For this he was made a general. Melgarejo was killed in Lima by his son-in-law, in November, 1871, and Morales was killed by his own nephew a year later. Daza became Minister of War under Ballivian, who was also murdered; and in 1875 assumed the dictatorship. He promptly placed the national troops at the service of Peru, and took the field in person at their head. More will appear of him also.

As before stated, Chili declared war on April 6th, 1879, and at once sent vessels to blockade the important Peruvian ports, particularly Iquique. This blockade was raised for a few days in May by the withdrawal of the *Covadonga* and *Lamar*, and the destruction of the corvette *Esmeralda*. The struggle opened with the combat in the harbor of this port, on May 21st; the Peruvian vessels being the famous *Huascar* and the *Independencia*, both ironclads. The *Huascar* rammed the *Esmeralda* three times, the last blow taking her fairly amidships with such violence as to send her to the bottom in a few moments. Her commander, Captain Arturo Prat, leaped upon the *Huascar* with some of his crew as his ship was sinking, but was killed as soon as he reached the deck. While the duel between these vessels was in progress, the *Covadonga* escaped from the bay, and made southward at full speed; the *Independencia*, seeing the manœuvre, started in pursuit, and after steaming a distance of eleven miles, overtook her, and began preparing to ram. Just as she was got into position for a dash she suddenly stranded on a sunken rock. Signaling to the *Huascar* for assistance, that vessel put off under all possible steam. Her commander reached the spot only to witness the wrecking of that model ironclad; and taking off her men, started after the *Covadonga*, which, however, escaped in the darkness, after an exciting race of two hours.

For several months in the early part of the war the Peruvians had a manifest advantage over the Chilians by reason of possessing the *Huascar*, although the fleet of Chili was considered, in naval circles, superior to that of Peru. The chief vessels of Chili, as shown in our illustration, were the *Almirante Cochrane*, the *Blanca Encalada*, the *Chacabuco*, the *O'Higgins*, the *Esmeralda*, the *Abtao*—all iron-clad frigates; the gunboat *Magallanes*, and the swift schooner *Covadonga*. Opposed to these by Peru were the *Huascar*, the corvette *Union*, and the gunboat *Pilcomayo*.

It is impossible at this time to give even an approximate idea of the military forces of the belligerents, for the various statements of the number of men in the field that appeared in the press from time to time were doubtless over-estimated in the interest of some one of the parties. In August, Señor de Lavalle, the Peruvian Minister to Brazil, then in the United States, placed the force of Chili at 15,000 men, while he credited the allies with 45,000. Details of the decisive victories of the Chilians in the last days of the war show that they mustered a much larger force than that mentioned.

Returning to the naval narrative: The Chilians laid several of the southern ports of Peru in ruins, and with the exception of a brief withdrawal of the squadron on the approach of the *Huascar*, kept up a vigorous blockade of Iquique until the close of July. On the 16th of that month the city was bombarded, but no considerable damage was done. Intelligence of the attack reaching the allied Presidents, they gave orders for the *Huascar*, *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to retaliate, as far as possible, on the undefended ports on the southern coast of Chili. Peruvian official telegrams placed the destruction thus effected at the sum of $1,000,000, and claimed the capture of the Chilian transport *Rimac*, with a complete regiment of cavalry on board. After the engagement between the *Huascar* and the Chilian vessels blockading Iquique on July 10th, the *Almirante Cochrane* was sent to Pisagua to attempt to land a large force charged with the destruction of property at that port. Unknown, however, to the commander, a strong battalion of Peruvian infantry had taken possession of the fortifications there, and by a vigorous fire upon the small-boats compelled the Chilians to abandon the attempt to effect a landing.

The first decisive victory of the Chilians over the allies was the capture of the *Huascar*, on October 9th, 1879, in the Bay of Mejillones, by the *Almirante Cochrane* and the *Blanca Encalada*. The *Huascar* received twenty-eight balls, nine of which pierced the strongest parts of her sides, five passing through the 4½ inch iron plating near the water line. Before she surrendered the heroic commander, Admiral Grau, had been killed, as well as the other officers who in turn succeeded to the command. Miguel Grau is a name that will ever be remembered in

XUM

Peru. He was descended from an old and distinguished Spanish family, and had studied navigation in the merchant marine service. When the late General Balta attained the Presidency he induced Don Miguel to leave the merchant service and take command of the *Huascar*, and at the time of his death he had trod her decks for over fourteen years. In his last fight he was wounded several times, and although the chances of his ship were very few in the contest, he refused to capitulate. He was instantly killed while manœuvring his almost dismantled vessel to ram its opponents. The Chilians, after the capture, repaired the *Huascar*, and turned her against her former owners.

With the loss of this ship the fortunes of Peru began to wane. On the 6th of November a combined attack by the land and sea forces was made on the Peruvian port of Pisagua, which, after a bombardment of five hours, surrendered. The Bolivian brigade encamped on the frowning cliffs was totally dispersed, and the Chilians, under General Escola, began the march inland along the railroad. A few days later the Chilians met the allied armies on the hill of San Francisco, and scattered them like chaff before the wind, the Peruvian general, Buendia, being almost annihilated, and the Bolivians starting on a hasty retreat homeward. On the 26th Buendia gained a temporary advantage at Tarapaca, but he was soon forced to retreat upon Arica, where he was placed under arrest for permitting the loss of two armies and an entire department of the country. Then came the forcible overthrow of the Government of Bolivia, the deposition of President Daza by a movement of his officers at Tacna, and the election of General Narciso Campero to the vacant Presidency. President Prado returned to Lima early in December to organize the defense of the capital, and on the 18th embarked for the United States, ostensibly for the purpose of negotiating a loan with American and European bankers. Five days after his departure, Nicolas de Pierola, who had signalized himself by seizing the *Huascar* in 1877, and after an engagement with H.M.S. *Shah* and *Amethyst*, had been forced to take refuge in Iquique and surrender to the Peruvian squadron, assumed the Dictatorship of Peru, and made vast preparations for organizing a huge army. Thus, a single month saw the deposition of the Presidents of the allied republics.

Meanwhile the Chilians, having effected a landing at several important ports of the enemy, and penetrated the frontier provinces, set their eyes upon the City of Lima. A great expedition was organized, and what was hoped to be the final campaign of the war was intrusted to the skill of Don Manuel Baquedano. This distinguished soldier was born at Arauco, in 1826, and made his first campaign in the war of 1838–39 with Peru, taking part in the engagements of Guia, Matucano, Buin and Yungay. In the civil wars of 1857 and 1859 he placed his sword at the service of the Government; in 1876 he distinguished himself by brilliant operations against the Indians on the Araucanian frontier, and at the beginning of the late war he was put in command of all the Chilian cavalry. He participated in the engagements at Pisagua, Dolores, Tarapaca and Jemania, and was rewarded with the command of the second division of the army, and in that capacity took Moquega in April, 1880, and gained the stubborn battle of Los Angeles. Soon after the Government gave him the supreme command of all its land forces. He proved the wisdom of the selection by carrying the City of Tacna, after a great battle, in May, and the City of Arica, supposed to be invincible, early in June. Meanwhile the Chilian squadron was destroying Mollendo, blockading Callao and all the southern ports, and sending the incendiary torch through the rich sugar plantations of the north.

In the Fall of 1880, General Baquedano determined to make a grand effort for the glory of his country, and planned the now remarkable expedition to Lima. He landed at Pisco and Curayaco, speedily occupied Lurin and Cañete, and, on the 13th of January last, surprised the Peruvians at Chorillos, and after a great battle drove them from the position to Miraflores, where they made their final stand. On the afternoon of the next day, General Baquedano again attacked the Peruvians, being then assisted by the fire from the ships in the harbor; and as evening approached, he ordered a charge, and the defenders were driven through the town toward the capital.

After the battle of Miraflores, the diplomatic body called on General Baquedano, and begged him not to injure the city of Lima, to which he agreed, on the condition that no resistance should be offered.

On Monday, January 17th, the Chilian army entered the capital city of Peru, without molestation, and hoisted the victorious flag on the Santa Catalina Cuartel. Pierola, the new Dictator, had fled, and the forces at Callao had abandoned the city and harbor to the invader, after blowing up the remainder of the Peruvian fleet. The losses in killed and wounded in the two battles are estimated at 9,000 Peruvians and 7,000 Chilians.

As soon as the Chilians had occupied the "City of the Kings," a local government was established, with Mr. Godai, formerly Chilian Minister to Ecuador, as Prefect. The victors endeavored to induce the officials of the Peruvian courts to resume their duties, but they declined. Then General Baquedano intimated that he was prepared to treat with a provisional government, and invited the people to form such an authority. Receiving no response, he issued a proclamation, placing the city under martial law, and prescribing death as the penalty for any Chilian or Peruvian soldier found murdering, robbing, or maltreating the inhabitants, or carrying arms without authority. Callao was opened to commerce, with Chilian officials in the Custom-house, and the trains set running regularly between that port and the capital.

Since gaining Lima the Chilians have extended their occupation to Chiclayo and Trujillo in the north, with the early probability that they will take possession of Chimbote, Payta and Piura, leaving to Peru and Bolivia neither coastline nor important towns within easy reach of the coast from Payta to Antofagasta.

During the early days of the occupation of Lima, repeated communications were made to Pierola that the Chilian authorities were prepared to treat with him, to which he replied in proclamations, announcing his determination to carry on the war to the bitter end. The natural result of this was to provoke the declaration that the Chilians would have nothing more to do with him. He then unbent his dignity to the extent of soliciting through the British Minister, Mr. Spencer St. John, permission for his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Irigoyen, to visit Lima, for the purpose of opening peace negotiations. The permission to visit Lima was granted, but the Chilian commander declined to treat with Dr. Irigoyen, as the representative of the ex-dictator, in any negotiations whatever. Pierola then named a commission, composed of Doctors Alasco, Antonio Arenas and J. Eusibio Sanchez, to confer with General Baquedano and Minister Vergara; but before the commissioners had presented their credentials the ex-dictator expressed his wish to return to some point near Lima, and open negotiations in person.

Several important decrees have been issued by General Baquedano in reference to import and export dues. On

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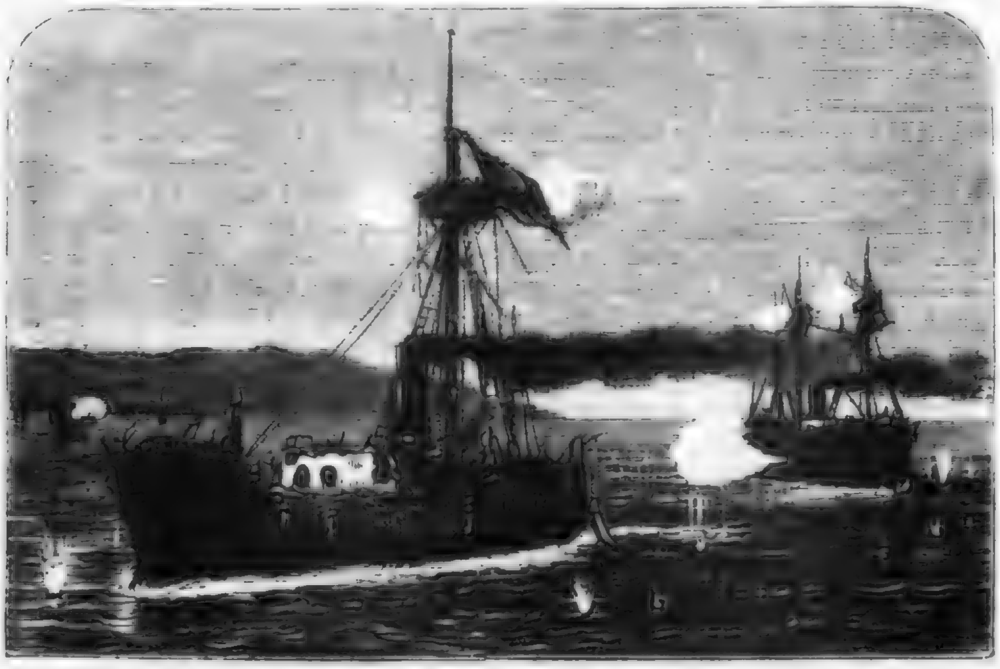
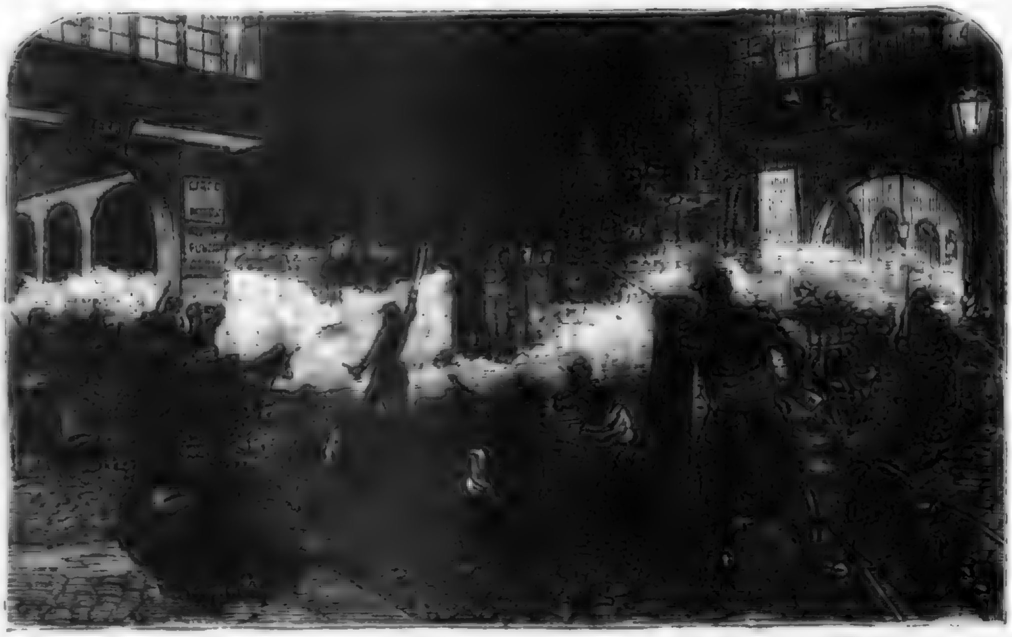


CAPTURE OF THE "HUASCAR" BY THE CHILIAN FLEET.

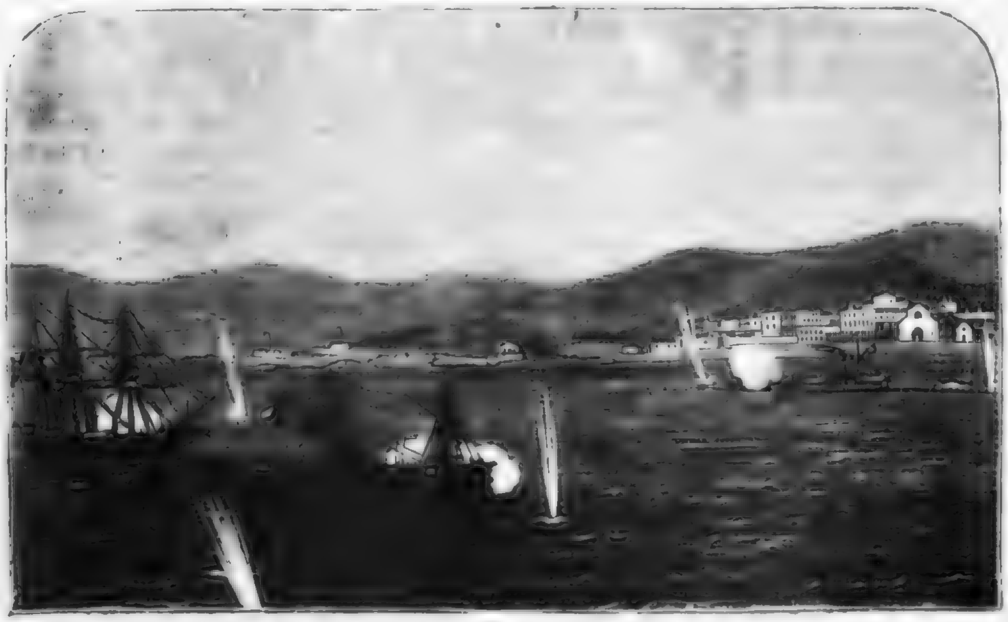


INSURRECTION AT LIMA, DECEMBER 21ST, 1879.

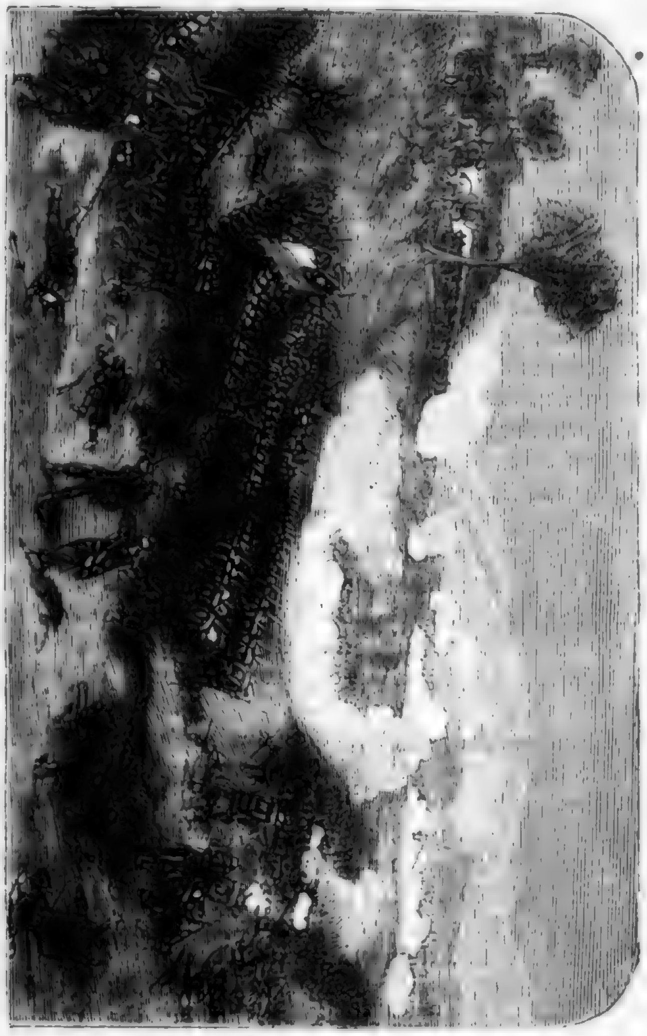
occupying Callao he declared duty free all goods imported from Chili. He now imposes a 20 per cent. ad valorem duty on them, with the exception of wheat, which is to pay 30 per cent., and merchandise, subject under the Peruvian tariff of January 12th last to specific dues, which will pay 50 per cent. of the sum then imposed. All duties are payable at the rate of 38 pence, English, to the Chilian dollar or Peruvian sol. As the tariff was arranged for Peruvian paper currency at par, it is evident that the duty which will now be collected will be enormous. It will practically prohibit the importation of a large number of articles. When coin is not paid in, the Chilian paper dollar will be received at its value according to the rate of exchange calculated at 38 pence English to the coin dollar.

The three divisions into which the Chilian invading army was divided have been dissolved, and their commanders ordered to report at once to headquarters, Santiago. Captain Lynch, who is to be promoted to rear-admiral, returns at once to Chili, and Colonel Jose F. Gana succeeds him as Prefect of Callao.

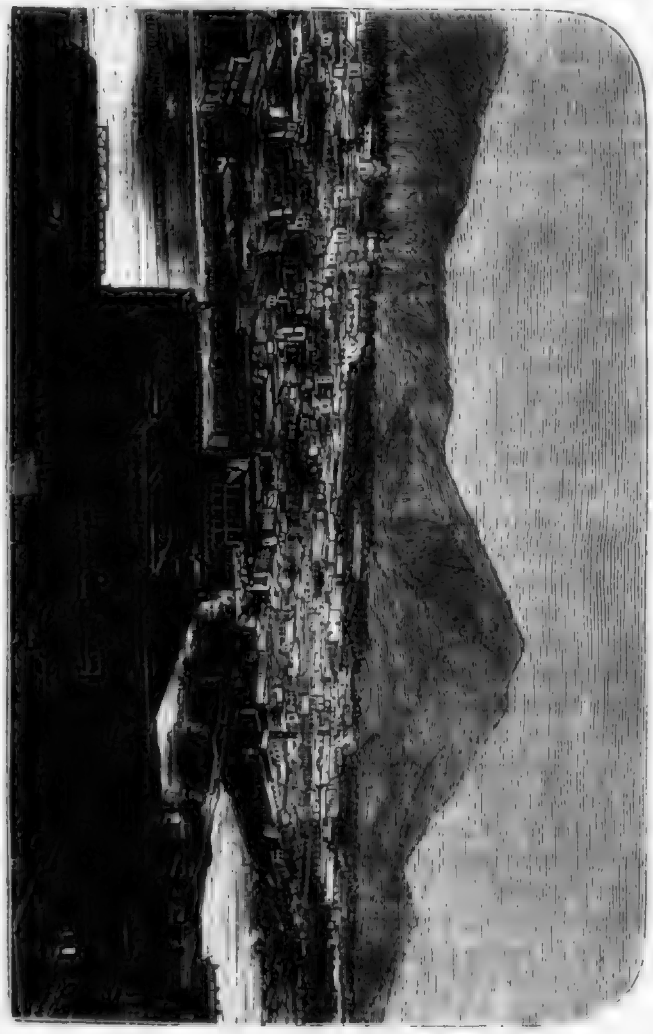
The latest intelligence from Lima is under date of February 23d. A meeting of the principal men of the capital was held on the 21st, when an election by ballot took place for the purpose of nominating a Provisional President, resulting in the choice of Dr. Francisco Garcia Calderon. There have been many instances of pillage and murder by armed mobs, in Lima and the smaller places, and General Baquedano has reconsidered his intention of sending his troops back to Chili, and is employing thousands of them in police duty. Robberies from the person, which were alarmingly frequent at the time of the occupation, are rapidly diminishing. This is due to the fact that all offenders, when caught, are at once taken to the steps of the nearest church, and administered from fifty to a hundred lashes.



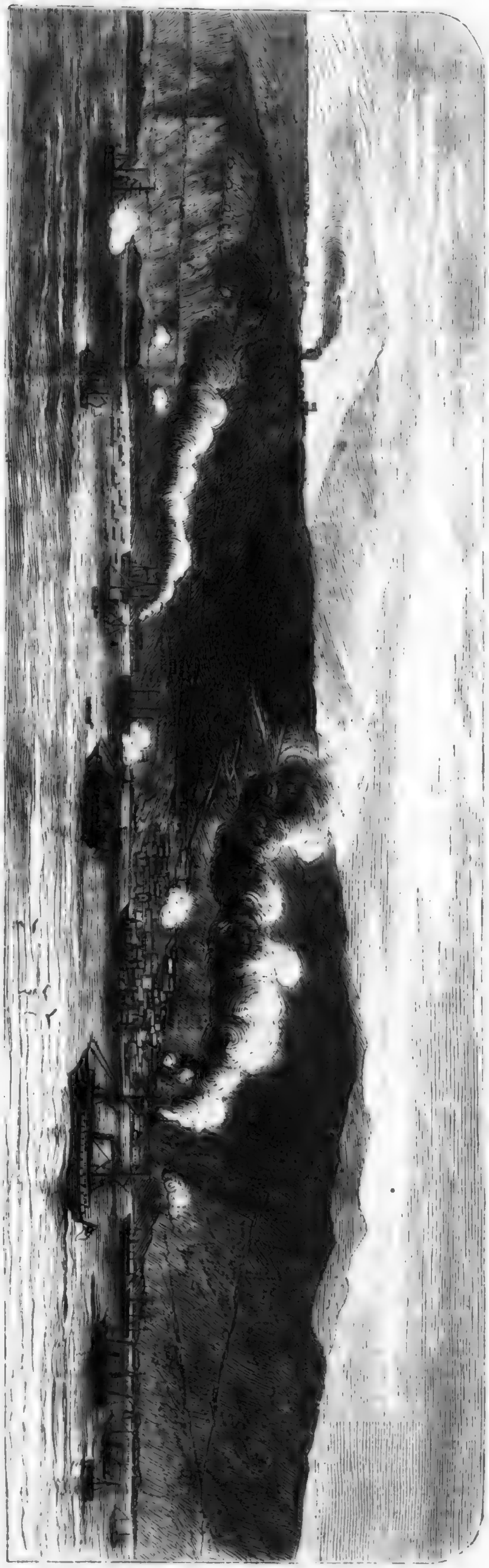
NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT ARICA, FEB. 27TH, 1880.



BATTLE OF TACNA—CHILIANS CARRYING THE HEIGHTS.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIMA.



CAPTURE OF PISAGUA BY THE CHILIANS, NOV. 2D, 1879.

Notwithstanding the delicate condition of affairs, Washington's Birthday was celebrated both at Lima and Callao with considerable fervor. Minister Christiancy held a reception, which was numerously attended, and which was enlivened by the presence of one of the best bands of the Chilian army, sent to do honor to the occasion by the Commander-in-Chief. General Baquedano sent Colonel Wood, his aide-de-camp, to present his congratulations to Mr. Christiancy. In Callao the vessels were dressed, the Chilian men-of-war adding their salutes to those of the *Lackawanna*.

When last heard from, Pierola was at Jauja, in the mountains, which he termed the capital of the republic. He had with him about 800 men, and a large quantity of "Inca" notes, which no one would receive for goods or transportation.

Chorillos, the scene of the first battle that led to the fall of Lima, is a small town at the foot of the lofty cliffs of the Morro Solar. It is connected with Lima by railroad, on which, in the Summer season, trains run every hour, and is the residence of many persons carrying on business in the capital. A kind of Saratoga, it contains, besides a casino, a number of elegant mansions, owned by the aristocracy of Peru. Chorillos is situated on the possible pathway to Lima for an invader from the south, and is a position of great strategic consequence. A few miles southward is the town of Lurin, which was first occupied by the Chilians after landing, and between the two towns are the ruins of the temples, palaces and fortresses of Pachacamac, built by the Yuncas, a race of Indians credited with existence long anterior to the Incas. Miraflores, the scene of the last encounter, where the Peruvians had 25,000 men engaged, is in reality a suburb of Lima.

The city of Callao is the principal seaport of Peru, with a grand harbor, partly sheltered by two islands and improved by substantial walls, wet and floating docks, and a fine mole. It is only six miles distant from Lima, and has a resident population of about 35,000. As Callao was the rendezvous of all the lines of foreign steamships, and the point at which the commercial mails of all nations engaged in South American trade are made up, the blockade of the port by the Chilians was a very serious proceeding for the Peruvians. At various times during the war, vessels representing the American, British, French, German, and Italian Governments took up positions in the roadstead, to be in readiness to render any service in the cause of humanity that might appear proper. Callao suffered greatly in January, 1878, by a tidal wave, which wrought vast destruction in the harbor, and was the cause of considerable loss of life.

Lima, the "Ciudad de los Reyes," as it was at first called, founded by Pizarro in January, 1535, is the most interesting, historically, of all the capitals reared by the Spaniards. No city had such convents and such churches, endowed with such a prodigality of wealth. In Lima was the College of San Marcos, the oldest university in America, founded fifty-six years before the English landed in Virginia, and sixty-nine before the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. "Here," writes Mr. Squier in his valuable work, "Pizarro was assassinated by the men of Chili, the avengers of the stout and generous Almaquo, and here his bones repose. From the turrets of the fortress of San Felipe, in Callao, the port of Lima, the flag of Castile and Leon floated for the last time on the American continent as the emblem of Spanish authority. Here, too, in 1681, the Viceroy, La Palata, rode through the streets of his capital on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls, and whose shoes were of gold, over a pavement of solid ingots of silver. Here, too, centred the galleons of the East, laden with silks and spices from the Philippines and Cathay, and on the verge of the horizon, off the land, hovered the sea-hawks, Rogers, Anson, Hawkins and Drake, swift to snatch from the treasure-ships of Manilla the rich booty which even the Virgin Queen did not disdain to share with the freebooters of the South Sea and the Spanish Main."

The city, claiming a population of 150,000 inhabitants, stands on high ground, the road gradually rising from Callao, the great square of the capital being 560 feet above sea level. Surrounded with a low wall, built in 1683, the numerous domes and spires give it a picturesque appearance at a little distance. The main square is spacious; the often restored and modernized cathedral on one of its four sides is imposing; and although the vast Government premises, Pizarro's original mansion, filling another side, and the Archiepiscopal Palace and the Town Hall, are scarcely distinguishable from the meanest houses adjoining, there is something in the colonnades or porticoes running in front of the shops along the two other sides, and in the fountain and shrubs in the middle, that gives an air both of provincial comfort and metropolitan dignity to the place.

Lima has fifty-six churches, and before the Revolution there were forty-six convents. Among the churches, that of San Francisco is the oldest and most magnificent. It was founded in 1535, and, in conjunction with its convent, is reported to have cost $10,000,000. At one time it had upward of 500 monks within its walls, but now it is but a shadow of its former glory, and much of it is utilized for business and domestic purposes.

There are thirty-three public squares in the city, the most spacious being the Plaza Mayor, the scene of the fight of December 21st between the insurgents and the regular troops, where General Prado was deposed and Pierola chosen President in his stead. It embraces an area of nine acres, has a fountain in each of the four corners, and one in the centre, surrounded by a gorgeous garden. Statues of the rulers and benefactors of the city and country are scattered about in liberal profusion.

SINGULAR OIL FOUNTAINS.

There is in Venezuela a sandbank full of holes, out of which gush streams of petroleum, mixed with boiling water. E. H. Plumacher, commercial agent of the United States at Maracaibo, has described this phenomenon in a report to the State Department, adding to this description an account of the petroleum resources of that country. The asphalt mines and petroleum fountains are most abundant in that part of the country lying between the River Zulia and the River Catatumbo and the Cordilleras.

The wonderful sandbank is about seven kilometres from the confluence of the Rivers Tara and Sardinarte. It is ten metres high and thirty long. On its surface can be seen several round holes, out of which rise the petroleum and water with a noise like that made by steam vessels when blowing off steam, and above there ascends a column of vapor. There is a dense forest around this sandbank, and the place has been called "El Inferno." Dr. Edward McGregor visited the sandbank, and reported to the Government that by experiment he had ascertained that one of the fountains spurted petroleum and water at the rate of two hundred and forty gallons per hour. Mr. Plumacher states that the petroleum is of very good quality, its density being that which the British market requires in petroleum imported from the United States. The river,

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up to the junction of the Tara and Sardinarte, is navigable during the whole year for flat-bottomed craft of forty or fifty tons.

Mr. Plumacher has been unable to discover that there are any deposits of asphalt or petroleum in the upper part of the Department of Colon, beyond the Zulia, but he has been told that the valleys of Cucuta and the territories of the State of Tachira abound in coal mines. There are coal mines near San Antonio, in a ravine called "La Carbonera," and these supply coal for the smiths' forges in that place. Coal and asphalt are also found in large quantities in the Department of Sucre. Mr. Plumacher has seen, while residing in the State of Zulia, but one true specimen of "lignite," which was given to him by a rich landowner, who is a Spanish subject.

In the section where it was found there are several fountains of a peculiar substance. It is a black liquid, of little density, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, which it transmits to the water which invariably accompanies it. Deposits of this substance are found at the foot of the spurs of the Cordilleras, and are believed to indicate the presence of great deposits of anthracite.

There are many petroleum wells of inferior quality between Escuque and Bettijoque, in the town of Columbia. Laborers gather the petroleum in handkerchiefs. After these become saturated the oil is pressed out by wringing. It is burned in the houses of the poor. The people thought, in 1825, that it was a substance unknown elsewhere, and they called it the "oil of Columbia." At that time they hoped to establish a valuable industry by working it, and they sent to England, France and this country samples which attracted much attention. But in those days no method of refining the crude oil had been discovered, and therefore these efforts to introduce petroleum to the world soon failed.

The plains of Ceniza abound in asphalt and petroleum. There is a large lake of these substances about twelve kilometres east of St. Timoteo, and from it some asphalt is taken to Maracaibo. Many deposits of asphalt are found between these plains and the River Mene. The largest is that of Cienega de Mene, which is shallow. At the bottom lies a compact bed of asphalt, which is not used at present, except for painting the bottoms of vessels to keep off the barnacles. There are wells of petroleum in the State of Falcon.

Mr. Plumacher says that all the samples of coal submitted to him in Venezuela for examination, with the exception of the "lignite" before mentioned, were, in his opinion, asphalt in various degrees of condensation. He believes that the innumerable fountains and deposits of petroleum, bitumen and asphalt that are apparent on the surface of the region around Lake Maracaibo are proof of the existence below of immense deposits of coal. These deposits have not been uncovered because the territory remains for the most part as wild as it was at the conquest.

THE TAJ MAHAL AT DELHI.

An article in *All the Year Round* says: "At Delhi, at Agra, one's capacity of holding and retaining lovely visions is flooded. A certain impatience at the languor of our slow senses fills the mind; realized there in stone are dreams which have been shadowy and shapeless, too beautiful, too strange, to be admitted even in sleep. No monument in all the world, unless it be the Alhambra, compares for sensuous delight with the Durbar Hall at Delhi; for magnificence, solid and imposing, with Akbar's palace at Agra; for absolute perfection, with the Taj Mahal. The Delhi architect knew the merit of his work, and proclaimed it. In every corner of the hall he wrote, in characters of gold, "If there be paradise on earth, it is here, it is here!" From my soul I pity those who cavil at the artist's boast. Paradise, say these—or would say, if they could express their inarticulate ideas—is not made of barley sugar, colored sweetmeats, and looking-glass. Paradise is mystic, solemn; an abode through eternity of strong and pious souls, not of luxurious fays. If you tempt these critics to explain themselves more fully, you will see that in their heart of hearts they imagine that the soul, whatever its nationality while incarnate, becomes true British after death.

The paradise of Delhi is not even European. It is like nothing they ever saw, or could have fancied. It is, in truth, sunshine and color petrified; and, because our happy land is not familiar with sunshine, while our habits forbid us color, the average Briton cannot see those blessed gifts of the Creator.

That the eye sees only what it looks for, is an axiom of art. When a commonplace observer stands before a tablet in the palace wall, and marks its exquisite inlaying, as careful in the minutest point as in the mass of flowers; when he surveys the marble screens, carved into lace, admitting a soft radiance which is to light as moonbeams to sunshine, he is astonished and delighted. But it presently comes home to him that these lovely things are not pictures, but the very wall itself, that every gap is filled with marble guipure delicate as a Chinese fan—and he revolts. As *bric-à-brac*, as bits to display under a glass case in the drawing-room, these things are charming. But a grand edifice all built of such is a monstrous idea. Where are the broken lines, the "cloud-capped towers," which make our European notion of great architecture? Where are the shadows, the unexpected changes, the up-stairs and down-stairs, and the general disarrangement which we are used to call "picturesque"? Nowhere.

ARSENIC EATING.

"Do you see that lady?" said a prominent chemist of Cleveland, Ohio, to a reporter lately. "As sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, so surely will that woman die prematurely, in a few years, by a slow but certain self-destruction."

The scene was on Superior Street, and the lady in question was standing on the sidewalk, waiting for one of the cars. The afternoon sun shone full upon her, dress and *tout ensemble* marked her as wealthy and refined, and her face was beautiful; but about the large gray eyes there was a wearied, troubled expression, and the marble face was almost deathlike in its pallor. The skin was translucent, showing the delicate blue veins beneath. It was perfectly pure and clear, but unnatural. Accepting an invitation to step into the chemist's laboratory, the reporter was soon seated in a spacious room surrounded by thousands of bottles of all shapes and sizes, and the conversation turned again on the woman seen on the street.

"That lady," said the chemist, seriously, "is an arsenic-eater. Few have any idea how the deadly habit is spreading. Even in this city it numbers its devotees by hundreds; and the husband who prides himself on his wife's beautiful complexion, the father who presses the pale forehead of his daughter, and the lover who is proud of while he is anxious about the transparent complexion of his sweetheart, never dreams for a moment that it is an unnatural effect produced by the use of a poison which will sooner or later destroy life. I am not telling this for

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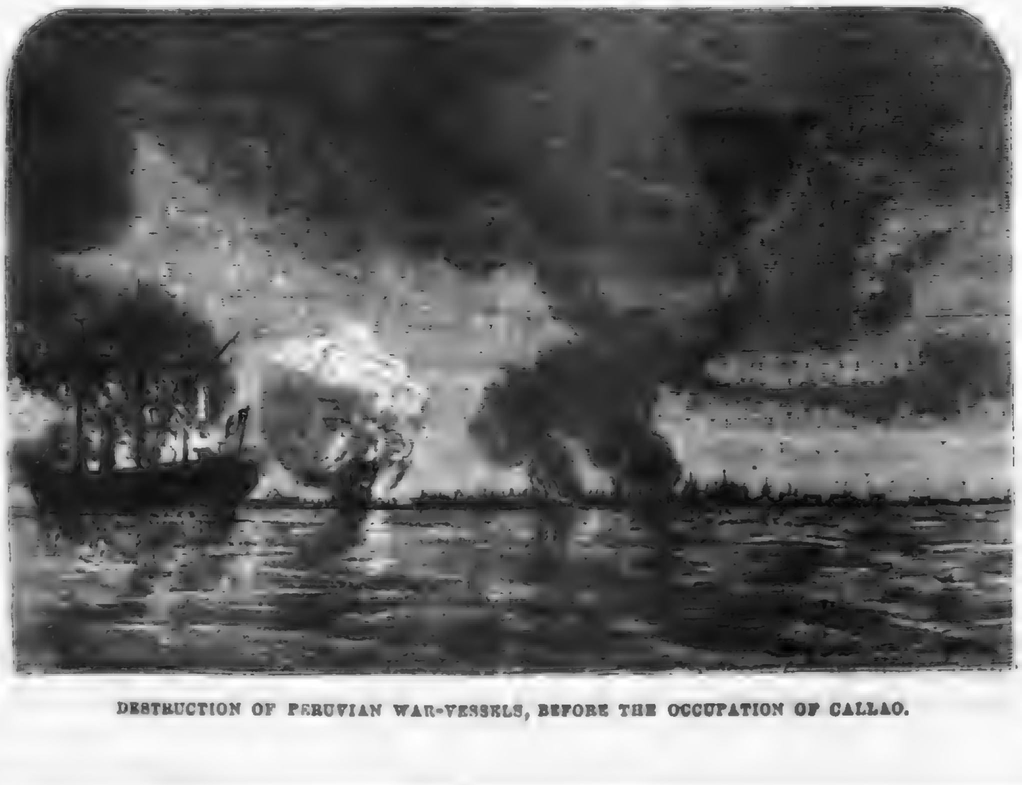
THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.—NIGHT MARCH OF CHILIAN CAVALRY.—SEE PAGE 535.

sensation ; it is a terrible truth, and I could sit down and write off a list of five hundred names of ladies who are in the habit of using this drug regularly. I could startle this city by telling it that the women of many of its best families are committing a slow suicide. A practical chemist can tell at a glance a person addicted to this vice, and it has been my custom for years past to note down the persons I meet who have the mark of the arsenic habit upon them. If I were to show you that list you would be astonished."

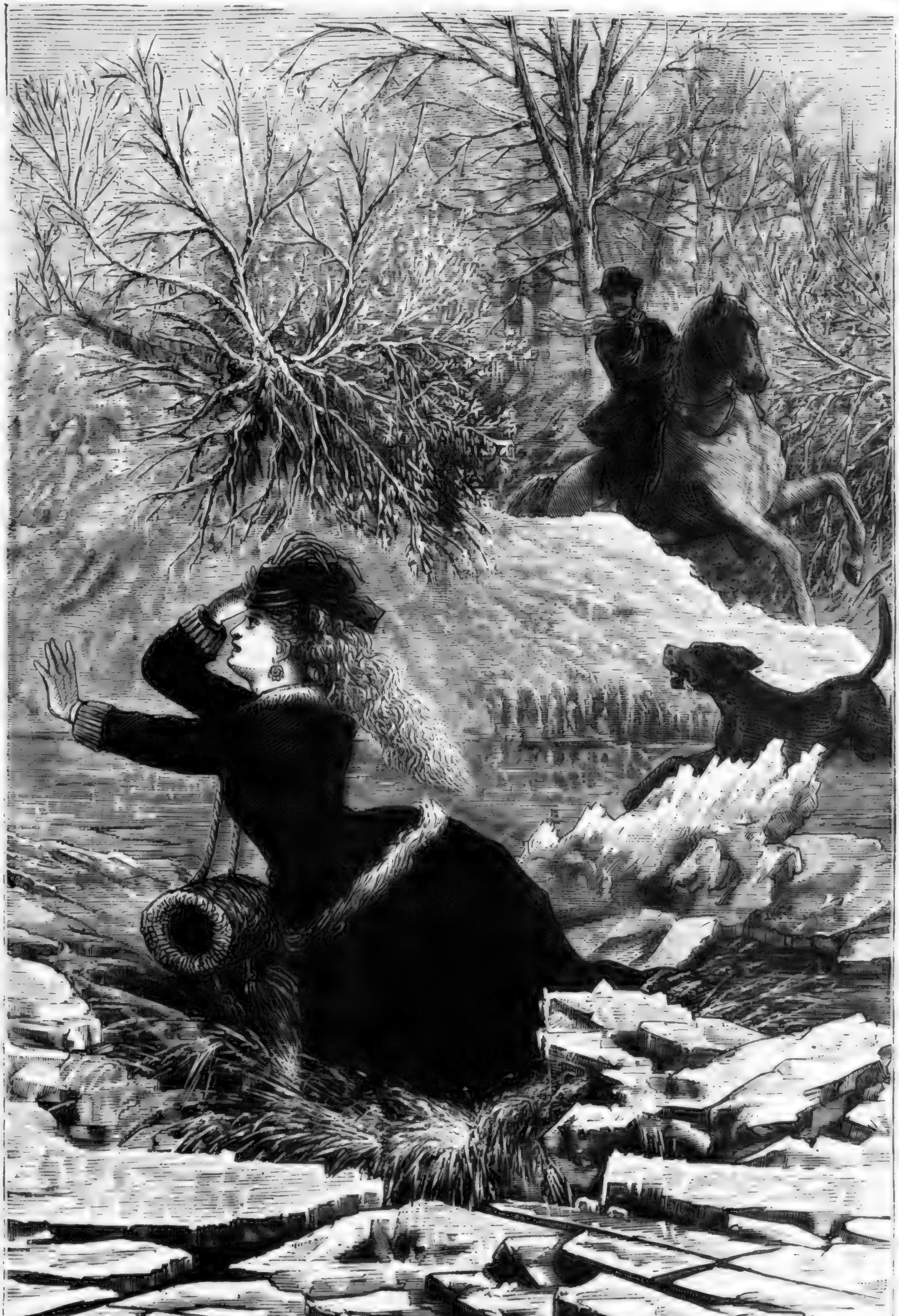
"How is the drug usually taken?"

"Sometimes pure, in minute doses, but generally in the form of Fowler's solution. For the first few months, maybe in some cases for a year, little or no effects ensue, but after that time the beautiful pallor which you have seen is produced. After a few years the wretched woman begins to feel her health giving way, and decides to discontinue its use. Alas, it is too late! The face changes to a livid red ; every one notices it, and in despair she returns to the same course, and receives the congratulations of her friends on her restored health. After some years, however, the face gradually changes from the clear color of alabaster to a dull, ghastly complexion, like chalk ; the whole system, saturated with this mineral, gives way, and usually death mercifully ends a life of paralysis. Such has been the history of many of our wives and daughters, and unless the strong arm of the law places stringent rules on the sale of this poison, it will be the history of the present rising generation."



DESTRUCTION OF PERUVIAN WAR-VESSELS, BEFORE THE OCCUPATION OF CALLAO.

THE higher the head, the humbler the heart.



A LITTLE PLOT.—"WITH A CRASH THE ICE SEPARATED INTO A THOUSAND SILVERY FRAGMENTS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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MY SAINT.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

Oh, long the weary vigils since you left me—
In your far home, I wonder, can you know
To what dread uttermost your loss bereft me,
Or half it meant to me that you should go?

This world is full, indeed, of fair hopes perished,
And loves more fleet than this poor fleeting breath;
But that deep heart in which my heart was cherished
Must surely have survived what we call Death.

They cannot cease—our own true dead—to love us,
And you will hear this far-off cry of mine,
Though you keep holiday so high above us,
Where all the happy spirits sing and shine.

Steal back to me to-night, from your far dwelling,
Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond the sun;
They will not miss your single voice for swelling
Their rapture-chorus—you are only one.

Ravish my soul, as with divine embraces—
Teach me, if Life is false, that Death is true—
With pledge of new delights in heavenly places
Entice my spirit—take me hence with you.

A LITTLE PLOT.

A WINDOW of plate-glass draped with lace; a majolica vase, overrun with smilax; a dark woman's face, with a red rose in the hair. This is what Olive Fay saw as she stood awaiting entrance at the door of the Montmorencys.

A negro servant answered her summons. He showed her into the drawing-room, all in purple, ebony and gold. She sank wearily into one of the velvet chairs, though awed and made nervous by the splendid place. While she waited, a silvery bell, somewhere in the silent house, rang out the hour of four. The short Winter afternoon was drawing to a close.

A step on the stair—a woman's tall figure in the arched doorway. The same dark face, with a rose in the hair, which Olive had seen at the window.

"Miss Fay?" said Miss Montmorency.

Not "Olive," then? and no smile—no kiss. The faint red in the girl's cheeks dropped out entirely. Her last slight strength seemed deserting her—the room reeled—she dropped to the floor.

"Fainted!" exclaimed Miss Montmorency, in dismay.

Olive awoke in a room of rose-hue and silver—a chamber with silken hangings and paneled walls. A withered old woman, in a wig, stood beside the bed.

"Ze sickness is better. You will sleep now, mees," she said, with a strong French accent. And, weary and weak as a little child, Olive slept again.

But a nightmare dimly haunted her dreams—the dreadful ghost of the reality.

Her dying mother had written to Miss Montmorency, her cousin, that she was to leave a young, beautiful daughter unprotected; and would Cousin Heloise shield her from the snares of the world, for the sake of common humanity? Olive was an heiress in a small way, but she would be a beggar in the world for the right of human affection; and if a little love were given the solitary girl, the mother's spirit would bless the lover.

Miss Montmorency had dropped the letter into a scrap-jar. The girl could have a place there—yes; but Miss Montmorency never loved anybody.

A knock at her boudoir-door. Mercie, the little brown old maid, came in.

"Mees Fay is better."

"Very well; then she will do by herself. See here, Mercie, these laces have been sent home from the laundry torn to rags!"

"*Sacre!*" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman, whose weakness was laces.

Olive dwelt in the Montmorency mansion ever without a welcome. No living being could have been more unobtrusive. In her little black dress, with her pale, young face, she stole about the rich, silent rooms, and Miss Montmorency was civil, and the servants served her respectfully. But, day by day, she felt herself perishing.

A springing step at the stone entrance—a clang at the door-bell—Ignace Montmorency stormed the home of his boyhood.

"My dear Heloise"—brushing his great blonde mustache across her cold cheek—"how do you do? and how are Pluto and the puppies?"

Miss Montmorency rang the bell. Mercie answered the summons.

"Mercie, you will inquire of the coachman how Pluto and the puppies are."

Ignace laughed, and threw himself back into the oaken chair.

"Now, Heloise, don't! I'm just about killed out by the proprieties now. I——"

"You are twenty-four years old, Ignace. I would like you to have *some* regard for the fitness of things."

The bright, blonde head sank for a minute. How little his stately cousin knew about hearts, and how recklessly some temperaments work off an excess of feeling! But she had taken the place of an elder sister to him since childhood. He was the pride of her life—that he was sure of. So the bright head went up again, and Ignace went off to see his horse and pointers for himself, merrily whistling.

He came back in half an hour.

"Heloise, we must be off to Sparrowfields. The hunting is going to be prime this year!"

Before supper-time he stumbled over Olive.

"I beg your pardon! Why, I don't know you!" was his characteristic salutation.

"I am Olive Fay," she said, timidly rising.

"Thank you. I am Ignace Montmorency—my cousin Heloise's affliction. You've heard her complain of me, no doubt, if you've been here long. Now, I was trying to find my old 'Robinson Crusoe.' I wonder if you'd help me?"

How that bright, rollicking face and magical tone warmed her heart! In a moment they were searching the book-shelves, happy as two careless children. For she was young, poor Olive!—with the shadow of a chance, she would have been sunny.

Well, he was life, heaven itself, to her—this mercurial young scion of that stately name. She breathed, moved, hoped again.

Miss Montmorency looked surprised.

"Why, the girl is very pretty!"

"You're as pretty as an apple-blossom, Olive!" said Ignace. "You were just dying out to be hearted up a little when I came—weren't you?"

For Ignace, with all his reckless disregard for the proprieties, was not shallow. Indeed, his was too true a nature to be deceived by any shams. And to these warm words Olive responded by a convulsive little sob, and then a quick laugh. She was too proud to complain.

"Umph! I 'spect Miss Heloise is going to let Mr. Ignace marry his cousin. 'Tain't good for cousins to marry," observed one servant to another in the hall.

"They's second cousins," returned Chloe, busy polishing a silver knob.

Miss Montmorency, at the head of the stairs, heard. She came down and passed without a word; but her proud spirit was in a turmoil. Insolent underlings! how dared they imagine anything so absurd? Ignace marry that puny thing! Why, he wasn't of a proper age to marry. The Montmorencys never married young.

Here she grew more profound in her meditations; but soon started from them, angrily, at sound of merry laughter in the breakfast-room, where Ignace and Olive were at a late meal.

"She must be put down, abolished, exterminated!" she hissed, her countenance all changed by cruel anger.

SPARROWFIELDS—the country-seat of the Montmorencys. Here Ignace kept his precious hunting and fishing traps unmolested. Here he reveled in all active physical sports to his heart's content. Miss Montmorency liked the air, and so generally came once a year. She drove about a little, and cultivated flowers. Olive came because no excuse could be found for leaving her in the city. But Heloise hated her. She had rather Ignace should not marry at all. But marry Olive he *should* not.

They remained very late at Sparrowfields. As Ignace said, the hunting was so good.

They staid until ice began to form on Willow Lake. Then Ignace proposed that they should stay and have a Christmas-party there—it would be so jolly!—and to everybody's surprise Miss Montmorency consented.

She wrote out the invitations, helped to dress the tree, then she pretended to be in a quandary about a certain kind of wax candle, which she could not trust a servant to purchase.

"Let me go," said Olive. "It is a bright, bracing day, and I would like to walk off my headache."

Miss Montmorency's gray eyes glittered under their long, narrow lids.

"Thank you, Miss Fay. It would, indeed, be a favor. You had best cross the lake on the ice, or your walk will be *too* long."

How the sun shone as she set out! Everything was in a dazzle of diamond light.

When she crossed the little lake the ice was safe. She ordered the candles, and came back.

Then the ice had grown thin. She did not think that there might be danger, though she saw the water upon it. She set her little rubber over-shoe upon the edge, and then commenced running—for she had been absent nearly three hours, and the hour for dining at Sparrowfields was three.

A warning crack—a thrill of terror—a slide—a fall—and, with a crash, the ice separated into a thousand silvery fragments, and the girl descended into the deep, black water! One cry of horror broke from her lips before she disappeared.

Haste, Pluto, bounding along the heavy road—your rider heard that cry. Do your best, brave pointer, to save the innocent young girl, beloved by your master.

Fortunately the lake had no current. The first eager effort was successful. She opened her eyes in Ignace's arms. He wrapped her in his cloak—climbed into the saddle.

"Darling, it is dangerous to cross the lake so early in the season. Why did you try to do it?"

"Miss Montmorency told me."

A flash of the steel-blue eyes.

"She knew! Has she dared?"

He bore her home.

"This is my house, Heloise Montmorency! It shall never shelter a would-be murderess!"

A tigerish fierceness shone for a moment in her cold eyes. But it was steel cut steel. The injury had been too deep even for his warm heart's forgiveness.

"*Go!*"

And she went out of their lives, and left them to each other and happiness.

"COVETOUSNESS IS THE FOUNTAIN OF DEATH."

(*Yoku-wa-shi-no-moto.*)

A TALE OF OLD JAPAN.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD GREEY,

Author of "Blue Jackets," "A Trip to Tokio," etc., and one of the Translators of "The Loyal Ronins."

CHAPTER I.

"THE seasons come and go, we are born, developed into maturity, and in a brief space die of old age; yet we say, 'How strange is this and that, how *new*, how wonderful!' Verily our hearts are but like those of our ancestors, who have vanished into the mist of time, and as we are, so will our descendants be. Still it is our duty to endeavor to attain perfection, and above all to avoid the sin of covetousness."

This was written many years ago by a poet named Wisteria-season, who was evidently a man of knowledge and great wisdom, and it applies very aptly to the story I am about to relate.

One Summer afternoon in the seventh year of Nakanomikado (period of strict virtue in the circle of the Water-dragon), a dusty pedestrian arrived before a wayside inn, in the village of Kosu, on the outskirts of the town of Shimo-yama-mura (District-below-the-mountain), in the northern range of Minobu; a place celebrated for its wild and romantic scenery and its silver mines.

The traveler pushed back his broad sun-hat, which he wore well down over his eyes, in order to conceal his features, and glancing at the sign of the establishment, read:

"The flower of the palm-tree. Here can be obtained tea, rice, *saké* (rice wine) and fish."

The mistress of the place, which was an open-air restaurant, watched the newcomer, thinking:

"I should imagine he is good for at least a meal of rice and fish."

The stranger regarded her askance, like a person who calculates another's ability, having done which he seated himself on one of the benches provided for customers, and assuming a patronizing air, observed:

"The view from here repays one for coming. We physicians can seldom quit our patients long enough to travel very far. I am on a vacation, and as there are many herbs in this vicinity, would like to lodge here for a few days. Does the honorable wife provide such accommodation as I require?"

The woman, who carried her child on her back, knelt, and making a respectful salutation, answered:

"I am a lonely widow, my husband having been killed in the mine just below; still, I am always willing to accommodate wealthy customers. If you desire to lodge here I can give you a comfortable room, and my brother-in-law, Fifth-pine, will be most happy to act as your guide and attendant." Then raising her voice, she cried:

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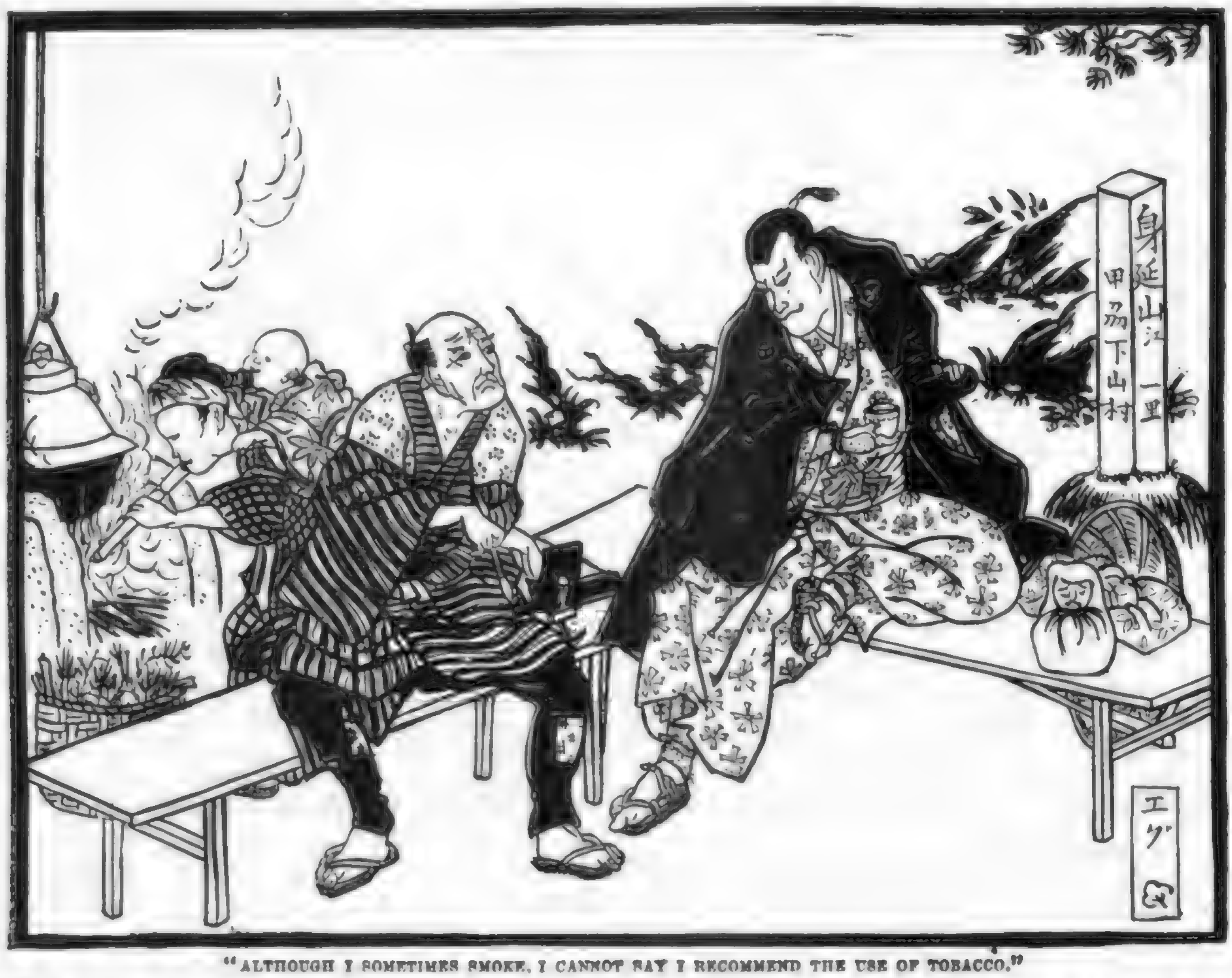
身延山江一里
甲州下山村
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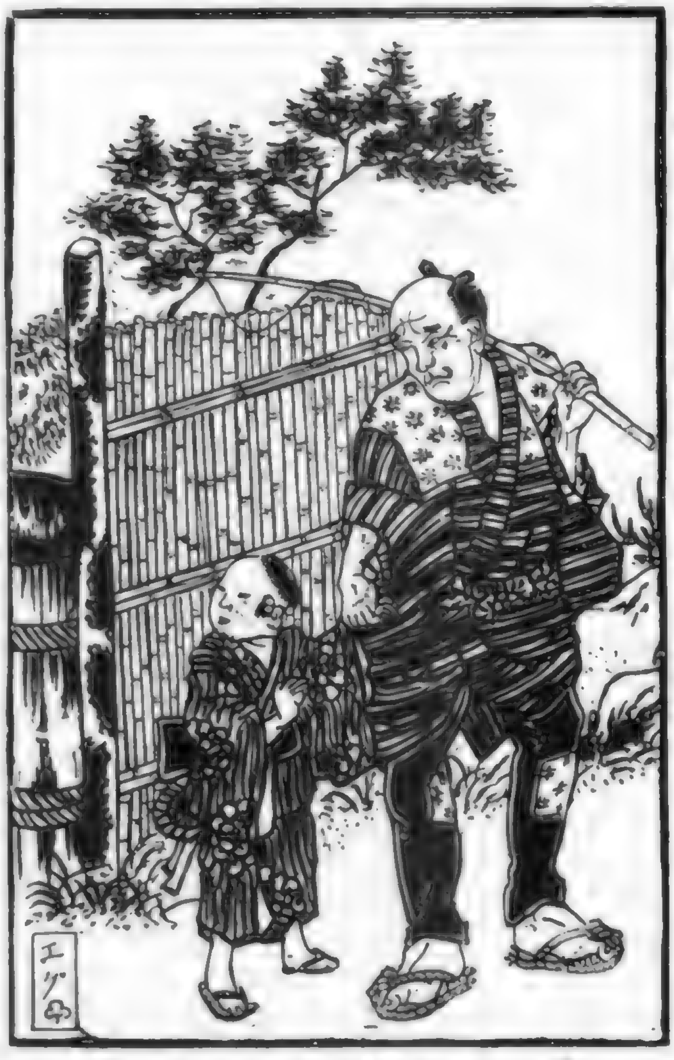
"ALTHOUGH I SOMETIMES SMOKE, I CANNOT SAY I RECOMMEND THE USE OF TOBACCO."



"COME, UTARO, WE WILL HAVE A GOOD TIME."

"Fifth-pine, come out and pay your respects to my honorable guest, the great doctor ——"

"Right-cottage," said the new-comer; "that is my name. I am from Yedo, where I am as well known as the sun and moon."

As Fifth-pine did not reply to her summons, she rose, entered her habitation, and awakening him, whispered:

"Get up, you sleepy fellow! Here is a chance to fill your pouch. A traveling physician from Yedo, who wishes to gather herbs on our mountains. Some people never know when the God of Luck knocks at their door."

Fifth-pine was a middle-aged man, the brother of her late husband, and the lines of his face denoted that he was tricky and wicked, while in his twinkling eyes shone a greed of gold.

He half rose, and having rubbed his forehead, replied, in a low tone:

"Physician, did you say? I suppose he is a traveling quack, on his way to act as go-between in a marriage arrangement. I do not believe he wishes to collect herbs."

"You doubt everybody," she murmured.

"Yes," he returned, with a chuckle, "I am a philosopher. I only believe in two things — money and wine. Now, get me a drink of the latter, and I will smooth my face. It will never do for me to present myself to your guest looking like a brigand."

The woman procured him what he desired, then went outside, and after serving the customer with some tea, inquired if he would like a stew of fish and vegetables. Instead of immediately replying to her question, he turned to an *ichi-ri-dzulla* (milestone) on his left, and said, in a bland, unctuous manner:

"I see the authorities of this district are pious men. On one side of that guide they have inscribed 'Village of Kosu, one *ri* (mile) to Minobu,' and on the other a prayer. Nothing is accomplished in this world without prayer."

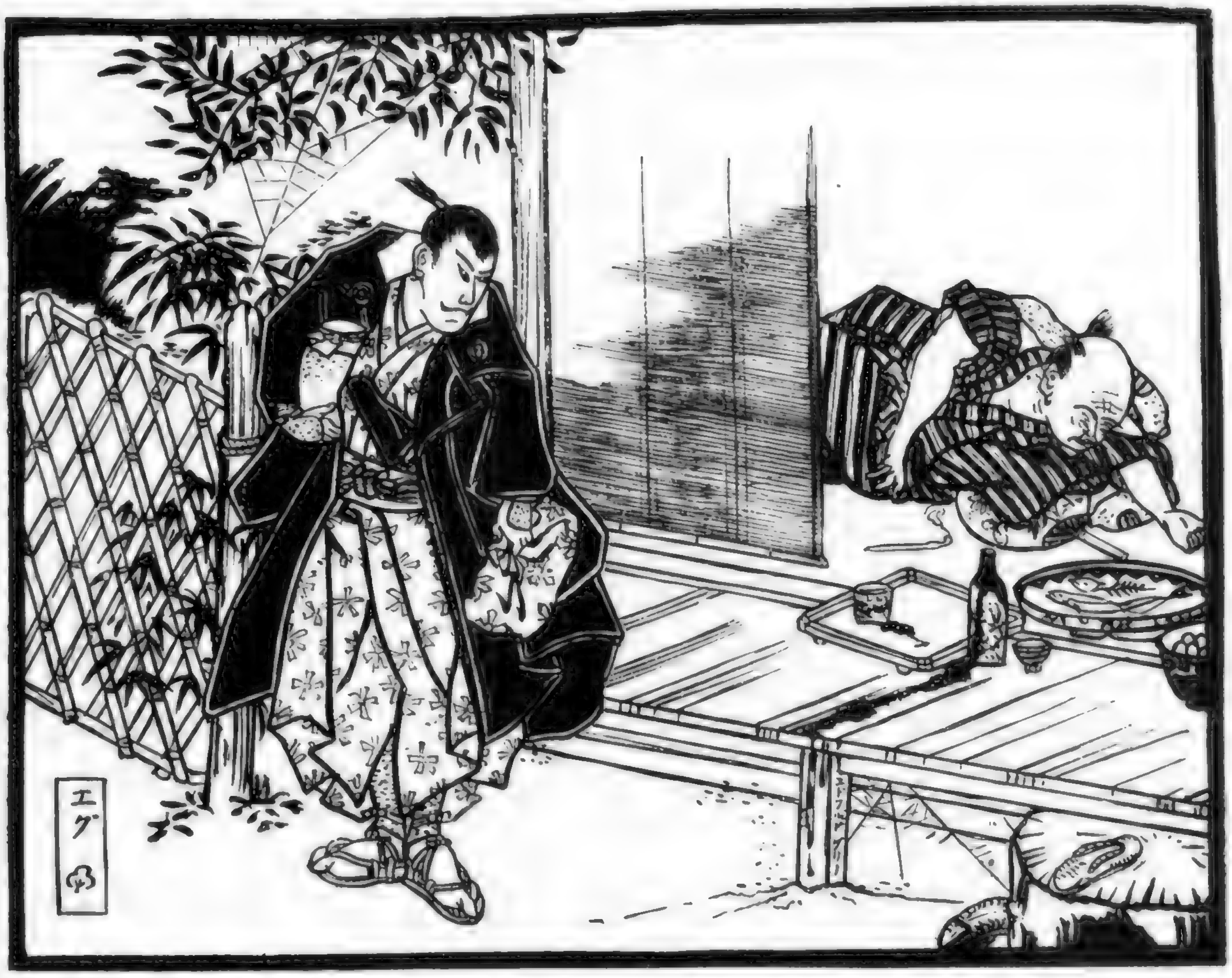
"I agree with you, honorable doctor," softly observed the woman. "I have some excellent dried whale's flesh; would you like a slice stewed with lily roots?"

"Give me the best your house affords. I am weary with climbing these mountain paths, and would not object to a little good wine."

Having given his orders, he half closed his crafty eyes and murmured:

"*Namu mio ho ren ge kio!*" (Glory to the salvation-bringing book of the law), which he repeated many times.

As the doctor was thus engaged, Fifth-pine, who had polished his shaven forehead until it glistened like ice in the sun, noiselessly quitted the house, and on hearing what the customer was mumbling, slyly whispered to the woman:



"NOW, HAVING ATTENDED TO YOUR COMPLAINT, I WILL SEE TO LITTLE UTARO."

"*Hai* (ah), he is like yourself, a believer in that stupid doctrine of Nichiren (the ranter of Buddhism). Oh, I do like pious people! I do like pious people! In future I shall howl my prayers as you do. Oh, I love pious persons! especially those who follow the profession of your honorable guest."

"Hush!" she urged, "he will overhear you."

Fifth-pine made a gesture of indifference, then advancing, seated himself on the bench next to the stranger, and joined in his prayers. As the rascal did this his mouth twitched, and any one might have known he was not in earnest.

Presently Dr. Right-cottage ceased his ejaculations, and opening his eyes, said:

"I was unaware that Nichiren had any followers in this northern part of Hondo (the main island of Japan). I congratulate you upon having obtained the true knowledge."

He sipped his tea and glanced at Fifth-pine from under his heavy eyebrows.

Now, Mr. Fifth-pine was a very impudent fellow, and one who totally disregarded the ordinary rules of politeness. Assuming the manner of an old acquaintance, he said:

"When two persons of one faith meet, they should treat each other like brothers. I would not object to test the quality of your tobacco."

The doctor did not much relish this familiarity, still, as Nichiren taught that all men are equal in the sight of Buddha, he could not well resent the man's behavior; so, taking his tobacco-pouch and pipe from his girdle, he handed it to Fifth-pine, remarking:

"Although I sometimes smoke, I cannot say I recommend the use of tobacco. Persons of your temperament ought to be very cautious, and not inhale the fumes of the weed."

"*Corry wa staree!*" (You don't tell me—or, I want to know) murmured the other. "Well, well, I am tired of my life of poverty, and wish to enter paradise."

Thus speaking, he filled the pipe, and having lighted it from a live ember which was handed to him by his sister-in-law, he blew the smoke through his nostrils and ejaculated:

"Sweet death! *Namu mio ho ren ge kio.*"

Dr. Right-cottage concealed his annoyance, for he felt certain Fifth-pine was the sort of person whose services he required.

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"This tobacco does me good," presently remarked the audacious fellow, as he refilled his pipe. "Honorable doctor, have you never heard the saying, 'What kills the cat may cure the dog'?"

The physician regarded him intently for a moment, then observed, in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by the woman, who was blowing at the fire through a bamboo tube:

"I think I understand the symptoms of your disease. You said, just now, you were tired of being poor. Would you like to earn a large sum of money?"

Fifth-pine's eyes rolled significantly (the Japanese equivalent for winking), and he quietly answered:

"Yes, yes—you are a mighty physician—you have hit upon my disease at the first guess. A gentleman of your knowledge ought not to be traveling round gathering herbs. Your proper place is in attendance upon the Shogun."

"I would speak with you in private," said the doctor, who was secretly tickled by the other's flattery. "Show me to my room. I desire to rest myself."

Fifth-pine rose, and taking the doctor's baggage, conducted him into the inn, which was a small habitation, eight mats in width and twenty in length, divided by screens into three rooms.

As he placed the articles on the floor, he bowed and said:

"Honorable doctor, I pray you will excuse this poor accommodation. You will find the bath on the left. If you so desire, I will shampoo you."

"Many thanks—many thanks," said the guest. "I have traveled thirty-five *ri* since sunrise."

After he had bathed and been well kneaded and rubbed by his attendant, he bade the latter procure a large bottle of wine, remarking:

"When one is about to open one's heart, there is nothing like a cup of wine to moisten the hinges."

Away went Fifth-pine, who soon returned, followed by his sister-in-law; the woman bearing a tray filled with dishes of steaming food, and the man carrying a stone bottle, the neck of which was plugged with wood.

Mrs. Plum-bud spread the repast upon the matted floor, then knelt, and respectfully announced that the food was ready.

As she retired, Dr. Right-cottage motioned Fifth-pine to squat opposite to him, and bade him help himself to a pair of chop-sticks and join in the repast.

At first the man pretended to be diffident; however, his hungry stomach soon overcame his assumed politeness, and, filling a big bowl with rice, he proceeded to empty it, pausing every now and then to pick up a morsel of dried fish, boiled seaweed or pickled radish, which he, with great dexterity, jerked into his capacious mouth.

Before replenishing his bowl he swallowed several cups of wine, and he continued to eat long after the doctor had ceased to handle his chop-sticks.

At last, when the platters were empty, he made a peculiar noise, indicative of the satisfaction he experienced, and filling his pipe, said to his entertainer:

"Now I am ready to listen to anything the honorable doctor has to communicate."

The stranger moved nearer to him, and, speaking in a low voice, said:

"I had a good reason for coming here, being informed by a fortune-teller that you were the man I required to aid me."

"Yes," nodded Fifth-pine. "What do you wish me to do, and how much are you going to give me for my services?"

The doctor drew a money-bag from his coat-sleeve, and, gently clinking the coins, replied:

"Here are two hundred *yen* (dollars). I will give them to you for a very trifling service. You are aware I am a doctor? I have a patient who is very sick with a most extraordinary disease. In order to cure him I require to sacrifice the life of a child. Now, I cannot kidnap one, as suspicion would be directed against my honorable name and profession. There are any number of children about here; procure one for me and hide him in the Cave of the Seven Dragons, in the valley below, and I will give you all this gold."

Thus speaking, he once more jingled the money.

Fifth-pine jumped at the prize like a fish at a baited hook; still, having an aged mother living, he felt some scruples, so he said:

"If I am detected, my honorable mother will be brought to shame."

"You are quite right to remember her," said his tempter. "Rest assured concerning her future. My patient is wealthy, and will provide for your honorable parent. I always like to do business with a man who thinks of his mother. Is she of our sect?"

"No," replied Fifth-pine. "My honorable mother is of the Jodo (heavenly road) persuasion, and, like most women, is very pious. I am willing to commit any crime if I can render her last years happy; still, I do not desire my hard-earned coin shall go to fill the temple chest. As you guarantee a provision for her future, I will keep the money you pay me and spend it upon luxuries, to which I have for a long time been a stranger. I will buy good clothes, and for a while live like one who has no bottom to his purse."

The doctor listened, and thought:

"What a debased creature this is! One need not have any compunctions about deceiving such a wretch."

Fifth-pine refilled his pipe, and after enjoying the fumes, observed:

"One gold-piece in your palm is worth a hundred in your neighbor's pouch. I pray you will let me ascertain the weight of that bag."

"Yes, Mr. Fifth-pine, when you have delivered a child to me."

"Will my nephew suit you, honorable doctor?"

"No; I require a well-formed, handsome boy, of gentle disposition. Such a one as I met when coming up the hill toward this inn."

The ruffian mused awhile, then whispered:

"I know whom you mean: little Utaro" (First son of immensity).

CHAPTER II.

BUDDHA said, "He who injures a child shall suffer the torments of a million deaths."

Though a man be very wicked, he is seldom so utterly bad as to deliberately harm a defenseless child; yet there have been wretches guilty of such a crime, and Mr. Fifth-pine was one of that kind.

How is it the gods permit such monsters to live?

After Fifth-pine had made the remark quoted in the last chapter, he rose and quitted the house, muttering to himself:

"Two hundred *yen!* Oh, God of Luck! if I secure that I will make a special offering at your shrine. There can be no harm in cheating a hypocrite like Dr. Right-cottage. I will buy a dead child, and pretend that I have killed the little one by his order."

As he walked, the air appeared to be filled with gold-pieces, and he clutched at them like one who dreams—the truth being, he had taken too much wine.

After a while he arrived at a miserable hut, built in a niche on the side of the mountain.

This was the abode of his good mother, Mrs. Perfect-blossom, who was, in her day, celebrated as "a person who, in a loud voice, exhorts all to repent of their sins."

The poor woman was seated outside the door, spinning cotton, and repeating the prayer of her sect.

When she heard her son approaching, she ceased her occupation and said, as though speaking to a third party:

"Of course Fifth-pine is under the influence of the drink-devil."

When her son saw her he corrected his attitude (assumed a sober aspect), and advancing more steadily, attempted to perform the respectful salutation, instead of accomplishing which he turned a somerset, and rolled over and over until he vanished round the side of the habitation; never stopping until he landed in the valley below, where he remained like one in a swoon.

"Oh, my unhappy son! Oh, Buddha, save him!" she cried, rising and wringing her hands. "God of Luck, if you spare his life this time I will not smoke more than one pipe of tobacco a day, for five years."

Then she advanced to the edge of the precipice, and glancing downward, tearfully regarded his inanimate body.

Who can describe the soul-agony of a mother?

Mrs. Perfect-blossom invoked the aid of all the gods, in her agitation appealing to some in whom she professed not to believe.

At that moment, to save her son, she would willingly have made a vow to Emma (the god of the infernal regions).

She remained thus, crying incoherently; her appeals being mockingly repeated by the *oni* (demons) inhabiting the mountain.

After a long period of suspense Fifth-pine slowly rose, and, rubbing his bruised person, said:

"This is a most extraordinary thing. How did my honorable mother *get up there?*"

Strange to say, he was not seriously injured, and when he had recovered his usual senses, he ascended to where his mother was tearfully regarding him, and said:

"I have evidently been bewitched. Honorable mother, have you anything in a bottle?"

She brought him water from a holy spring, but he regarded it ruefully, and murmured:

"The belief of my sect prevents me from availing myself of such things. Many thanks, honorable mother, I would not deprive you of your comfort."

After a while they lighted their pipes, and she remarked:

"In my anxiety I was very near making a vow not to smoke for five years. Fortunately, as the words were rising to my lips, I saw you move. Buddha is indeed good to me; he restored you to life."

Fifth-pine concealed his features with a cloud of smoke, and thought:

"I do not believe that Buddha troubled himself about me."

Then clearing away the vapor with a wave of his hand, bowed, and said:

"Honorable mother, I have some good news to tell you."

"Eh?" she cried. "Have you obtained the true knowledge? *Namu mio ho ren ge kio!*"

He waited respectfully until she had screamed herself hoarse, after which he said:

"Honorable mother, I am about to receive a large sum I earned when I was away from you those five years in Hirano. Will you kindly take charge of the gold and give it to me as I want it?"

At first she declined; however, after he had assured her that he had honestly come by the money, she consented, when he said:

"Please to lend me that amulet you wear on your girdle. I am going upon a dangerous journey, and feel nervous."

"This is a woman's charm," she replied. "I do not believe it will benefit you. Take it to the temple of Kuwaunon and have it re-consecrated to your own use. It will only cost you a hundred iron cash" (about two cents).

He promised to do what she asked, and after respectfully saluting her, took his leave.

As he returned to the doctor, he thought:

"I regret having to deceive my honorable mother; still, if the worst comes to the worst, and the quack insists upon my kidnapping little Utaro, I will not hesitate, knowing she will be well provided for. How delightful it is to sacrifice oneself for the honorable mother!"

That night he informed the doctor he could not secure the child alive, on hearing which Right-cottage knit his brows, and sternly remarked:

"I want the boy I described, and no other; and you must deliver him to me uninjured."

Fifth-pine bowed politely, and observed:

"Yes—yes. I will have the child at the cave by midday to-morrow."

The next morning he rose very early, and taking a fishing-rod on his shoulder, proceeded to the neighborhood of the boy's home, where he watched like a rat in a hole.

Utaro was an only child, and his parents loved him most tenderly. He was of a gentle, sweet disposition, and, even at that early age, a most promising scholar.

Mr. Uhei (Watchman-of-all-space), the boy's father, was a wood-cutter, and his occupation took him away from home at an early hour.

His wife, Mrs. Slender-bamboo, was an industrious woman, who added to their income by working for her richer neighbors.

They were devoted to the affectionate, bright-eyed boy, and every hour in the day his mother would say a prayer to Buddha, on behalf of her darling.

Such was the little one whom the cruel Fifth-pine had determined to kidnap and deliver to Dr. Right-cottage, although he knew full well his act would bring desolation upon a happy home, and a cruel death to the child.

It is quite evident that some men have hearts of stone.

Fifth-pine watched until both parents had quitted the house; then entering the garden, waited under a plum-tree.

As he glanced up at the newly-formed fruit he thought:

"Those will be good plums. Later on I will come and procure a few for my honorable mother."

Presently little Utaro came out of the house, carrying in one hand his books and in the other his luncheon-box.

On seeing Fifth-pine he paused, whereupon the rascal, assuming a genial face, cried:

"Ah, here you are. Your honorable mother told me I should find you quitting home. Take back your books, and come along with me. *Hai, hai!* (Yes, yes). We are going to have a good holiday, you and I. We will catch fish in the mountain stream for your honorable mother. Oh, this is a white day for you and me. Come, little Utaro."

Thus speaking, he smiled on the child, but the latter mistrusted him, and replied:

"I do not want to go with you."

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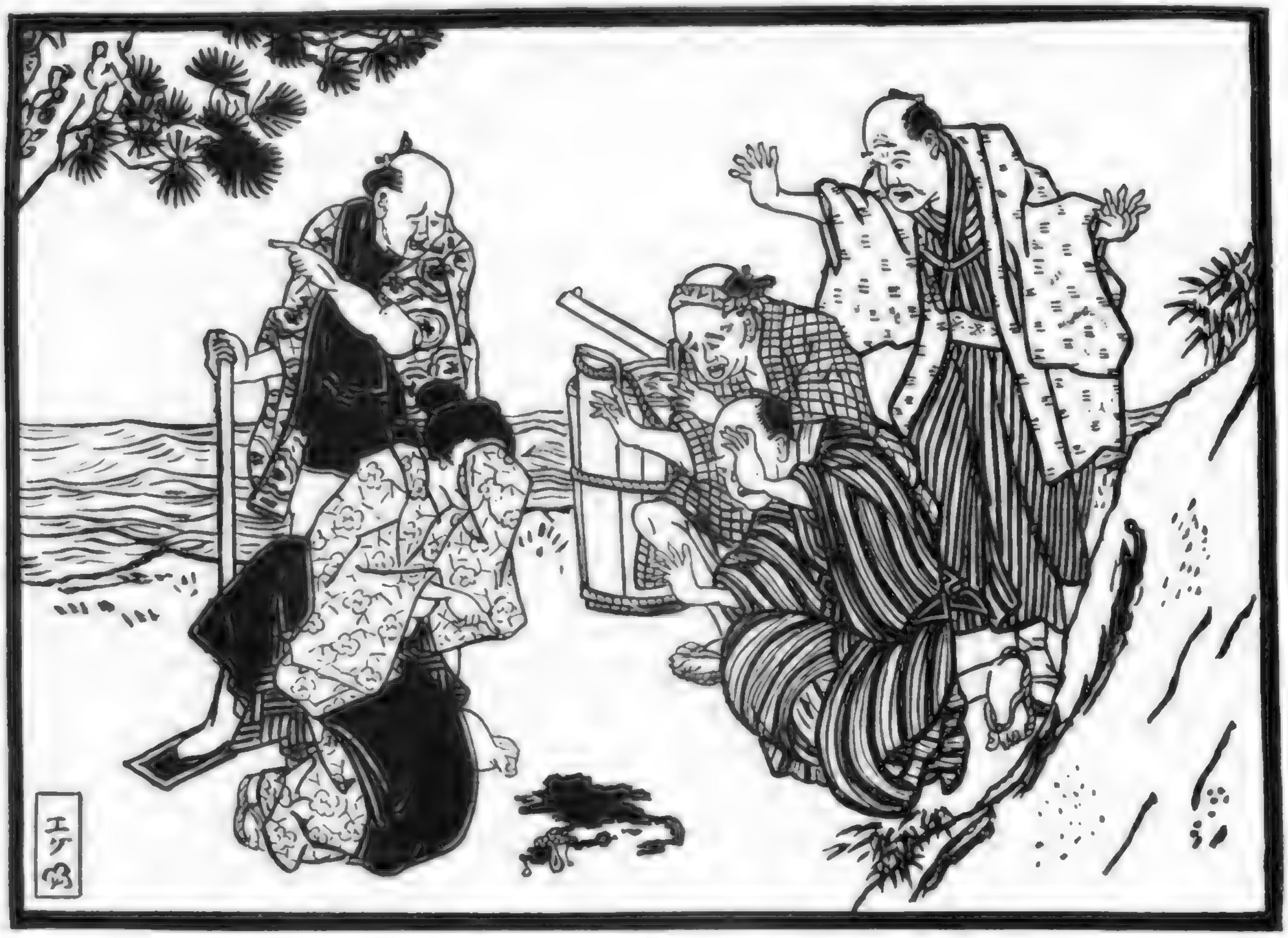


"THE MURDERER OF YOUR CHILD WENT THAT WAY."

"What?" cried the rascal. "Are you the one to disobey your honorable parents? Your mother has sent me to fetch you. She has gone on with Mrs. Radish-bloom, and will be grieved if you do not join her. See—she gave me this charm off her girdle—you surely know I would not deceive you. Come along, come along."

Utaro naturally concluded his mother had given the amulet to the man as a proof she had commissioned him to do what he asserted. Mrs. Slender-bamboo owned such a charm, and as those things are all as like as apple-blossoms, it was no wonder her son was deceived.

He placed his books on a corner of the veranda, and retaining his lunch-box, on which Fifth-pine had already fixed his covetous gaze, accompanied the man, who led him toward a by-path that conducted them downward into the valley of the mines.

On their way they passed an idiot, who, eying the rod, chuckled and said:

"Wise men do not go into a wood to catch fish."

Fifth-pine did not reply, but the remark was not lost upon the child.

They soon approached a wild region, dotted with a dense undergrowth of bamboo, noticing which Utaro observed, in a timid voice:

"Surely the fish do not live in these trees?"

Then he began to weep, and call:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"*Yeh!*" ferociously ejaculated his companion. "Stop that noise, or I will kill you!"

These words filled the child's soul with terror, and falling upon his knees he cried:

"Good Mr. Fifth-pine, I respectfully beseech you to take me to my honorable mother! She will be very anxious about me."

"*Yeh!* you are most unreasonable," snarled the man, as he untied the towel from about his head. "I am astonished that a well-bred boy like you should behave so rudely. Be silent!"

Saying this, he seized the terrified child and bound the cloth over his mouth, then, taking him on his shoulder, plunged into the undergrowth in the direction of the Cave of the Seven Dragons.

Utaro thought of his mother, and mentally uttered her prayer to Buddha.

On reaching the cavern, which was, in reality, a deserted silver mine, they found Dr. Right-cottage, who, after minutely examining Utaro, gave Fifth-pine the bag of gold, and said:

"Now you get out of this!"

The wretch plundered the child of his luncheon-box, purse and toys, and rolling his eyes, comically remarked to the quack, who was attentively regarding the horror-stricken face of the boy:

"You will not forget what you promised with regard to my honorable mother?"

"You rascal!" exclaimed the other, "if you are not out of this place in one moment, I will take back my gold and end your miserable existence! What sort of a woman can your mother be, when she has such a son?"

"You forget that she is like yourself, a believer in Nichiren," retorted Fifth-pine, making off. "*Yeh*, you people who pretend to be so good are worse than we are. Farewell!"

Then he quitted the cave as fast as his feet would carry him.

The doctor watched him out of sight, and when he was certain he was alone with his victim, bound the latter to a timber support, left by the ancient workers in the mine.

That afternoon Fifth-pine feasted like a great lord, and abused the landlord of the inn where he staid, remarking, in a loud voice:

"I ordered you to provide a repast worthy of a rich man; you have served me as though I were some mean farmer, who would dispute the reckoning. More wine!"

Saying this, he attempted to fill a large cup, but only upset the bottle, and allowed the dregs of the liquor to run out and stream across the veranda.

The proprietor of the place, who was not used to being thus addressed, glanced angrily at him and cried:

"You will get no more wine from me!"

Then he left him, with his head pillowed upon an empty bottle.

As the shades of night began to descend upon the scene, Dr. Right-cottage emerged from the forest in the rear of the veranda, and noiselessly entered the apartment occupied by his wretched accomplice.

On pushing aside the bamboo screen he beheld Fifth-pine, who was lying upon his stomach, breathing heavily.

"My friend, you require medical attendance," he murmured, producing a jar from the sleeve of his overcoat. "I will give you something that will relieve you of your misery."

Saying this, he smiled significantly, and raising the sleeper's head, proceeded to pour the contents of the jar down his victim's capacious throat.

This done, he regarded Fifth-pine contemptuously, and observed:

"As you will no longer have any use for that money, I will relieve you of it."

After securing the gold, which he placed in the jar, he carefully readjusted the cloth covering the latter, and quitted the house; pausing in the garden to turn and regard his victim, and to say, in a reflective tone:

"*Yoku wa shi no moto!* (Covetousness is the fountain of death!) Having attended to your complaint and rid the world of a very bad man, I will now see to little Utaro."

As the bell of the temple of Shino-yama-mura announced that the *bozu* (priests) were performing the last service of the day, the landlord entered, bringing his bill.

"*Hai!*" he cried, shaking Fifth-pine in a most unceremonious manner. "Get up and pay the extra charges. You have exceeded the amount you deposited in my hands by half a *yen*. I would like to know whether your purse is filled with gold coin or copper cash. Sit up, I tell you."

The act of his host saved the man's life, for being thus disturbed made him unwell; however, enough poison remained in his system to give him terrible pains all over his body.

He groaned, gnashed his teeth like one in a fit, and, indicating his money-bag, said, in a broken voice:

"Help yourself; I am dying. A million demons have taken possession of me!"

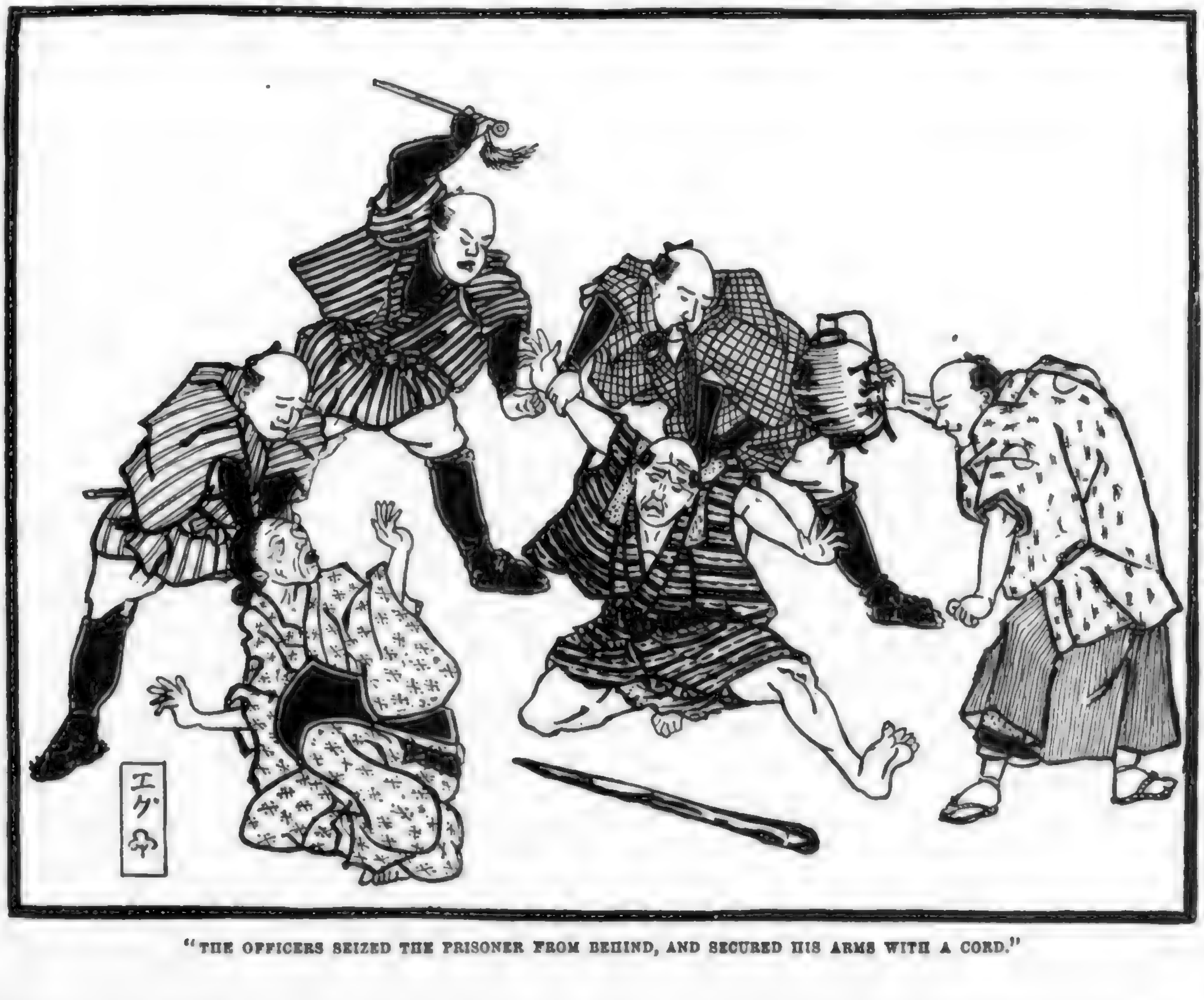
When the landlord discovered that his guest had been "scraping his features" (cheating him out of his pay), he became doubly incensed, and bade his servants thrust the swindler out-of-doors, and give him a severe beating.

The waiters hastened to obey, and carrying the fellow to the edge of the road, launched him into the valley, where he alighted like a broken bamboo.

Chapter III.

"The God of Luck deprived me of my riches, and I murmured not; the God of Fire devoured my house, and I bowed to his will; but when my only child—my boy—was taken from me, my heart rebelled, and I lost my faith in the gods."

That evening, while the servants of the inn were



"THE OFFICERS SEIZED THE PRISONER FROM BEHIND, AND SECURED HIS ARMS WITH A CORD."

ejecting Fifth-pine from the house, Mrs. Slender-bamboo returned to her home. In one hand was a bowl of red-bean-rice, and in the other a bundle of clothes, given her by the lady for whom she had been working.

On approaching the fence surrounding the humble habitation, she paused, and thought:

"No light? I suppose Utaro has gone to meet his father, and that they have halted for a cup of tea at some wayside refreshment place."

Then, as though hoping the little fellow were in hiding behind the fence, she called, in a nervous voice:

"My son! Utaro! Mother is here!"

The mocking demons inhabiting the rocks about the abode derisively took up the words, and echoed:

"Here!"

Mrs. Slender-bamboo listened anxiously, half persuading herself that the voices were those of her child; and she was repeating her summons, when her husband, Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, shouted, from a distance:

"Send Utaro to me with a lantern! I have dropped my pipe, and cannot find it."

The poor woman, whose soul was now filled with dreadful forebodings, hastily entered the house, and, procuring a light, proceeded to where her husband was halting—saying, as she hurriedly neared him:

"Is not our son with you?"

"With me? no!" testily answered the man, who was tired with his long day's labor. "Ah! there is my pipe. It has fallen among the weeds on the roadside. Come, Slender-bamboo, do not gape at me in that vacant manner, but show the way. This load of wood cuts into my back, I tell you!"

The alarmed wife trembled like a temple spire in an earthquake, and ejaculated:

"Utaro!"

"Is he not at home?" said her husband, in a troubled voice.

She placed her hands upright, palm to palm, and cried, in an agonized voice:

"Harm has come to him! harm has come to him! Oh, my poor child! I shall never see you again!"

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space threw down his burden, and seizing the lantern, hurried homeward, followed by Slender-bamboo, who alternately uttered prayers and lamentations.

The alarmed man hoarsely shouted the name of their son, and eagerly searched the premises.

"Here are our boy's books," he presently exclaimed. "You are needlessly excited—he has gone to spend the evening with a schoolmate."

The mother tenderly raised the volumes, and, as she regarded them through her tear-blinded eyes, murmured:

"*Namu amida Butzu!*" (Hail, great Buddha!)

The husband averted his face; for, although he did not believe in Buddha, he could not avoid being moved by his wife's faith. However, after she had prayed for a while, he observed, in a gruff tone:

"Buddha will not search for our son! Doubtless little Utaro has endeavored to meet me, and become lost on the mountains. The *oni* (demons) who inhabit this district are very fond of decoying children into wild spots, and scaring them to death."

"Ah, honorable husband!" she tearfully exclaimed. "You believe in *oni*, yet turn a blind face to the merciful Buddha. Think you that omnipresent Kuwannon (goddess of mercy) will not hear my prayers, and be induced to restore our child to us, unharmed by—your demons?"

"Woman," he answered, "the gods know which of us is right! As for myself, I only believe what I see. Come, it is useless for you to waste your time in praying; let us take lanterns, inform our neighbors of our loss, and search for Utaro. While you are talking to your invisible god, the *oni* may kill our dear little one."

Mrs. Slender-bamboo rose, and, procuring a lantern, ran from house to house, crying:

"Aid us, good neighbors! Alas! little Utaro has wandered into the mountain wilds, and is lost!"

Everybody who could walk joined them, and soon the forest was filled with searchers, whose torches glowed like fireflies among the undergrowth.

The mountain was vast, and its paths were as numerous as the stars. Daylight revealed the searchers returning, weary and footsore.

When Mrs. Slender-bamboo saw that her child was not with them, she fell upon her knees and prayed to Kuwannon, the sympathizing women neighbors joining in her petitions; meanwhile the men laved their feet and refreshed themselves with wine, remarking in whispers:

"What is to be done? The child must be dead."

As they were consulting, the idiot sauntered up, noticing which one of the men said:

"Perhaps he can enlighten us. He is favored by the gods. You remember the saying, 'If you would learn wisdom, listen to the words of a fool.'"

Then one of the party addressed the half-witted creature and inquired:

"Where do you think we shall find little Utaro?"

The man rolled his eyes as though he considered the question were a good joke, and replied:

"The old brigand and the young scholar have gone to catch fish in the bamboo forest. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Everybody gathered round him and eagerly inquired what he knew of the missing child, but the idiot only jibed and mowed. His mind was like a bucket that has lost its bottom—it could only retain the stains of what had passed through it. In vain they questioned him; he merely smiled vacantly, and informed them he was very hungry.

"Come," cried Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, "neither praying nor guessing at riddles will relieve my soul of its burden. I will return to the mountain and resume my search."

Then he set out again, followed by his wife.

About noon they met a traveler, who, on hearing their story, said:

"Good people, prepare yourselves for the worst. As I passed near the Cave of the Seven Dragons, in the valley below, I saw a dark stain on the sand, and near it a child's toy. Some one had been murdered there!"

He led the parents to the spot, where they found two farmers, who, with horror-stricken faces, were regarding the ruddy evidence.

It was near the entrance to the cave, and not far from the brawling mountain stream known as Coursing-tears.

One of the farmers, who had deposited his load of fertilizer, and was crouching near the scene of the tragedy, cried:

"Oh, this is too horrible!"

"Yes, yes!" added the other, extending his hands. "This is the work of *oni*" (demons).

The father and mother, whose features were as white as bleached wax, advanced with faltering steps, sank upon their knees, and covered their eyes, in order to shut out the sickening sight.

Both shed tears like rain, and, while the woman sobbed out her prayers, the man set his teeth, and invoked the gods to punish the murderer of his boy.

Presently Mrs. Slender-bamboo pointed at the toy, and said, in an agonized voice:

"Yes, that belonged to my gentle, loving Utaro!"

"The murderer of your child went that way," cried the traveler, pointing down the valley. "See, there are his footprints in the dust of the path!"

Up rose the father, who, by that time, had mastered his grief sufficiently to think of pursuing the assassin.

"Come," he shouted, "I swear by all the gods, I will not rest day or night, until the wretch who killed my boy is brought to justice!"

He moved swiftly forward, never pausing for more than a few minutes at a time, to note in which direction the footprints tended.

He went on and on, until he arrived at the inn where Fifth-pine had feasted, where he was informed what the reader already knows.

"Come!" he exclaimed to his friends; "if Fifth-pine did that cruel deed, we will follow and dispatch him. Anyhow, we will search for this man. Even though he be innocent, it is possible that he knows something about the perpetrator of the crime. You remember the idiot said, 'The old brigand and the young scholar have gone to catch fish in the bamboo forest'?"

"I will accompany you down the mountain," remarked the proprietor of the inn. "When I told my servants to thrust the man out of my house, I did not intend them to launch him over the brow of the cliff into the valley; still, their mistake may lead to your capturing the wretch who has so cruelly destroyed your child. I do not imagine Mr. Fifth-pine has moved from the spot on which he alighted. We are all in the hands of the gods, who use us to carry out their sentences. Mr. Fifth-pine was a very bad fellow."

The parent did not make any reply to this speech, but followed the landlord like a person who is dumb with sorrow.

Upon arriving in the valley, they failed to find any trace of Fifth-pine. However, on glancing upward, they saw his ragged coat hanging on a spur of rock, just over a ravine, at the bottom of which ran a stream of water.

"The gods be praised for all things!" fervently murmured the inn-keeper. "I little thought, when I ordered my servants to oust the wretch, that I was merely an instrument in the hands of fate! Gentlemen, if you will come up to my house, I will give you some excellent wine. Fifth-pine has evidently been seized by the *oni*, and consigned to that ravine, which," lowering his voice, "people say, is one of the entrances to the infernal regions. Come, a cup of wine will do us all good."

The father did not reply, but continued to gaze upon the garment, which ever and anon swayed gently in the wind.

"He is to be pitied," whispered the landlord. "Leave him here awhile. My heart is not a stone, and such scenes as these destroy the balance of my system."

They left Mr. Watchman-of-all-space gazing vacantly at the coat, and muttering to himself:

"Alas, my poor child!"

After his companions had departed, he hurried sorrowfully away and walked slowly homeward, where he discovered his wife kneeling and praying before the family altar, on which rested the blood-stained relic of their son.

"Slender-bamboo," he said, glancing sternly at her, "rise and attend to your house affairs. Our boy was foully murdered by that wretch Fifth-pine; but," laughing bitterly, "the gods have avenged Utaro's death."

Instead of answering him, Mrs. Slender-bamboo continued to repeat her supplications to Buddha; on hearing which her husband lost patience, and cried: "Woman—woman, you must be crazy! Do you imagine that Buddha or Kuwannon can restore our poor child to life?"

The pious creature went on with her prayers as though he had not spoken.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space regarded her for a moment, then thought:

"Grief has made Slender-bamboo insane, and I must be gentle with her. Surely she could not have understood my words. Oh, the gods have piled misery on my back. My poor Utaro! When I think of you my bosom contracts with grief, and I can scarcely draw my breath."

From that day the wood-cutter, who formerly had had a pleasant word for every one, became a sad-faced, silent man; and his wife, whom her friends had always quoted as one of the happiest women in the world, moved about her home like a shadow.

Her husband never troubled her when she prayed before the relic of their lost one, though he often thought:

"This is too foolish—still they say no man can understand the undying love of a mother. I will close my eyes to her womanly folly."

When Mrs. Perfect-blossom was informed of the fate that had overtaken her son, Fifth-pine, she sighed, and said:

"I always feared he would die with his sandals on! Alas, alas! I am now alone in the world!"

The days and weeks passed, and, after a while, all but the mothers of the community forgot about the tragedy. Whenever Mrs. Slender-bamboo saw a child about the age of her Utaro, she would cover her face with her sleeves, and sob and weep as though her heart would break; and when her husband met the neighbors' sons going to and coming from school or temple, he would avert his face and set his lips in order to keep the latter from betraying what he felt.

At the expiration of three years he thus addressed his wife:

"Slender-bamboo, I think it about time you discontinued your prayers for our son's return to life. Your supplications must weary the omnipotent Buddha. Our Utaro is dead."

"Honorable husband," she replied, "have you never heard the saying, 'Pray a million times, yea, a billion times, and Buddha will finally answer your petition'? Although I, in my way, desire to be a good wife, and care not what I may suffer if you are only satisfied with me, still, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, I cannot cease to offer my prayers. Nothing is impossible to the All-Merciful Buddha, and if you would only have faith, I feel sure he would reward us by restoring our Utaro to life."

"The gods grant me patience!" he groaned. "She is as crazy as she can be! Well—my honorable mother thought just as Slender-bamboo does, so I will not again refer to the matter."

The neighbors were very good to the bereaved parents, and did all in their power for them, one man offering them his second son for adoption; however, Mr. Watchman-of-all-space politely declined the kind attention, and Mrs. Slender-bamboo told her friends:

"Why should we adopt little Five-furrows? I pray continually to Buddha and Kuwannon, and am certain that one day my petition will be granted, and our darling restored to us."

The women-folks listened respectfully, but said among themselves:

"Poor Slender-bamboo! she has more faith than common sense. Well—her delusion is a very harmless one."

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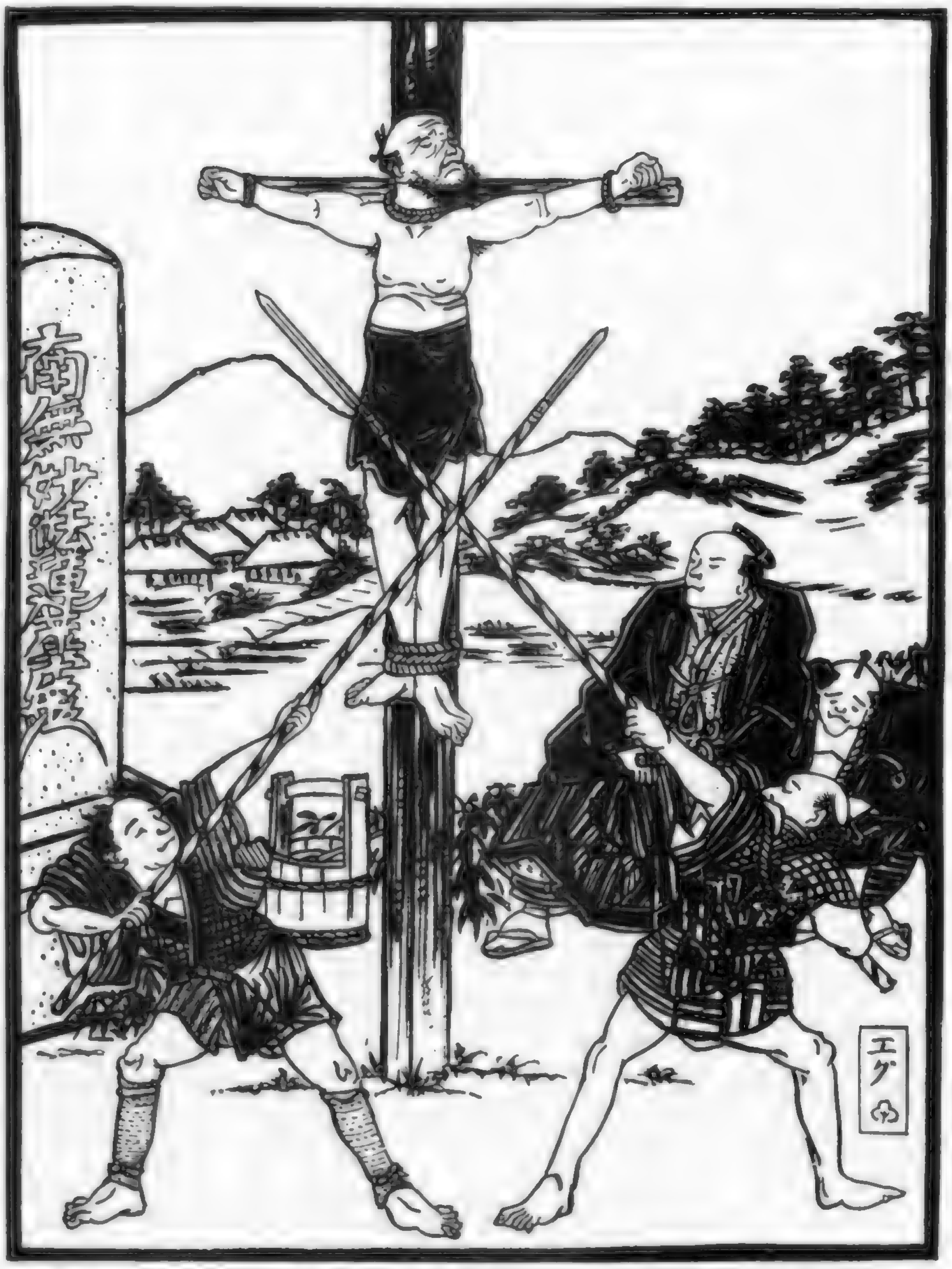
CHAPTER IV.

"THERE are many religions in the world, but very few truly pious persons. Some people regard their faith like a garment, to be assumed or laid aside at convenience; others are filled with it like a vessel that is brimful of water. He who has faith in Buddha is happy, because he has attained the first step toward perfection. The years come and go, but Buddha is eternal."

Thus spoke Mrs. Perfect-blossom, who, since the discovery made by Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, had become a friend of Mrs. Slender-bamboo, whom she consoled and encouraged with her pious conversation. The bereaved mothers met, often for the purpose of comforting one another, and after quoting many sayings they had heard from the lips of the preachers, would, woman-like, begin to talk concerning their temporal affairs.

Mrs. Perfect-blossom always told her friend she was sure Fifth-pine was innocent of Utaro's death, and Mrs. Slender-bamboo had come to believe in the assertion of the widow.



"WHEN A MAN IS ANXIOUS TO START ON HIS LAST JOURNEY, IT IS UNKIND TO DELAY HIS SETTING OUT."

"Does your honorable husband still ridicule our holy faith?" one day inquired Mrs. Perfect-blossom, after the women had exhausted the gossip of the village. "Do you think he truly believes in *oni*, and such foolish superstitions?"

"Yes," sadly answered Slender-bamboo. "I have tried every means in my power to convert him, but he always says, 'I only credit what I can see.'"

Mrs. Perfect-blossom repeated her prayer several times, then said:

"Do you imagine I could have any influence over him?"

Her friend shook her head, and answered:

"I fear, if you came to my house and began to ejaculate your prayers, he would throw you out-of-doors. The loss of our son has curdled the blood in my honorable husband's heart. He hates you, because you are pious, and does not like me to visit you."

"I know what we will do," suggested the other; "we will meet daily and invoke Buddha to restore our sons, and touch your husband's stony heart."

So every afternoon the women met, and while the widow ranted and howled, after the manner of the followers of Nichiren, Mrs. Slender-bamboo very noiselessly repeated her prayers. The neighbors, who did not believe the same way, thrust their tongues in their cheeks and rolled their eyes, saying:

"Something ought to come of all that!"

One Summer evening a strange figure, bowed with age and suffering, toiled up the mountain-side, and, halting before the door of the residence of Mrs. Perfect-blossom, said, in a mumbling tone:

"Can you give me food and shelter?"

The good woman, who was almost blind, glanced in the direction of the speaker, and replied:

"Although my house is a poor one, you are welcome to rice and a mat."

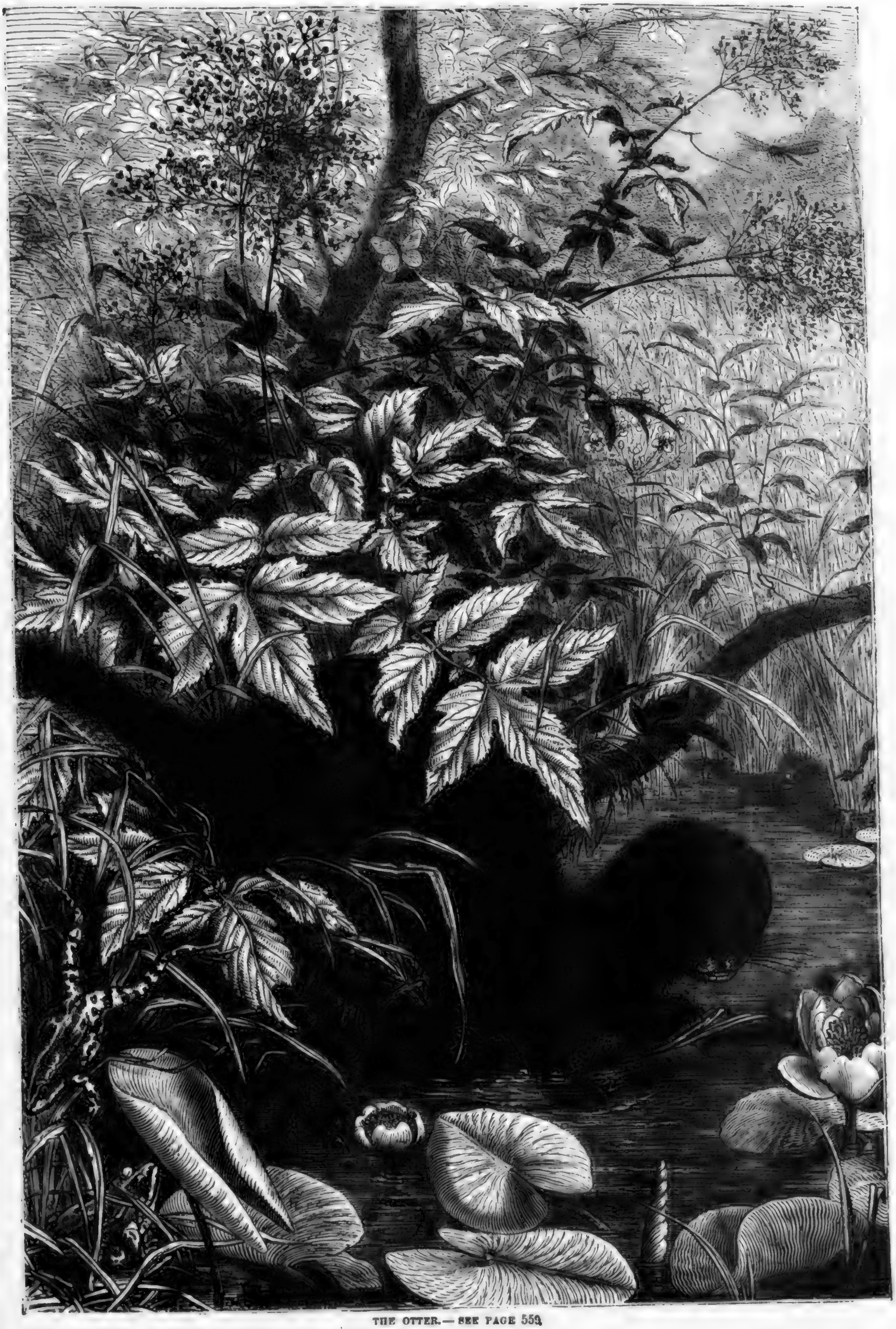
The stranger entered, and falling upon his knees, saluted her, saying: "I am your son, Fifth-pine."

After answering his salute she answered:

"Welcome home, my son Fifth-pine. I hope that Buddha has changed your heart."

He rose, and nearing her, said:

"Honorable mother, I have, for the last few years, been



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suffering the torments of the wicked. After that little matter of Utaro, I was poisoned and thrown over a cliff. When I came to my senses I reflected on my folly, and determined to quit the mountains. I became a *yeta* (beggar, outcast), and wandered all over the country. My bones and skin did not agree with each other. Demons entered my body and tortured me. Still I lived, and now am come back to you."

"Penitent?" she tearfully inquired.

He almost blushed as he bowed his head and answered:

"Well, no. The fact is, I am thinking of getting married, and have come to ask your advice; also if you can assist me with a little money. I do not desire to be seen about here, as my share in the death of Utaro might prove dangerous to my future enjoyment. I have been to the mineral springs, and am cured of my disease. A small sum of money will make a new man of me."

While he was speaking, Mrs. Slender-bamboo had noiselessly approached the place, and overheard his words.

"Then Utaro is dead?" sadly inquired Mrs. Perfect-blossom.

"Yes. That was a very foolish business," he answered. "I am sorry, for Dr. Right-cottage must have plundered me of my pay. It is, however, weak to lament over a cup of wine one has spilt. Come, honorable mother, give me some money. I wish to quit this place before morning."

Mrs. Slender-bamboo, who had listened with awe-stricken face, hastened away, and did not stop running until she reached home, where she found her husband talking with an officer of justice.

"Have you heard Fifth-pine has returned?" she cried.

"Yes," said Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "As soon as it is dark we will arrest him."

That night three officers and the bereaved father silently ascended the mountain-path leading to the widow's house.

The officials wore leathern leggings and arm-protectors, and were provided with copper batons, with which to quiet unruly persons. They also carried cords for the purpose of binding their prisoner.

They overheard the woman talking to her son, and urging him to quit the place before the moon rose.

"She is as guilty as he," whispered one of the officers to Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "Light the lantern and follow us."

The father noiselessly struck his flint and steel and ignited a roll of paper; then blowing on the latter, produced a flame which he communicated to the wick of the candle in his lantern.

In they rushed, and, on seeing them, Fifth-pine picked up a club, and defended himself vigorously.

His mother, forgetting her prayers, began to utter bitter reproaches, whereupon an officer seized her by the hair and silenced her.

The fight was ended by one of the officials striking Fifth-pine's head with his copper staff; the blows being repeated until the wretch dropped his weapon.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, whose face betrayed the satisfaction that filled his soul, held the lantern aloft while one of the officers seized the prisoner from behind and secured his arms with a cord.

When Mrs. Perfect-blossom saw her son bound hand and foot she uttered piercing screams, and presently expired; whereupon Fifth-pine began to weep, saying:

"Oh, you are too contemptible. You have killed my honorable mother! Release me, that I may pay the last respects to her dead body."

The men unbound him, and he was permitted to burn incense and pray, after which he was once more secured, and conducted to a place of safety.

Although he vowed he had not killed little Utaro, and told the story of his meeting with Dr. Right-cottage, the officials condemned him to death.

As soon as he learned his sentence he professed to be very pious, and spent his time in saying prayers. This, however, did not save his miserable life.

While he was in prison his beard grew, and when he was led to execution he looked like an ape.

After he was lashed to the instrument of suspension he exhibited the greatest coolness, and when he had read the invocation to Buddha inscribed on the pillar upon his left, he glanced downward at the officer who was deputed to see his sentence executed, and satirically remarked:

"My lord, it is exceedingly uncomfortable to be spread out in this manner. I am neither in paradise nor the infernal regions! When a man is anxious to start upon his last journey it is unkind to delay his setting out. I die innocent of the crime with which I have been charged, a victim to the covetousness of that rascally quack, Dr. Right-cottage! I see among the crowd Mr. Watchman-of-all-space—how he must pity me." Then raising his voice, he continued: "Now I am ready to become a martyr! I hope some one will, of their charity, remember my grave and the anniversary of my untimely taking off. Farewell! In a few moments I shall be in the land of shadows. *Yoku wa shi no moto.*"

As he concluded his impudent speech the official gave the signal, and the spearmen advanced to Fifth-pine and quickly severed the thread of his existence.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, who had sternly regarded the proceedings, turned away from the spot and went slowly home, pondering upon what he had just witnessed.

Upon arriving at his residence he discovered his wife upon her knees, with her head bowed to the mat, before the family altar, on which lay the blood-stained relic of their beloved child.

The husband squatted by the *hibachi* (fire-bowl, in the centre of the apartment), and taking his pipe-case from his girdle, proceeded to smoke, thinking:

"Who can understand the women? Although Utaro has been dead over four years, and I have witnessed the execution of his accused murderer, there she is, praying like a nun! Once a woman takes a thing into her head, you can no more stop her than you could dam the waterfall of Rushing-tears with a straw. I thank the gods I am not guilty of any such folly. This praying makes me feel sick. I will drink some wine."

He rose, went into the kitchen, and was in the act of filling a cup, when he heard a noise on the veranda, and glancing toward it, beheld a boy about ten years old, whose wan features and travel-stained garments showed that he had come from afar.

Watchman-of-all-space regarded the newcomer intently, and said, in a tremulous voice:

"Come in, my child. You appear to be half starved."

The boy staggered toward the prostrate figure of Mrs. Slender-bamboo, and sinking upon the mat beside her, became insensible; while she, unconscious of his presence, continued to murmur her prayer to Buddha.

The man dropped his cup, gazed wildly at the stranger, and hastening to his relief, raised the inanimate form in his arms, when he saw that the boy was none other than their little Utaro.

At first he could only dumbly regard the emaciated face and utter a strange moan of happiness; then finding his tongue, he cried, in a joyful voice:

"Wife, wife! Rise, I tell you! Buddha has answered your prayers!"

Who can describe the scene that ensued, the delight of the happy father, the gratitude of the tender mother! They bathed the poor sufferer and gave him warm food and wine, waiting until evening to learn the wonderful story of his return from the grave.

When he had somewhat recovered his strength he related his adventures, which were as follows:

"The man who called himself Dr. Right-cottage was really a quack named Clay-field, and his object in kidnapping me was not to end my life, but to secure a child for adoption for a wealthy robber who lives on an island upon the coast. I was decoyed away by Mr. Fifth-pine, who received a bag of gold for his act, and that evening was robbed of his money by the man who had employed him. I traveled with the doctor for many days, he threatening, if I complained to any one, to return and kill you. After a long journey we reached the seashore, and I was placed in a boat and conveyed to the island, where a man and woman lived without working. They called me 'son,' but I respectfully declined to address them as 'father' and 'mother.' The doctor, who had been paid a large sum for his services, often visited us, and by turns coaxed and threatened me, saying he had been to see you, and you had renounced all claim upon me, and desired that I would look upon my new friends as my parents. This I knew was a falsehood, so I closed my ears to his persuasions and threats, and remembering the teaching of my honorable mother, prayed constantly and fervently to omnipotent Buddha. One day, while I was kneeling on the sandy beach, I heard a voice from the water, calling: '*Hai, hai, hai!* What is your trouble, little son?'"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Slender-bamboo, "he was one of the saints sent by Buddha!"

"No, honorable mother," respectfully continued Utaro. "He was an old man, fishing for squid. 'Have you heard the news?' he inquired—'Dr. Clay-field, the celebrated quack, has been seized by a devil-fish and drowned. He will not kill any more patients.'"

"Truly the gods mete out justice to everybody," said Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "The quack was a very bad man."

"Yes," replied his son. "Honorable father, you remember the saying—'Quacks are only demons in human disguise'?"

"How did you escape?" eagerly asked his mother.

"I told my story to the old man," said Utaro, bowing respectfully. "He said, 'Those who have faith in all-seeing Buddha, will never come to harm. I am only a poor squid-catcher—still I will risk the vengeance of your adopted parents, and will row you across to the mainland. After that, I can only pray for your safe return to your honorable parents.'"

"How did you know the way home?" inquired his amazed father.

"The loving Buddha led me hither," said Utaro. "Whenever I felt in doubt, I knelt, and said the prayer taught me by my honorable mother."

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space sat for a long time in deep thought; then, addressing his wife, observed:

"After this, I will never object to your prayers. I acknowledge the power of the Invisibly-watching-ever-present."

Mother and son joyfully regarded the speaker, and the woman entreated him to repeat the prayer:

"*Namu amida Butsu!*" (Hail, great Buddha).

The man listened patiently, and, as he did so, affectionately rubbed his boy's pate (the Japanese equivalent to our paternal kiss), after which, turning to his wife, he said:

"Slender-bamboo, while admitting the merciful goodness of Buddha, I am not converted to your way of thinking. Had the Great-benevolent raised our son from the grave, I would not have hesitated to renounce my faith in the old gods; as it is, I will make my offering to Dai-Koku (the God of Luck), and you can make yours to the temple. I have become convinced of one thing, that is, 'Covetousness is the Fountain of Death.'"

SOME OTTER NOTES.

It is related of a gentleman in the Hebrides that he had an otter which regularly supplied itself with food at its proper time for eating, returning to the house after each excursion. Another, in England, evinced great fondness for gooseberries. This one is said to have fondled about her keepers like a pup or young kitten. Still a third was also very tame, though he frequently stole away at night to fish, always returning to his kennel in the morning. This one was gentle, and apparently affectionate with human beings, but savage with any dog that ventured to approach him. He did not object to being lifted by the tail, but strongly resented any interference with his snout.

Otter hunting was formerly a favorite diversion in England, and is said to be so in Wales at the present day. In some places they keep packs of otter hounds—a peculiar breed. On the seacoast, at low water, the animals are traced to their holes by these dogs, and being driven out, are killed with sticks or shot.

By the Celts the otter has a native Celtic name, meaning "brown dog" in the English. This is curious, since it receives a similar title from the natives of South America.

The American otter, *Lutra Canadensis*, is longer than the British species, and weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. It is very voracious, and will fight savagely when attacked. It frequents clear or rapid streams, or dark ponds, and burrows in the banks, lining its nest with leaves and weed. Otters have a curious habit of sliding down wet or muddy banks, apparently for sport; and hunters take advantage of this circumstance by setting traps at the foot of these slopes. They are also taken in traps baited with fish. When killed in the water the body sinks, from the solidity of the bones.

They are found all over the continent of North America, though rare in the Atlantic States. Several thousand skins are carried annually from the British possessions to England.

The Brazilian otter, or South American water-wolf, is of a lighter color than others, and is about three and a half feet in length. It lives in troops, rising frequently to the surface of the water and snapping like a dog, from which peculiarity it is called in Spanish America "pierro de agua," or water-dog.

Some otters have been trained by fishermen to drive fish into their nets, or even to capture them and bring them to their masters.

The sea-otter resembles a seal more than it does other members of the same family. It inhabits the coasts and islands of the Northern Pacific, and about Kamschatka. It is found on the American coast as far south as Monterey, and is essentially marine in its habits; generally, however, keeping near the shore.

The skins formerly were an important article of commerce between the Russians and Chinese and Japanese. In Central America the otter is frequently hunted by Indians in canoes. When observed he is shot with an arrow-head, which is confined to a staff by a cord that unravels, and leaves the staff floating to buoy the position of the

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game. The otter is very plentiful in the Rio San Juan, Magdalena, Chagres, Orinoco, Amazon, Parana, and other rivers. It is also found on the Mosquito Coast, but the fur is valueless. The fur of the South American river-otter is fine, but inferior to that of the northern animals.

It is believed that the chase of the sea-otter lured the Russians from Okotsk to Kamschatka, and thence to the opposite coast of America. Frequently a single skin brings with them four or five hundred rubles. The natural unplucked otter-fur is commonly employed for trimmings for muffs and boas. It requires to be singed and dyed to a fashionable brown or seal color. It has been found too cumbersome to use for fashionable garments, but a rich effect is produced by a border of one and a half to three inches deep. These skins are always very expensive, even unmade importations frequently costing as much as $250.

L. BAADER Del.

A ROMAN GARDEN.

The dark otter-skins chiefly used in our market come from the New England States or Canada, and are more like the sea-otter than any others. Those taken in the Fall are the best; in the Winter they grow paler in color. Western and Southern otter are of a light brown, and are not worth more than half as much. The black otter are used in trimming sacques, and for collars and cuffs. In Russia they are employed in their natural state. The lighter skins are colored to imitate seal, and then used for trimming, Very few skins are imported, the large majority employed in our manufactures being native.

AN OLD LAND TITLE.

A CURIOUS and interesting sale of real estate was made in New Jersey, in February, 1881—nothing less than the sale of three large ponds or lakes in the interior of the State, by the old proprietorship, dating from Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley, who bought all New Jersey of the Duke of York, brother to Charles II., on the conquest of New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664. This proprietorship has passed through many and various vicissitudes, beginning within ten years after the first establishment; but the "Board of Proprietors of East Jersey" has still maintained its existence and held its stated meetings down to this day. The courts of New Jersey have generally maintained the rights of these Jersey patroons in any disputed questions that have been brought before them, except as regards lands under water, over which the State claims exclusive jurisdiction.

At the latest session of the proprietors at Amboy, Hon. Nathaniel Niles, formerly speaker of the State Assembly, and one of the Board of Proprietors, purchased out of the small amount of the original possessions of the proprietors still remaining to them, three lakes in the northern part of the State: Lake Hopatcong, eight miles long and from one-quarter to two miles wide; Culver's Pond, Sussex County, a beautifully and romantically situated body of water, two miles long and of varying width; and a small lake in the same county covering about one hundred acres. The large lakes were sold for $600 each, and Quick's Lake for $200. In each case three hundred feet of land from high-water mark is transferred with the water, running entirely around it. Lake Hopatcong is the most important inland sheet of water south of the lakes of New York State, and has many dwellings and a Summer hotel or two on its shores. It is also a feeder of the Morris Canal, and a possible source of water supply for New York City.

SPARE the feelings of your friends. Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

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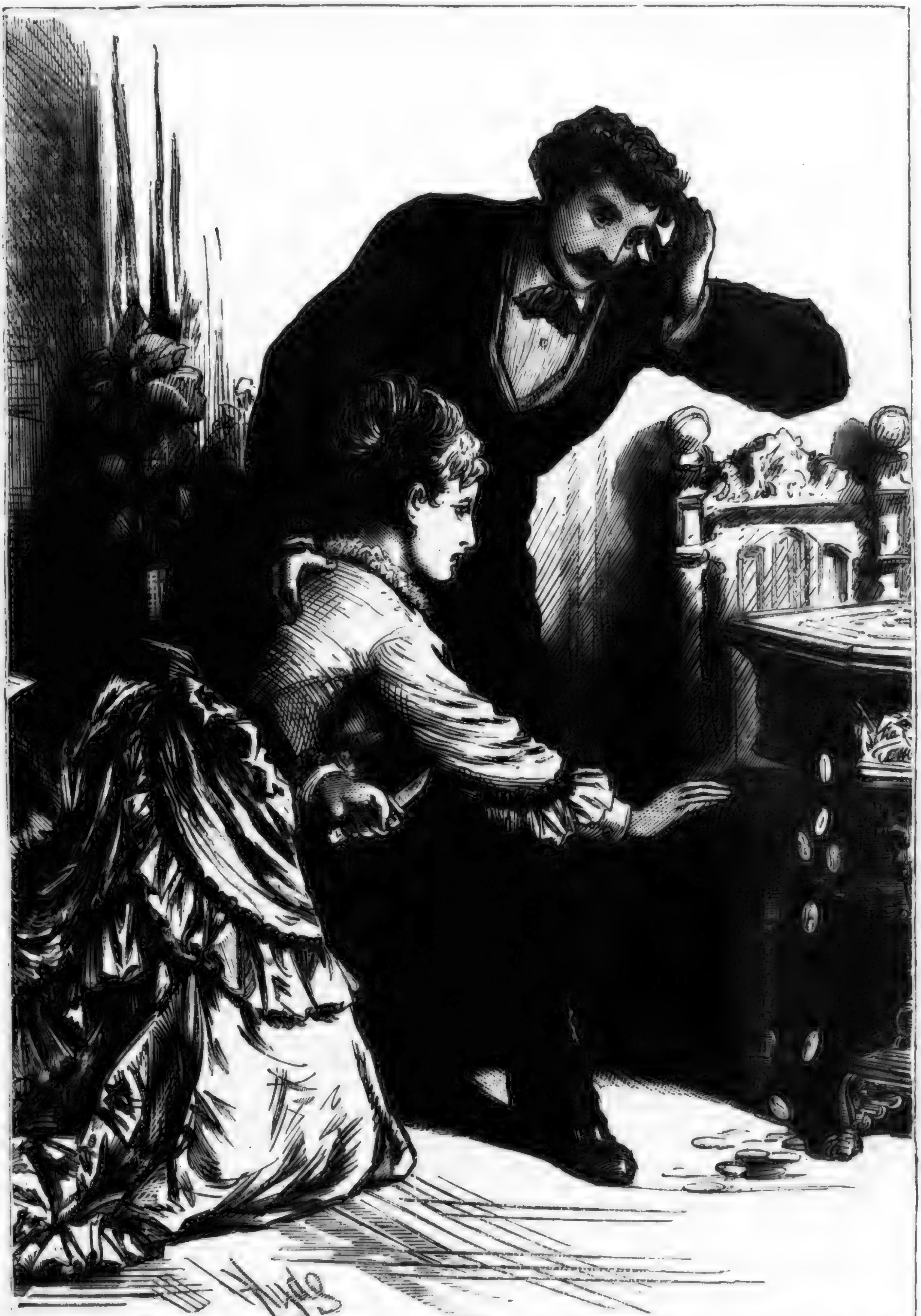


LOBRIDGE; OR, LA DAME BLANCHE.—"WHAT ROUSED TOM FROM A GLOOMY REVERIE WAS THE UNMISTAKABLE JINGLE OF METAL SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH A LOUD SCREAM FROM KATHARINE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LOVERS.

They were sitting one morn together,
Some sweet lay of love they read;
The sun of June made golden weather,
While leafy boughs hung overhead.

Tenderly her shoulder rested
'Gainst his breast, which heaved with pride,
As he thought—oh, rapture crested!—
"In a month she will be my bride!"

They read on—until they lighted
On a passage tipt with flame;
Their eyes looked e'en as when they plighted—
Then their lips together came.

Earth and all the stars may perish,
But not the rapture of that bliss!
For in their heart of hearts they cherish
The memory of Love's first kiss!

LOBRIDGE; Or, LA DAME BLANCHE.

Chapter I.

"I CANNOT understand," said a French critic, who had been bored to death with five-act tragedies—"I cannot think why people will write them; it is so much easier not to."

So it would seem; and one would think it easier to sit with quiet heart and idle hands in an arm-chair than to write this story.

But it is not so. I am irrepressibly moved to narrate the sayings and doings herein stated.

When pretty Kitty Tremain was transmogrified into Mrs. Katharine Vernon, she went straight out of the small house at Westover, filled with riotous, romping, bread-and-buttery brothers and sisters, into the graystone mansion at Lobridge—silent, weather-stained, and the home of her husband's forefathers.

Tom Vernon, for all he married the grocer's daughter, could boast of a "very heavy thing in ancestors"; one, on his father's side, having duly embarked from Delft Haven, 1620 A.D., on the *Speedwell*, thereby making a Pilgrim Father of himself, and shedding much lustre on succeeding generations. On the maternal side, a certain Lois Lenox, not to be outdone by the Pilgrim Fathers, covered herself with glory, and was handed down to fame as one of those "ninety respectable young women" history tells us of, "who, in the year A.D. 1620, reinforced the infant colony at Jamestown, and who, moreover, were purchased by the planters as wives, on payment of one hundred pounds of tobacco to defray their passage expenses."

In view of the hardships undergone by these strong-minded young women, do they not deserve the title of Pilgrim Mothers, with all the honors?

The Missouri River, rising in the Rocky Mountains of Montana, rushes onward till its yellow waters mingle with those which flow from the silver bosom of Itasca. How far apart in the beginning, yet how resistless the destiny which unites the turbid torrent with the "Father of Waters."

Thus, in the course of time, a scion of the stern Puritanical house of Vernon met and married a descendant of Mistress Lois Lenox.

Voilà! Isn't there material enough for the escutcheon of a noble house? Many a coat-of-arms has less to boast of in its ensigns armorial.

A ship *argent* on a shield *vert de mer;* a coronal of the fragrant Virginia weed, upheld by an arm *fort et dur;* and, presto! there we are, real aristocrats, with doughty deeds, "ancient old ancestors" and all, in abundance.

Without a doubt, Lobridge was a grand old place. In a grove of oaks, "remains of the forest primeval," which would have furnished plank for a fleet. In the garden were stately yew-trees and tall, grim hedges of box, so sternly severe and solemnly proper, that their new mistress, walking among them, felt abashed, and very young and foolish, indeed.

But when, nervously hurrying in out of their shadowy presence, young Mrs. Vernon took refuge in the blue drawing-room, the matter was not very well mended.

From their frames on the dark-blue walls rows of stately men and women looked down upon the young person in the straight-backed arm-chair of blue leather, who sat meekly gazing at them.

A certain Lenox Vernon, with lace ruff, jeweled sword, and of a haughty countenance, seemed almost to utter the words: "Who are you in that arm-chair, that we up here should have been Pilgrim Fathers and fought and bled and died for?"

And there was a Louise Vernon, of a most fair and loving countenance; and by her side was the picture of a thin, white-faced woman, with pale gray eyes, and a mass of powdered hair combed up into a tower. The painter might have made a faithful portrait, but he did not make a pretty picture of it. There was a cunning, evil expression about the countenance not pleasant to look at.

And the young bride shivers a little, and draws closer to the crouching brass lions which guard the fire.

"Heigho!" she actually yawns. "I wish Tom would come in. What can the men see so fascinating in slopping about in the mud after ducks? I wonder if it is not near dinner-time?" and she looks at her watch, Tom's gift.

The bride had actually reached that stage when a little wholesome employment would have been welcomed.

But what was there for her to do? Absolutely nothing, but cross her two hands over new wedding pocket-handkerchiefs, after the manner of ladies in fashion-plates.

Did not her *trousseau* fill three mammoth trunks? Everything in dozens, duly ruffled, fluted and embroidered.

There was not even a button to sew on for Tom, as even ready-made shirts do not begin to shed their buttons under two months' wear and tear.

"Books?" you say. That question shows you have never been a bride; for what bride ever read a book during the honeymoon?

"Heigho!" yawned Mrs. Vernon again. "I'll ring for Cinder" (Cinder is the diminutive of Cinderella), "as I am really afraid to go by myself, and we will go over the house, for I have not been in half of the rooms yet."

Not only did Cinder, the little maid, respond to the bell, but it also brought Clemantha, the cook—or "Aunt Clemmy," as she was usually called—who volunteered to head the expedition, when Mrs. Vernon made known her wishes.

"'Tain't not a hole nor corner 'bout dis house onbeknownst to me," said Aunt Clemmy, with pride. "I been libin' here thirty-seben years come next Whitsuntide, and I was nuss to Mars' Tom and all de rest of old mistress's chillen, I was. And now, Mars' Tom he dun growed up, and got hisself a wife—he! he! he! he! And a monstrous pretty little one, too. He! he! he! he! I can't think of Mars' Tom as growed up, nohow."

Cinder, appreciating the joke, showed her white teeth, and joined in the chorus, and Mrs. Vernon felt a good deal more cheerful as she jingled her key-basket and followed the good-natured old negro up the broad oaken staircase.

They had much ado fitting the keys in the locks; some were rusty, and would not turn easily, and other doors, after being unlocked, refused to open on general principles. There were broken panes of glass in some of the rooms, moldy and discolored paper on the walls, and cobwebs everywhere; for, during Tom's long bachelorhood, most of the house had been shut up.

They looked into about a dozen rooms, and Aunt Clemmy had much to tell about them all—how "dis one had been Miss Grace's chamber, who married Squire Western; and dat one was de old nursery; and old mistess used to keep pickles and sich like in another; and"—here her voice sank to a whisper as she pointed toward a door at the end of the long hall—"*dat room is haunted.* De door won't neber stay locked nohow you fix it, and——"

The door of the room, which was ajar, here creaked slowly on its hinges, and Aunt Clemmy, turning pale as ashes, sprang back, uttering a cry of alarm.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Vernon, "it is broad daylight; the ghost would not venture out now, surely. I want to see inside."

The old woman followed her unwillingly, and her tongue, which had been so busy, became perfectly silent.

The apartment was a small one, furnished quite simply. The wind blew in strongly through several broken window-panes, and it was that, doubtless, which had moved the door.

"I see nothing the matter with this lock," said Mrs. Vernon, turning the key back and forth.

But Aunt Clemmy did not open her lips.

The only piece of furniture in the room beyond the washstand, tester-bed and old-fashioned toilet-table, was a tall escritoire of black wood, curiously carved. The legs were long and very slender, quite out of proportion to the weight they supported, and when Katharine opened an empty drawer, they creaked and trembled under her touch.

"For de Lord's sake, come away, mistess!" cried the old woman, trembling, and yielding to her evident distress.

Mrs. Vernon followed her out, not omitting to lock the door carefully after her.

The rooms being all explored, Aunt Clemmy, who soon recovered the use of her tongue, suggested a visit to the garret.

She made a "larther of herself," as she called it, presenting her broad shoulders as a stepping-place from the high chair into the opening which led up to those exalted regions.

Who has not enjoyed a rummage in a well-regulated, old-fashioned family garret—among the lumber, battered furniture, backless books, and cast-off raiment of bygone generations?

Mrs. Vernon incontinently wished for her small brother Dick, and Bobby and Sue and Nellie, and the rest of them, when she looked around upon the *embarras de richesse* before her.

Here Aunt Clemmy left her with Cinder for society, she departing for the lower regions to see after dinner.

There was an abundance to interest and amuse, and Katharine did not descend until she heard a wondering and impatient voice shouting:

"Kitty! Kitty!" which, as she drew nearer, subsided into the anxious, grumbling query, "Where in the thunder is Kitty gone to?"

Chapter II.

Of course it is Tom, come back from duck-hunting, with a full game-bag, and about two pounds of mud sticking to his boots. Little Mrs. Katharine looks on with interest, as he disincumbers himself of his *impedimenta,* and exchanges the heavy hunting-boots for easy slippers, worked by her own fair fingers.

Dinner is partaken of, and when Tom, with his meerschaum, lolls back luxuriously in the blue leathern chair of the drawing-room, what more natural than for young Mrs. Vernon to take a seat on an ottoman, conveniently near for admiring her handsome specimen of "six-feet-two," and the smoke-rings, at the same time.

"Kitty, my dear," said Tom, watching a slowly vanishing cloud, "I have known the time when I would not have dared to do this for any money."

"What? Hold my hand?" asks Kitty, blushing.

"No, you gypsy, I was not thinking of that; what I mean is, that in my mother's day I would as soon have thought of flying to the moon as of coming in my slippers into the blue parlor to take a smoke."

"Why, what is the harm?" asks Mrs. Vernon, looking around.

She would have let Tom sit in her big trunk and smoke, if he had expressed the smallest desire to do so.

"Oh, well, it's a notion people have—that it is not etiquette, you know, and that the curtains may smell of tobacco, and all that sort of thing. I believe one reason I fancied you so, little woman, was because I knew you would not be for ever hectoring over a fellow."

"Hector!" indeed. Kitty looked about as much like "hectoring over a fellow" as a mouse does by the side of a big Newfoundland, but she had spirit enough, for all that.

Kiss! Kiss!

"Tom," says Kitty, after a while, "I have been all over the house this morning. Tom, dear, ain't you awfully rich?"

"Humph!" says Tom, making a wry face; "I wish I was! *They* were," with a wave of his hand toward the portraits on the wall. "But riches take wings—riches take wings! This confounded war, brought about by a pack of fools that loved to hear themselves talk—and now look at us! Niggers all gone up the spout; the horses one army did *not* take the other *did;* and a lot of security debts hanging heavy over one's head. It is enough to keep a fellow awake of nights. Rich? Do you call that rich, Kitty?"

"I was thinking what an elegant house this is, Tom; and the estate."

"Yes, if I could find a gold mine on it to pay off the confounded debts. Five thousand dollars just now would make me a free man."

"And still you took poor little me, without a cent, Tom," said Mrs. Vernon, gratefully, "when you could have had Bertha Greatlands for the asking, or any other girl, for they were all dying of love for you, and that I firmly believe."

"Do you, puss?"

Kiss! Kiss!

"Why, you are a treasure in yourself. I think I see myself putting up with Miss Bertha Greatland's airs and graces. She is one of your made-up women, and when her hair is all powdered white, she looks for the world like *La Dame Blanche,* up there."

"*La Dame Blanche!* who is she, Tom?"

"Why, did I never tell you about her? I told so much about those old portraits, that I thought I had. You must know, then, that she was my great-great-grandmother's half-sister. Over in Normandy, where the La Croix family came from, they call the floating, vapory evening mist *La Dame Blanche*, and that gave rise to her nickname, I suppose. Her real name was Christine La Croix. Shall I begin at the very beginning, as the children say, and tell you the story ?"

"Oh, do tell me all, Tom."

"Then I must go back to the Baron La Croix, who lived in Normandy, and had a mother so good and noble, and he loved her so dearly, that at her death he locked up the rooms she had lived in, and vowed that they should not be entered again until he found another woman as pure and good for his wife. Years came and years went, and the baron never married.

"But, chancing one Summer's evening to walk in the forest by the borders of a lake, he spied, in the moonlight, a great white serpent gliding swiftly toward the water. He followed, and, to his surprise, in a little while the serpent slipped off its skin, and a beautiful woman stepped into the water to bathe.

"He seized the skin, and destroyed it with his sword. Then the woman was very angry, and shrieked and stormed; but he soothed her at last, and led her through the moonlight into the castle-yard. Taking her to his mother's rooms, he unlocked the door, and bade her enter and use the jewels and fine robes she would find there.

"Great was the amazement of the domestics next morning to see a beautiful woman dressed in the jewels and robes of the dead baroness.

"He married her that very day, and they lived together many years, and Christine was the name of their only child. But from the day he took her for his wife none ever saw the baron smile until she died, when he rushed about like a madman, shrieking for joy :

"'I am free ! I am free !'

"He soon married again, and Louise was born—that bewitching little brunette you see up there, and my great-great-grandmother. From her I get my good looks, no doubt."

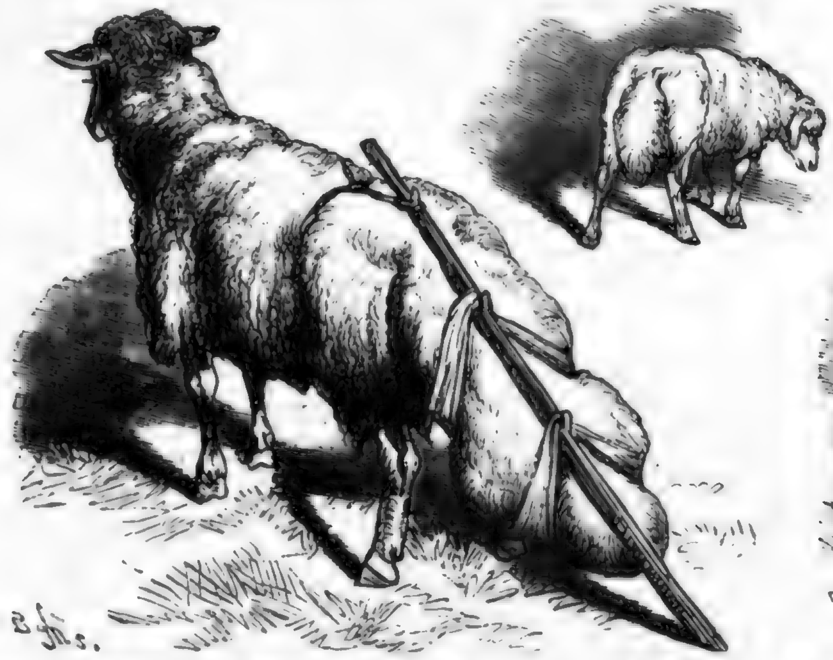
"And what next ?" asks Kitty, with breathless attention.

"Why, then, the two girls appear over here in America, and are orphans, and Louise is sent to school, and my great-great-grandfather goes a-courting Christine, who has no end of money. She agrees to marry him, and the day is set. Louise is sent for to be bridesmaid, when my great-great-grandfather, who must have been a gay old boy, falls head over heels in love with the little beauty, and runs the machine in such a manner, that Christine flies into the most awful tantrums. She makes it so dangerous for Louise, and so very disagreeable to great-great-grandfather, that he elopes with the younger sister to France until the storm should have blown over. They dared not return to America for many years—not until they learned that Christine had entered a convent, where she died at a good old age, having forgiven her half-sister, and at peace with all men. Her money she must have devoted to religious purposes, for a curious old chest up-stairs, and that big table you see over there, were all that Louise inherited from her, and there were no other living relatives."

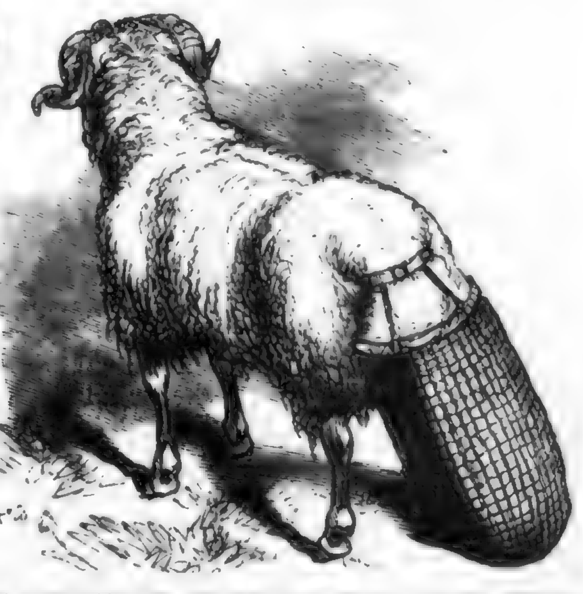
"The black carved writing-table in one of the rooms up-stairs, I suppose," said Katharine. "I saw it this morning, and that wonderful, beautiful table ; but you have not finished ?"

"Well," continued Tom, moving uneasily, "they do say that *La Dame Blanche* dislikes to have her legacies under lock and key, and that no power on earth could keep the doors of the rooms containing them locked, and that she has been seen many a time flitting up and down

THE LOVERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 567



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—NORTH AFRICAN REST FOR TAIL.—SEE PAGE 567.



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—ASIATIC METHOD OF PROTECTING TAIL.

the oaken staircase. Of course, that is all rubbish; but when I was a boy I believed it as I did the Gospel."

"Tom, do you know that even before you said a word I felt afraid of that portrait?"

"I don't wonder; it is not such a beauty. We can have it taken down some day."

"Mars' Tom," says Cinder, putting her woolly head in at the door, "old Miss Stebbins done most run deranged wid de toothache, and she done sent word would you please to step over dar and draw de tooth for her."

"Old Miss Stebbins" was the manager's wife, and the "step" was about two miles and a half.

The penalty of Tom's having studied medicine at college was his being called on to practice in an amateur kind of way on all the halt, maimed or crippled in striking distance, when the regular medical practitioner chanced to be out of the way.

And such was the confidence of the old women in his coaxing tongue and winning ways, that they would have suffered him to extract a shoulder-blade, had he deemed it advisable, much less a tooth.

Kiss! Kiss!

"I'll be back pretty soon, Kitty, and you had best keep Cinder in here till I return, as my story is not a pleasant one to reflect upon, with the night-shadows creeping on so fast."

CHAPTER III.

THE lights have been brought in; the clock strikes nine, and Mrs. Vernon, nervously wide awake, converses affably with the little maid to pass away time, if conversing it might be called, when the talk is all on one side, and monosyllabic on the other.

Cinder, from her warm corner on the rug, has grown sleepy, and nods like a Chinese mandarin.

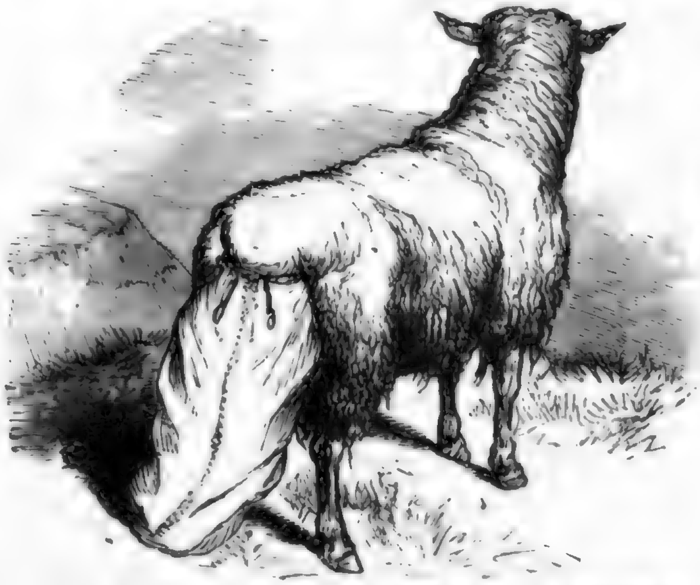
Mrs. Vernon is half inclined to call up Aunt Clemmy, but dismisses the idea as too undignified in the head of the household.

Ten o'clock!

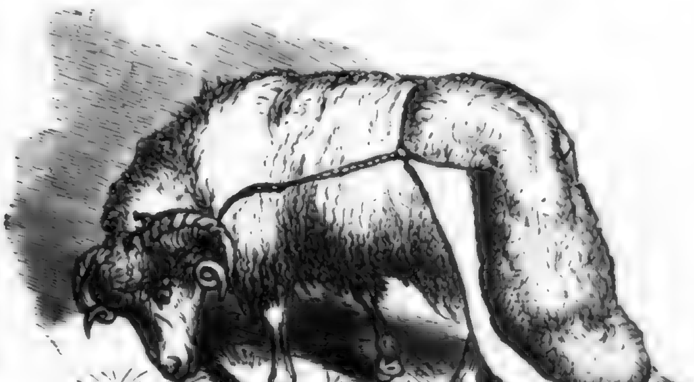
"What in the world can keep Tom so late? He has had time to pull every tooth in old Mrs. Stebbins's head, and make her a new set!"

Cinder is snoring.

Katharine rises and moves about the room, trying always not to glance toward *La Dame Blanche*, but feeling



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—ASIATIC METHOD OF PROTECTING TAIL.



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—SOUTH AFRICAN MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

nervously sure that a pair of cold gray eyes are watching her every movement.

She stops before the large, round table Tom had told her of, and removes the cover of blue damask.

How brilliantly beautiful! She fetches a lamp and examines it closely, studying out the designs.

Fancy a large, octagonal table, the top of which is divided into three equal parts, and each division of which furnishes a perfect specimen of the three styles of Japanese lacquering. Massive mother-of-pearl, rainbow-tinted, forms the borders of these partitions.

One part represents the sea; another, a cultivated valley; and the third a forest, with their respective beasts and birds.

Through the transparent sea fish could be seen chasing each other, while junks sailed over its rippled surface. In the valley there was a rice-field, with long-legged cranes approaching unwary frogs. And upon the trees of the forest sat brilliantly plumaged birds.

And such a polish as there was upon the entire surface! It seemed dangerous to touch it; yet with a steel point you could scarcely have made a scratch.

So grandly, glaringly brilliant was the whole, that good taste required that it should be covered with a cloth.

Massive, solid and ponderous. Mrs. Vernon tried to move it. She might as well have exerted her pygmy strength against the Rock of Gibraltar.

The stem supporting the top was composed of hideous, distorted dragons, writhing, twisting, grappling with each other.

A wild thought entered Katharine's breast. Suppose there should be secret openings—spring drawers?

Hoping to hear a hollow echo, she rapped upon the table and bent her ear to listen.

Immediately there was a crash, which reverberated through the silent, empty house like thunder, and a wild, muffled, fearful scream, which a lost spirit might have uttered.

Fear paralyzed Katharine's tongue; and, quaking, shivering and pale with terror, she was still standing when Tom entered the room.

Cinder was fast asleep on the rug; and, as Katharine fainted away in her husband's arms, she dreamily wondered if her brown hair had not grown gray.

"Imagination! Nothing in this world but imagination," said Tom, after the household had been summoned, and Mrs. Vernon was herself again. "You confess, Kitty, that you were listening for some sound, and you were expecting and desiring to hear it. Fancy did the rest. Why, Cinder would have been aroused if there had been half the hubbub you describe. Why, I've known fellows in the army to hear cannon firing and shells bursting a week after the battle was over. This just proves, my dear, what slaves we are to our fancies and nerves, and I trust it will be a lesson to you in the future to guard against."

"Tom, do you hear it?" and Katharine hid her face in her hands.

Unmistakably there was a long, loud, dismal yell sounding from overhead. Tom turned a little pale as he sprang to his feet, and Aunt Clemmy muttered under her breath:

"'Tis de *hant!* It comes from de room ober dis berry blue parlor."

"Haunt or demon, I'll find out in a minute;" and Tom seized a lamp and darted out of the room.

Afraid to remain, the women all followed him. The long, wailing shriek sounded again as they approached the door that Katharine had so securely locked in the morning.

It yielded to a touch, as Tom fumbled for the key; and in a moment something large, soft and white bounded out like a flash among the frightened women!

Whiff! went the light, leaving them in total darkness.

"'Twas de debbil!" says Cinder, solemnly. "I saw de fire flashing out his eyes, and his forked tail like a spear."

"De debbil is black, you fool-nigger," corrected Aunt Clemmy. "'Twas a *hant*, all in pure white."

"*Haunt* or fiend," said Tom, coolly, striking a match, "it clawed my hands as it shot past, and I am of the opinion that it was a cat. No wonder the noise sounded like forty cannon, Kitty," Tom continued, when the lamp was again lighted. "Here is the old chest smashed into about a hundred pieces. No doubt you locked up the cat this morning, and she knocked it over."

"But the cat could not have unlocked the door, Tom," said Katharine, suspiciously.

"Sure enough," murmurs Aunt Clemmy.

"But the wind might have rattled it open, I suspect, little woman. Whatever it was, that old piece of furniture is 'done for,' I think."

The escritoire was shattered. Fear in a woman's heart may be very strong, but Katharine had her share of curiosity as well; and with Tom by her side, she had the courage to examine the heap of *débris*, looking for—she did not know what.

"Why, Kitty," laughed Tom, "the old thing has been in the house a hundred years, and I had four sisters. Don't you suppose they found everything there was to be found?"

"Here is something they left, at any rate," cries Kitty, picking out a musty, yellowish bag of silk. "We will open it down-stairs."

"That is the old silk marble-bag I had when a boy," laughed Tom. "Can you make a mystery of it, do you think?"

CHAPTER IV.

"NOTHING but your old marble-bag, eh, Tom?" says Katharine, triumphantly drawing out of the satchel a piece of folded parchment. "Guess, before we open it, what it may be."

"Pshaw!" says Tom, "it can't amount to much. One of *La Dame Blanche's* love-letters from great-great-grandfather, perhaps, or a malediction on her sister for stealing away her lover."

But Katharine had spread it open, and was trying to decipher the faded characters.

"It is not dated, Tom."

"Of course not, if a woman wrote it, for the sex is superior to such a weakness as dating manuscripts. Can you make it out, my dear?"

Slowly Katharine spelled out the enigmatical sentences:

> "I forgive duplicity, but I will not reward it. In after years, who hath wit to decipher may profit. The curse of my life lies buried.
>
> "I leave it guarded below by the strength of griffins. Overhead the fishes swim, the trees wave, the laborer toils, and the birds do fly.
>
> "Whoso discovereth my meaning is cursed or blessed, according to the usage made of what groweth out of it.
>
> "Signed, CHRISTINE LA CROIX."

"Humph! worse than I thought," said matter-of-fact Tom. "Nothing but a riddle of some sort, and a poor one at that, I'll be bound."

"Wait, Tom," says Katharine, the flush on her cheek growing still deeper; "let me think. 'I forgive duplicity, but I will not reward it.' 'The curse of my life.' Tom, Tom, she did not leave her money to her sister.

'The curse of her life.' Of course your great-great-grandfather was only after her fortune when he wanted to marry her. 'It lies buried.' Tom, Tom, we must find it—we *must!*"

In her excitement Katharine sprang up and began pacing rapidly up and down.

Tom, but little infected with her enthusiasm, leaned over the parchment and tried to read it.

"I can't make head nor tail of it," he said, at last, shaking his head.

"It may really refer to her money; but she says 'it is buried,' and the old priests who buried her were griffins sharp enough to find all the poor lady could have concealed, I'll warrant. Griffins? What are griffins, anyhow? Oh, but, Tom, you don't seem to understand."

"No; I wish I did."

"Don't you see? She may be speaking figuratively. Griffins are great scaly things with claws and wings, you know. Stop laughing, Tom, do," cries the little woman, stamping her foot, "and think of something."

"I think it is bedtime," said Tom, yawning; "and after your fright and swooning away, it is my medical opinion that you had better go to sleep at once. You can puzzle over it to-morrow; or if you will only wait till there is a blue moon, or until Sunday comes in the middle of the week, you will be sure to find the treasure."

"But, Tom, I have an idea!" cries Katharine, standing stock still.

"You had lots of them the first time I ever saw you."

"Tom, come here;" and seizing the lamp, Katharine removed the cover from the octagonal table for the second time. "Look there!"

"Yes, very pretty; but I've seen it before."

"Look at those scaly, creeping, crawling, twisting things curled and twined together underneath. There are griffins, if ever there was a griffin."

"Very probably. What then?"

"Why, Tom, the money is bound to be about this table somewhere. Don't you see the fishes and the trees and the birds all over the top?"

"Kitty!" cries Tom, his face lighting up, "I do believe you have hit it. Why, Kitty, only suppose we find something, sure enough!"

He went to work with a will—Kitty at his elbow, prompting, peering, thumping and prying into every corner of the table.

All in vain. After a thorough search Tom rose to his feet and shook his head.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, little woman, but it is as solid as lead. It takes four men to move it. I remember when it was brought into this room. Come, we have wasted time enough over the matter. Hullo! you'll be having a fever if I don't look after you better. Your cheeks are on fire, and eyes blazing."

"Tom," said Katharine, trying to speak very calmly and slowly, "I know there is something in all this. Let me look a little longer, to satisfy myself, else I shall not sleep a wink to-night. Sit in the arm-chair, and take another smoke now, like a good boy, and let me look by myself."

"I wish to heaven you might find something, little wife," says Tom, with a sigh, as he proceeds to do her bidding. "You took me for better or worse, I know, but I'll be hanged if I meant to make a poor man's wife of you."

Kiss! kiss!

"Go along, Tom, do! In half an hour you shall have more money than you know what to do with."

Tom had puffed the room half full of tobacco-smoke before he was disturbed by his wife, who patiently and perseveringly poked and pried and rapped and sounded among the distorted monsters of the carved woodwork with a strong clasp-knife.

What roused Tom at last from a rather gloomy reverie of sheriffs' sales and the forcible seizure of horses and stock was the unmistakable jingle of metal, simultaneously with a loud scream from Katharine.

She had found it. A dragon's carven wing had moved a little aside, and through the crevice had fallen some silver florins. It was not the only one. Tom's strong fingers soon made the opening wider still, and out it came upon the floor—a stream of silver.

Of course, there was not a sensible word spoken for many moments. It was, "Oh, Kitty! you duck!—you precious darling!—clever Kitty!" And Kitty drew a long breath, and, kissing Tom, could only say, "I am so glad! Now you'll be free of debts!"

"How do you suppose *La Dame Blanche* packed it all in there, pet?" asks Tom, at last, when the silver lay in a great shining heap on the carpet.

"Why, I can get my hand in and all around the hollow space," says Katharine, suiting the action to the word; "and you can see by the picture that her hand was ever so much smaller than mine."

How much money was there, do you ask? They did not count it that night, nor indeed for several days; for, when Tom had gotten up as high as seven hundred and eighty-seven florins, Kitty was sure to forget what was in her pile, and would put Tom out by asking questions, and then they both had to begin again.

Indeed, I am not sure that they ever did get the amount exactly straight, there being some difficulty in counting the foreign coin.

Though it was not sufficient to pay off all Tom's security debts, it was enough to ease his mind to the extent that he had no difficulty in sleeping of nights; and it put him in such good spirits that he went to work with a will, and the estate soon cleared itself.

As for the door of the haunted room, they mended the windows and changed the lock, and there was never the least difficulty afterward in keeping the door shut.

But Katharine being in rather a nervous state of mind, Tom sent to Westover for the small brother Dick, and Bobby and Sue and Nell and the rest of them, and there was such a racket and merry clatter kept up in the old house that the ghost did not have a leg left to stand on; although, to her dying day, Aunt Clemmy believed that she had seen a *hant*, Cinder stoutly maintaining her opinion that it was "de debbil, wid fiery eyes and tail like a spear."

So far from removing *La Dame Blanche's* portrait, they paid it every honor, and Katharine grew to think it a very handsome picture, with a particularly kind and affable expression.

The name, *Christine*, she appropriated a few years later, upon the birth of a little daughter.

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF TRAVEL, BY AUGUST LOCHER.

One of the most remarkable of domestic animals, yet the one least known to civilized people, is unquestionably the fat-tailed, or broad-tailed, sheep, originally a native of Central Asia, but now found in various parts of China, India, North and South Africa. In the region last mentioned it was formerly particularly abundant, having, in fact, been, up to the time of that country's colonization

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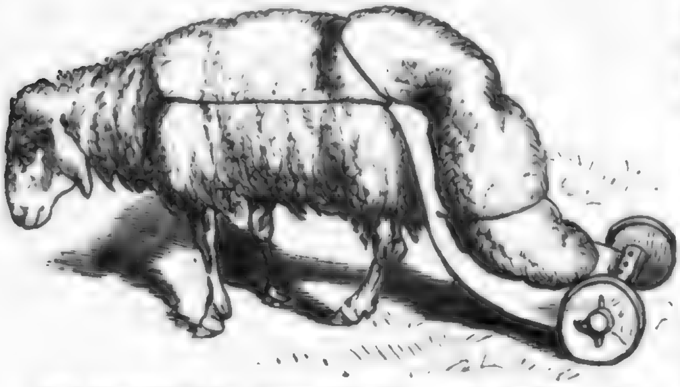


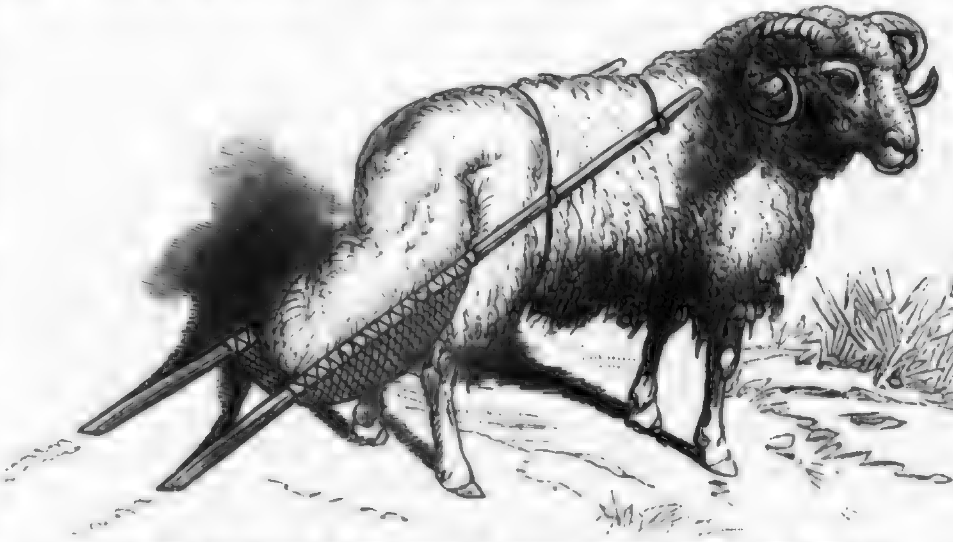
THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—BOERS' MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

by the English, the only species of sheep known there. Somewhat inferior in size to the common sheep of Europe and America, it differs from the latter also perceptibly in shape, being narrower in proportion across the chest, wider across the hindquarters, and standing comparatively higher on the forequarters or shoulders, and lower on the hindquarters or haunches.

Its ears, too, are larger and more pendulous, and the ridge of the nose has a bolder curve. But by far the most striking characteristic of the subject of my sketch is its wonderful tail.

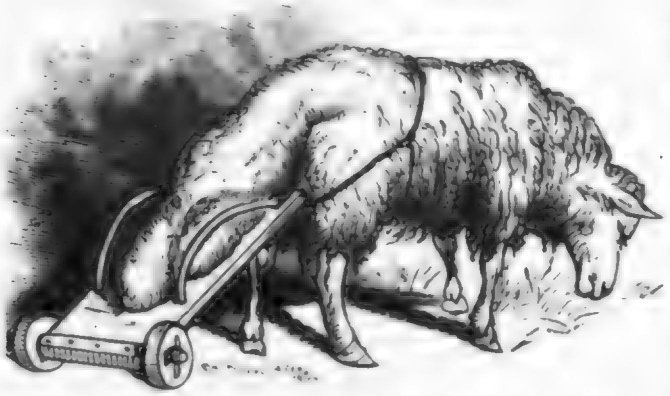
Nature, for some inscrutable reason, has seen fit to encumber this gentle, timid little animal with a tail far bulkier and heavier than that of any other quadruped now living — a caudal appendage simply preposterous in its weight, shape and dimensions, considering the size and strength of the animal.

Exaggerated though the statement may appear, it is nevertheless scrupulously true that the tail of a healthy, full-grown sheep of this species seldom or never weighs less than twenty-five pounds, while specimens with tails of forty, fifty and sixty pounds in weight are not rare—nay, the tails of some exceptionally large and fat animals have been known to reach the almost fabulous weight of seventy, seventy-five, and even eighty pounds, an avoirdupois considerably in excess of the weight of all the rest of the animal itself.



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—NORTH AFRICAN REST FOR TAIL.

Though admittedly almost beyond belief, this assertion will readily be confirmed by any South African sheep-farmer who has ever raised this species of sheep, and the writer is satisfied that live specimens, with caudals of the extreme weight mentioned, could be found in South Africa even now, though this class of sheep is no longer raised to any extent by the colonists, but only found in herds among the natives.



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—BOERS' MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

As may readily be imagined, the monstrous size and weight of the tail, hanging down inert and powerless over the hindlegs of the animal, greatly impedes its locomotion, and compels it to move only with a slow, ungainly, shuffling gait, downright painful to behold.

Luckily for this all but utterly helpless being, Dame Nature, as if to partially compensate it for this caudal affliction, has, as above stated, endowed the animal with forelegs perceptibly longer, and shoulders higher in proportion than other breeds of sheep, whereby the pressure of the ponderous tail upon the hindlegs is somewhat relieved; otherwise locomotion, particularly down-hill, would be all but utterly impossible to full-grown, fat and healthy animals, whose caudals have been known to attain a length of thirty-two inches, a width of twenty inches, and a thickness of fifteen inches.

That these prodigious tails are not mere monstrosities, but normal attributes of this peculiar breed of sheep, is clearly demonstrated by the lambs, which are invariably born with tails already slightly baggy in shape, distinctly indicative of that tendency toward extraordinary expansion.

The most remarkable feature of this caudal appendage, however, is its intense sensibility. The thermometer cannot be more sensitive to heat and cold than this tail is to the bodily condition of the animal; for no sooner does the sheep begin to suffer from any cause whatsoever, be it from disease, ill-treatment, hunger or thirst, than the tail forthwith commences to show it by decreasing in size and weight; but as soon as these causes of physical discomfort are removed it improves again in the same ratio as the health of the animal.

The tail of the healthy adult sheep has somewhat the shape of that of the beaver, and is entirely destitute of wool on the lower side, *i.e.*, the side facing toward the animal. It is broadest and thickest about ten inches from the apex or tail-end, and consists of the caudal vertebræ, sparsely lined with fleshy muscles, and surrounded by huge masses of spongy fat and fatty tissue, permeated by innumerable nerves and veins, all radiating from the vertebræ, and rendering the ponderous tail, in spite of its clumsiness, a most sensitive part of the body.

For this reason it is customary among people who raise this class of sheep to carefully guard heavy tails against injury from chafing on the ground, from laceration by sharp stones, thorns, etc., by means of various devices.

In Asia, bags of rawhide, felt, matting or other strong material, even wicker-baskets, are strapped over the heaviest tails. In North Africa, a stick about the size of a broomstick is so attached to the sheep as to rest with the one end on the hindquarters of the animal, while the other end is left to drag on the ground, and to this slanting stick the tail is suspended by means of bandages. Some use two sticks, one fastened to the right, the other to the left, side of the sheep. Both sticks are left trailing on the ground, and on a piece of matting stretched between the two sticks immediately behind the animal, the tail is deposited.

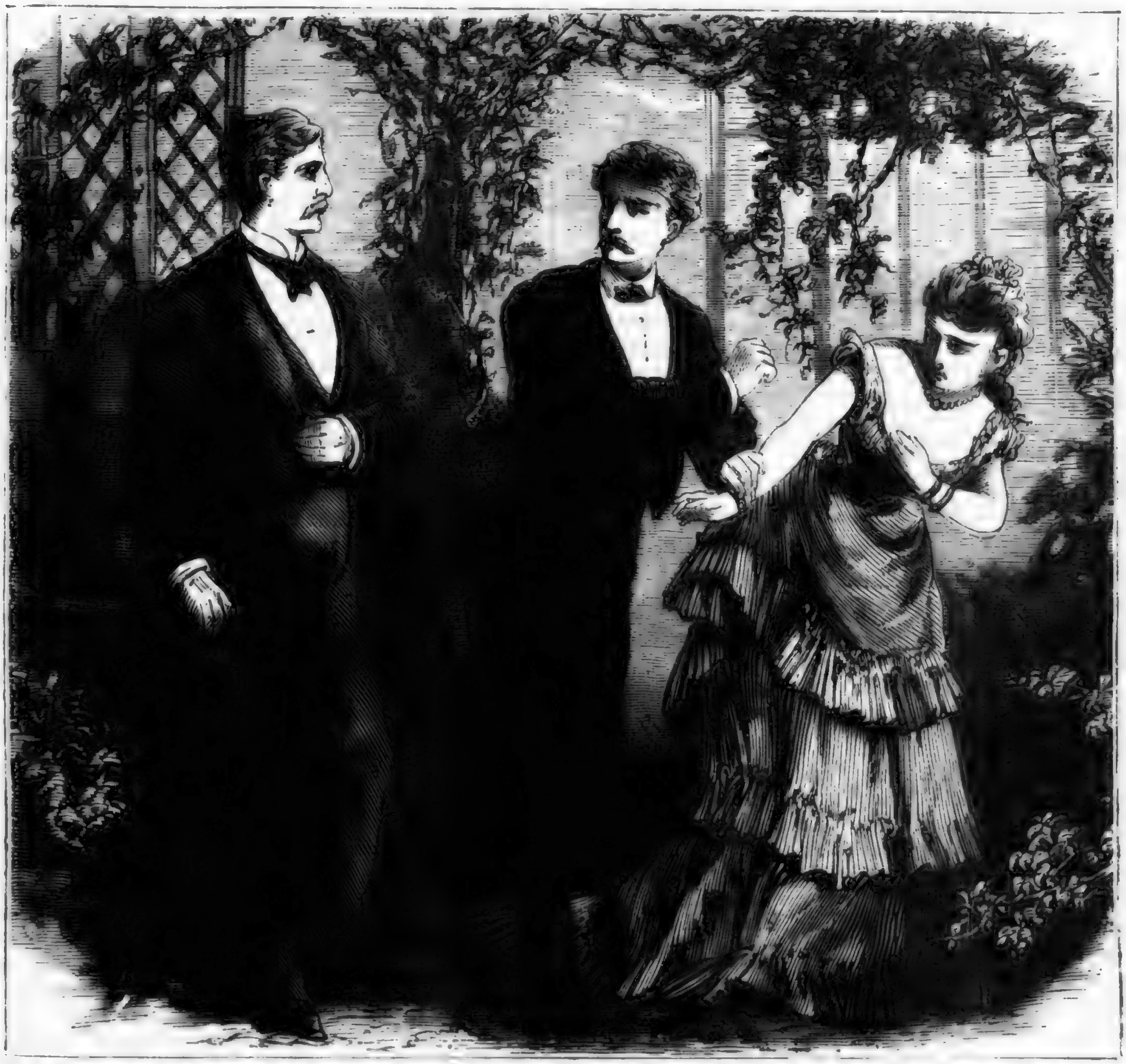
Among the Bechuanas, Namaquas, and other Hottentot tribes of South Africa, the writer saw a still more simple contrivance used for this purpose. A piece of rawhide of sufficient length and width is passed apron-like under the tail, and left trailing on the ground, with the tail resting upon it. The Boers (Dutch-African farmers and stock-raisers) of the interior of South Africa also use the rawhide apron for this purpose, or a piece of thin plank or board of suitable size, but they usually attach small wooden wheels to the lower or trailing end thereof, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

These various contrivances are, of course, only used on sheep whose tails have become too large and cumbrous to be carried without artificial support.

The fat of these tails is considered a delicacy, and used as butter in the countries where this species of sheep is raised. When fresh, it tastes sweet and pleasant—indeed, very much like good butter, which it resembles also in color.

The flesh of the animal, however, is decidedly inferior to our mutton, probably on account of its chronic leanness, for, strange to say, no amount of good feeding of the animal can induce the fat to settle on any other part of this sheep than upon its tail.

In order to force the fat to distribute itself more equally over the animal's body, abundant experiments have been made with the all-absorbing tail, such as preventing and moderating its growth by means of tight ligatures, curtailing it, or even cutting it off altogether, when the animal was still young; but all these attempts failed



"T. S. L."—"I TOOK HER HAND IN MINE, AND RAISED IT TO MY LIPS, WHEN SHE WAS SNATCHED BACK BY A STRONG HAND, AND THEODORE LECOURT'S VOICE CRIED: 'TRAITRESS! SO THIS IS WHY YOU ARE SO COLD TO ME!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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lamentably in their aim, invariably succeeding only in destroying the life of the poor brutes.

The wool of this species of sheep is soft, but shorter than that of most other domestic breeds, and consequently of inferior commercial value. Principally on account of this fact, the early English and Scotch colonists of South Africa gradually tired of raising the fat, or broad-tailed, sheep, and began importing English sheep of the Dorset, Ryeland, Cheviot, Leicester and other celebrated breeds, some of which throve well in the South African climate, while others did not acclimate themselves so readily.

Through crossing the different breeds with each other, they succeeded, however, in obtaining a breed adapted to the climate as well as profitable, and immense herds of this class of sheep are now met with all over South Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River.

Within the last twenty years, enterprising colonists, in order to still further improve the wool of their flock, have imported a large number of the far-famed Merino sheep, mostly rams, which they allow to run among their herds.

As for the unfortunate subject of my sketch, it has long since been discarded by the speculative colonist, except as a sort of curiosity or memento of bygone days, still kept around the house, and is now only met with in considerable numbers among the Boers and Hottentots of the west coast and the far interior of South Africa.

Although undeniably a most interesting animal, all but totally unknown to the majority of civilized people, it is, strange to say, nowhere to be seen, to my knowledge, either in this country or Europe, not even in zoological gardens and menageries—for what reason I am at a loss to say, because it cannot be more difficult to acclimate than many other animals, indigenous to the same regions, which are exhibited *ad nauseam* throughout the civilized world.

"T. S. L."

"T. S. L." That was the only mark there was upon it, the three initial letters engraved upon the inside. I turned and twisted it in my fingers, as I stood under the gaslight, making the diamonds shoot forth their fiery lines of dazzling brilliancy. Close examination proved it to be a most beautiful and valuable jewel, a heavy gold ring, with a shield of blue enamel. In the centre of the shield sparkled one large diamond of purest water, and above it a number of smaller stones, yet each of remarkable beauty and purity, were grouped in the form of a crescent. I had never seen a gem more valuable and unique, but its possession was simply an annoyance to me.

I was making a hasty business trip from my home in D——, Ohio, through some of the large Eastern cities, and had stopped in New York for a few days, having resolved to crowd two weeks' work into one, if possible.

I had arrived in the city after all places of business were closed, had eaten a hasty dinner, and gone to the theatre. Meeting some friends, we had supped together, and talked until the clocks warned us we had stolen more than one hour from a new day. Upon my return to my hotel, tired and desperately sleepy, I had found, upon the stairs, the ring I have described. It was then after two o'clock, evidently no hour to trouble the sleepy clerk down-stairs about the matter, so I put it in a safe corner in my pocket-book, and retired.

The next morning, rising late, and feeling very much hurried, I merely mentioned in the office that, if any one inquired for a diamond ring, I had found one, and went, literally, "about my business." During my travels about the city, I took the ring to a leading jeweler's, and found his estimate of the value of the stones even higher than my own.

"The workmanship is exquisite," he said to me; "evidently not done in this country."

No inquiries having been made at the hotel, I advertised my windfall for three days, and considered I had done all that could be expected. Still I did not care to wear what was really not my own, and put the ring away in a private drawer of my writing-desk, with some other valuables, charitably hoping the loser was wealthy enough to bear the loss philosophically. When I left New York I gave my address at the hotel and newspaper office; but a year later no word of inquiry respecting the ring had reached me.

The business firm of which I was the junior partner required my services as a sort of traveling agent, my sojourn in different cities lasting sometimes for months, sometimes only for a few days. We were introducing throughout the United States a new and valuable patent, with a success that was rapidly making us all men of wealth. I, being the youngest in the firm, and having, the others were kind enough to inform me, a pleasing manner and ready tongue, was chosen to point out the merits of our bread-winner to the merchants who could dispose of it for us.

One of my trips southward—a year later than my visit to New York—found me settled in a pleasant boarding-house in New Orleans, with letters of introduction from many of the leading merchants of other cities to those in my new abode.

I was soon assured of a pleasant social standing; and one of the most delightful homes where I was made welcome was that of Monsieur Lecourt, a French gentleman, and a merchant of high standing and large wealth, who owned valuable plantations not far from the city. He was a tall, stately gentleman, with white hair and mustache, and a grave face, that was often shadowed by a deep sadness, though it never failed to light up in courteous welcome when I approached.

I called twice, and spent the evening in the library with my host; but the third time, as the servant opened the door, a lady rose from a seat beside the old gentleman, and moved toward the door.

"Stay, Adela," he said; "this is my friend Mr. Haven, of whom I have spoken to you. My daughter Adela, Mr. Haven."

The lady returned my greeting, and resumed her seat beside her father; and as we conversed in the best French I could command, I found my eyes wandering, ever to rest on her face and figure.

She was tall and slender, without being thin; the figure was exquisitely rounded, and possessed a peculiar willowy grace in its drooping attitudes and motions. The face was very beautiful, a perfect oval, with regular features, and large, soft brown eyes, shaded by long lashes, black as the raven hair above the low, broad forehead. But upon the fair face, in the graceful, drooping figure, was visible a deep, settled melancholy, very painful to witness in one who could scarcely have stepped out of her teens. Her face was always pale, and looked like marble contrasting with her deep mourning dress. Her voice was always low, and had an accent of sadness in every tone.

Monsieur Lecourt was deeply interested in my patent, and inclined to make some investment of his idle capital in the enterprise, so that we were often together discussing business, and it soon became a matter of course to find Adela with her father in the library.

It was evident that the bond uniting the two was very close, and that the father rarely moved unaccompanied by the daughter. So it was that we became a trio often seen in the library, Adela grasping with clear intelligence all the advantages in her father's proposed venture, and questioning and overcoming all the objections. Yet, business over, Adela was ready for general conversation, proving in her every word not only a refined, cultivated intellect, but a familiarity with current topics rarely met with in a lady, and doubtless due, in a great measure, to her father's constant companionship.

As the months of my sojourn passed on, I perceived little changes in Adela Lecourt, that seemed to promise that the heavy cloud evidently resting on her young life was rolling back somewhat. She would smile oftener, and I noted a softening in her dress, and an improvement in her manner. Soft white lace replaced the heavy black crape at her throat and wrists, and she wore her hair in looser, fuller fashion. The long white hands that had rested in listless idleness upon her lap now busied themselves with pretty feminine work, embroidery, and soft woolen trifles. True, the work would lie often neglected if we spoke of topics that interested her, but then her eyes would kindle with an enthusiasm they never showed in the early days of our friendship.

It was friendship true and sincere. I knew I was welcome to daughter as well as father, and for the time I asked no more than the cordial greetings given me so freely. Sometimes we formed parties for horseback rides to the plantations, and I found Adela the centre of loving friends; but I liked best our long home evenings, spent in the library, drawing-room, or wide garden summer-house, as the whim of the moment dictated. Calm, even, and uneventful, our friendship knew no waverings, and seemed likely to endure through life.

Four months passed rapidly; my business flourished, and all was well with me, when one evening, calling at Monsieur Lecourt's, I found him alone in the summer-house. After some desultory chat, the old gentleman said to me:

"To-morrow I hope to introduce you to my nephew, Theodore Lecourt. He arrives from Paris to-night."

"Indeed," I said, trying to seem interested. "Does he make a long visit here?"

"His visit has been to Europe. He has been nearly two years abroad, but this is his home. He will be my heir, as he is the affianced husband of my daughter."

My heart seemed to turn to stone as the old gentleman spoke. For the first time I realized what the past four months had cost me. I had given my whole heart to Adela Lecourt, never knowing it till I heard she was beyond my reach. Affianced to another! I could not speak; and whether Monsieur Lecourt guessed or not the cause of my silence, he smoked his fragrant Havana, and said no more for a long time, then started a new topic for conversation.

The evening shadows deepened and lengthened, till the soft, dim twilight rested on all things, and Adela came not to her accustomed place by her father's side. When, at a late hour, I took my leave reluctantly, she was still invisible.

The next morning, before I left my room, I was handed an invitation to an entertainment at Monsieur Lecourt's, given in honor of his nephew's arrival. It would have been too marked a difference in our friendly relations for me to decline, and hastily writing an acceptance, I tried by unusual attention to business to forget my heartache. Another subject troubled me. The party was not to occur for two days. Was I expected to absent myself in the interval, or to make my evening calls as usual?

All day my mind dwelt upon Adela. Was the deep, settled melancholy upon her face grief for the absence of her *fiancé*, and should I now see the lovely face lighted by hope and joy? I ground my teeth as I thought of this, inwardly thinking I had rather see it cold in death than radiant with love-light for another. Requiring some private papers during the day, I opened my desk, and in one of the recesses, where it had long lain forgotten, sparkled the ring I had found in New York, the serpent diamond crescent upon the deep blue shield. I took it up carelessly, admired it a while, and slipped it upon my finger. The papers I had come to seek being interesting and important, I was soon busied with them, and closed the desk, forgetting to return the ring to its place. Afterward, I thought:

"Well, it is mine, I suppose. Nobody else has ever asked for it, so I might as well wear it."

I could easily plead business as my excuse for absence from Monsieur Lecourt's for a day or two, and, dreading to meet Adela now, I resolved to do so. It was some relief to my sore heart to become suddenly very active in business, and I ran about soliciting orders, making proposals, and actually doing more in forty-eight hours than I had done in any previous month. Yet the dreaded day came at last, when I must meet my rival, and judge by Adela's face if the recent changes in it had been caused by the prospect of the speedy arrival of her *fiancé*.

Being busy in the middle of the day, and not caring to return home at that hour, I strolled into the St. Charles, and ordered dinner.

Two gentlemen were seated at the table where I took my place, conversing in a low tone, but earnestly. Without listening, or, indeed, much heeding them, I could not avoid hearing what was said. Evidently they were very intimate friends discussing a love affair.

"I should scarcely have known her," said one.

"But," said the other, "you told me it was an affair of long ago. Can you have a rival?"

"I have thought of that," and the speaker crushed double a little salt-spoon he had held in his hands. "It is a new thing to see her sad and quiet—more, she is positively gloomy. Her father says she has never recovered from the shock of her mother's death; but why should that make her shrink from me?"

"Are you sure she does?"

"Sure! She never loved me, but we were always good friends. Now my presence seems to give her positive pa[illegible] If I caress her, she turns so white I think she will faint. If I speak of our wedding, she shudders, turns away and escapes from the room as soon as possible."

"She never did so before?"

"No. We were friends, though not lovers."

"And you are not ill-looking!"

Mentally, I indorsed the last statement. I never saw a handsomer face than the one opposite to me; yet, with all the beauty of regular features, large dark eyes, and even, white teeth, there was a look of suffering there, as if from ill-health, and the eyes burned with a fire that boded no good to any who earned its enmity.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, he gave a quick, gasping cry, and bending forward, gazed into my face. He was white as death, and a literal fury seemed to possess him. Twice he tried to speak, but failed, and rolling over, lay in frightful convulsions at my feet.

His companion spoke at once to me:

"Loosen his necktie! Let him lie flat! It is nothing. He will soon recover. Any sudden or violent agitation brings on these attacks. You know him?"

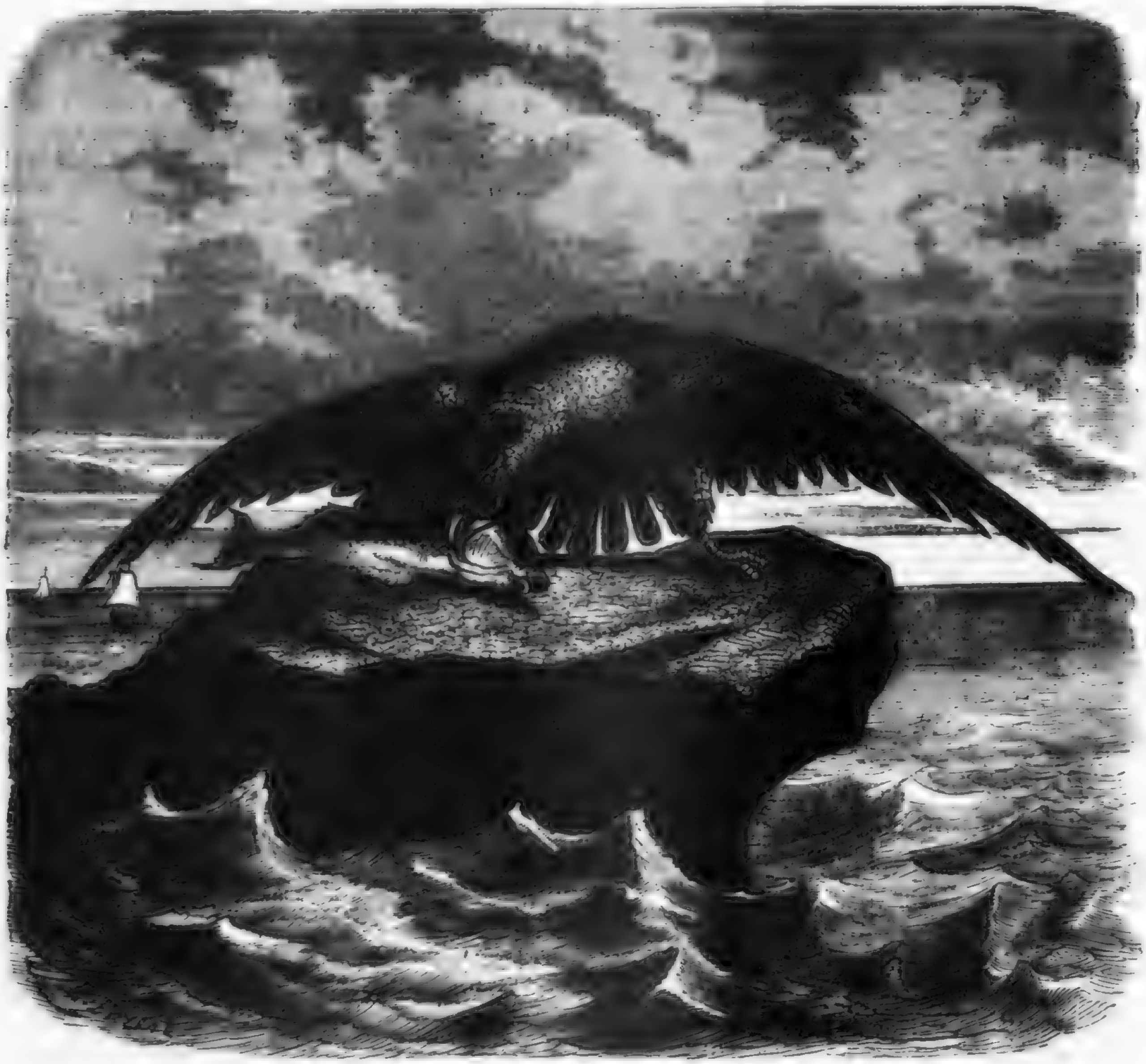
"He is an entire stranger to me."

"Ah! have you not seen him abroad, or before he left New Orleans?" he asked.

"I tell you he is a perfect stranger."

"See, he is recovering. Do not let him see you. You must resemble some one that he knows, and your face may renew the attack. Pray leave us."

Not wishing to agitate the unfortunate man again, and seeing that he was slowly recovering, I left my untasted dinner, and was soon in the street once more. I forgot business—the approaching festival at Monsieur Lecourt's—and strode rapidly along, thinking of the strange incident. The face that had looked into mine was strangely familiar, though I was sure I had never seen it before; the voice, too, seemed to recall some memory, and my mind was deeply troubled by all.



THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.—SEE PAGE 574.

It was very late when I crossed the garden and ascended the wide steps at Monsieur Lecourt's. The windows were open, and strains of music floated out upon the air. Looking in, I saw Adela conversing with a guest, a stranger to me; and watching her was the gentleman I had met a few hours previous at the St. Charles. I knew now what made his face so familiar. Brother and sister could not have borne a closer resemblance to each other than Adela and this man. He must be her cousin Theodore, her affianced husband, and my rival.

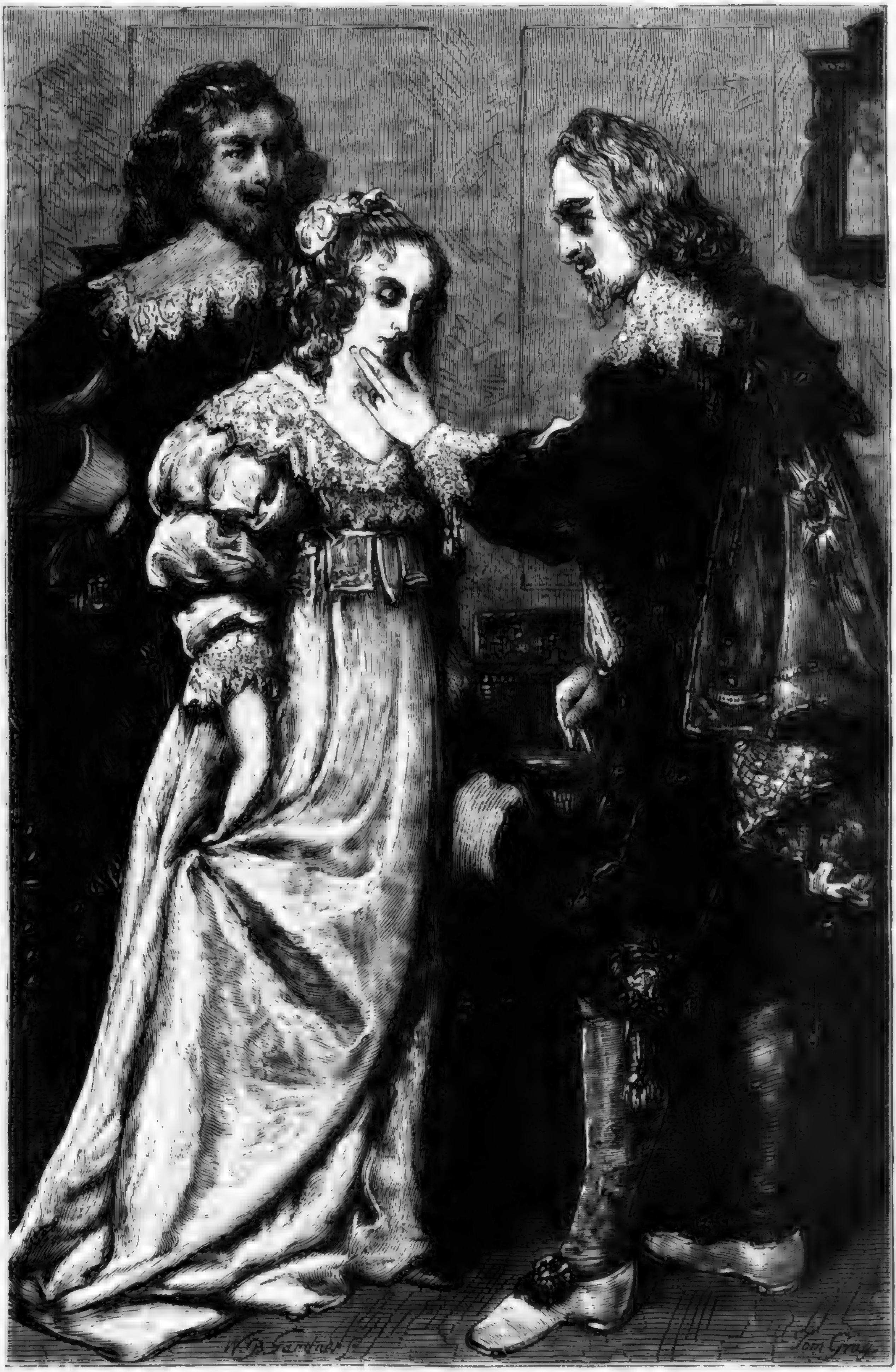
For the first time I saw Adela in a dress that was not black. She had discarded her mourning, and wore a heavy white silk, that left uncovered shoulders and arms round and fair as marble statuary. Diamonds glistened in the drooping braids of her hair, at her throat and wrists, but no color broke the snowy whiteness, except the rays of fire from the jewels. A faint smile of courteous interest hovered over her lips, as she conversed, but she was as pale as when I first met her, and a deeper sadness, if possible, rested in the large, soft eyes.

My heart was so heavy, I was unfit to meet gay faces. My own darling! How could I bear to see her the unwilling bride of another! No doubt now rested on my mind that the match was one of interest or convenience. The conversation I had overheard convinced me of that. I looked long in the lovely, sad face, and then left the window, not to enter the house, but to wander through the garden, till I reached the summer-house. I had spent many pleasant hours in this retreat, and I threw myself down in a wide rustic seat, to try to gain sufficient calmness to face the gay scene to which I had been invited.

It was no light task. Every nerve in my body seemed to me quivering with pain and misery. I was sitting quiet, when a rustling of silk near by aroused me from my painful reverie, and, looking up, I saw Adela standing in the doorway of the summer-house. In the dim light I was unnoticed, for, leaning her head against the leafy lattice, she sighed deeply, and spoke in a low whisper:

"He has left me! No word—no farewell! Oh, Godfrey, I could not so desert you!"

My own name! I could not restrain myself.



SIR RICHARD FANSHAW INTRODUCING HIS WIFE TO CHARLES THE FIRST, AT HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Adela!" I cried, and was beside her in a moment.

I cannot tell what I said. In rapid, burning words, I told her my love, my jealousy, my despair, and she listened.

After the first start of surprise, she never stirred from her position. I might have thought her cold, had not an occasional sob convinced me she heard me, and felt for me. I took her hand in mine, and raised it to my lips,

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when she was snatched back by a strong hand, and Theodore Lecourt's voice cried, loudly:

"Traitress! So this is why you are so cold to me, false one!"

"I am not false, Theodore! I promised you no love. My hand was and is yours."

"And your love is Godfrey Haven's. I know all. Others have told me—my own eyes have seen proof of your falsehood. Dare you deny you love him?"

"I do not deny it. I love him—but only within this hour have I known he loved me."

"Adela!" the man fairly screamed in his agony, "do you think to deceive me? If he was not your lover, why did you give him the diamond crescent—the pledge of love you accepted from me? Adela! Adela!" and, wailing the name, Theodore Lecourt, for the second time that day, fell in writhing convulsions.

Adela's screams brought assistance at once from the house, and her cousin was carefully conveyed to a lower room. Medical skill was of no avail, and when the last of the horrified guests left the house, a stiff corpse was all remaining of the unfortunate Theodore Lecourt.

Monsieur Lecourt implored me to remain. Adela went to her room, and the old gentleman, after he had given all necessary directions, drew me into the library.

"Tell me all you can, Mr. Haven," he said. "You were in the summer-house?"

All I could tell was soon told, not omitting my own love-story.

"You think Adela loves you?" he asked.

"She has said so."

"That explains so much. Poor Theodore! But if you have not spoken before to Adela, how did you become possessed of *that?*"

As he spoke, he pointed to the ring I had found in New York. A few words told that story, as well.

"Godfrey," he said to me, "you think me a hard father—one who would have forced my only child into a marriage her heart abhorred. I might plead the custom of my country, for French marriages are too often contracted for money or family convenience. But it was not exactly the case here. Theodore and Adela have been affianced since they were children; and I had no idea that my child had any dislike to her cousin, still less did I dream she loved another."

"But, sir, she was so sad! Some cause must exist for such deep depression."

"There was cause. Her mother, who was always an invalid, was sent to Saratoga by her physician, and Adela accompanied her. Theodore was just leaving for Paris, and I was detained here; but we had friends going to the Springs for a Summer holiday, and my wife and daughter joined their party. Instead of gaining health, Madame Lecourt became rapidly worse, and was attacked by a fever and violent delirium. In one of the paroxysms she suddenly sprang from her bed, and rushed to the window of her room. Adela, who was alone with her, struggled with her, crying loudly for assistance; but before it came, her mother had burst from her arms, and thrown herself headlong from the window. She was killed instantly by the fall. I hastened to Saratoga, to find Adela very ill, but kindly nursed by her friends. When she was sufficiently recovered, we returned home, bringing with us the body of my beloved wife. We were in New York a few hours, and during that time Adela must have lost Theodore's ring from her wasted hand. For many months the shock of her mother's death, and the self-reproach she would feel, kept her in a state of deep sadness, that seemed to threaten life and reason. Since you came, she has been slowly recovering her health and spirits, until Theodore's return threw her back again. To-night she roused herself, I think now, hoping to see you. I have been blind, Godfrey—blind!"

"Do you feel, sir, that I have been—innocently, heaven knows—the murderer of your nephew?"

"No. From childhood Theodore has been subject to such convulsions as you witnessed. There was an injury to the brain in his schooldays, that was never cured. Any sudden excitement would produce convulsions; and we have been frequently warned that a sudden violent shock would be fatal. Doubtless he saw the ring upon your finger at the St. Charles to-day. His initials are engraved inside, T. S. L.—Theodore Simon Lecourt. He ordered it for Adela on her eighteenth birthday, sending the design to Paris, where a friend attended to the commission. Poor Theodore!"

We sat silent for some time. I scarcely dared speak of my own affairs in the presence of death, and the uncertainty of Adela. If she looked upon me as having caused her cousin's death, could she consent to be my wife?

Monsieur Lecourt broke the painful stillness of the room.

"Godfrey," he said, gently, "if Adela loves you, remember, I will gladly give you a son's place in my heart and home."

A year we gave to the memory of the dead, and then my fair bride came to bless my life, with happy, love-lit eyes, and no cloud upon her lovely face.

THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.

The fish-hawks (*Falconidæ*) belong to the same subfamily as the eagles. This *genus* is characterized by a short bill, curved from the base to acute hooked tip, and by wings extending to the tip of their tails, which are of moderate length and rather even. The general form of these birds is heavier than that of eagles. They inhabit the temperate regions near lakes, rivers, etc. The female American osprey, or fish-hawk, is twenty-five inches long, with wings extending five feet. The male is a little smaller. The head and under parts of the adults are white; the upper parts, wings and tail, are of an umber-brown color. Eight brownish-black bands mark the tail. On the breast of these ospreys numerous yellowish-brown spots are visible, and the bills and claws are of a bluish-black hue. The toes and tarsi are greenish-yellow, and the tibial feathers extremely short.

Among our birds of prey this species is very conspicuous. Its dexterity in catching fish is very remarkable. While pursuing its booty it flies at a moderate height above the water. The European fish-hawk bears a close resemblance to the American bird.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST AND LADY FANSHAW.

Anne, Lady Fanshaw, was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, and was born in London, March 25th, 1625. On the breaking out of the civil war, Sir John Harrison took the King's side, and joined the Court at Oxford in 1643. Lady Harrison had died two years previous, and Sir John, therefore, sent for Anne and her younger sister Margaret to join him at Oxford, where they were lodged in a baker's attic in an obscure street. It was during this period of poverty that the marriage of Anne took place to Mr. Richard Fanshaw, son of Sir Richard Fanshaw, and who was sixteen years the senior of his bride. Mr.

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Fanshaw was Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, but the poverty of the royalists made the emoluments very precarious.

During the King's stay at Hampton Court Mr. Fanshaw was much about him, and it was at this time that the King expressed a desire to see his wife. Our engraving represents the scene where Mr. Fanshaw introduced the lady to her unfortunate monarch, whose terrible end was drawing so near.

Her numerous adventures and daring in her husband's behalf are told in her memoirs, which she wrote in 1676. She died January 20th, 1680, in her fifty-fifth year.

THE DOVE AND THE PIRATE.

By Thomas Powell.

I.

Seven-and-thirty years had rolled
O'er Reuben's head, a pirate bold,
Leader of a lawless horde
By the right of strongest sword.
Yet in days of infancy
He had prayed at mother's knee,
And at Jesu's hallowed shrine
Sang the services divine;
And on his brow the priest benign
Had thrice inscribed the holy sign.
But, alas! he strayed from God,
And sin's fiery pathway trod,
Till, at last, we find him now
With murder's brand upon his brow.

II.

On an island hid away
In Mexico's refulgent bay,
Reuben lounged beneath a tree
In an idle reverie;
For his pirate crew had gone
Cruising near the Amazon—
On its godless mission bent,
By the Demon Rapine sent.
Reuben had resigned command
To the second of his band—
For he remembered as he lay
'Twas his mother's natal day,
And for her sweet memory
From crime one day he would be free.
So he sent his horde, while he
Lounged alone beneath a tree,
In a solitude so deep,
Nature seemed to be asleep;
Dreaming, as the sparkling rill
Whispers to the quiet hill,
While the rustling of the boughs
Breathes to air their voiceless vows—
Never till that hour had he
Felt such pure tranquillity:
Scenes in his past life began
To unfold, from child to man
(For our childhood follows still
Our after life of good and ill)—
Vision after vision stole
Mistily before his soul,
Till it seemed a thing apart
From his sin-incrusted heart:
"Would," sighed he, "I e'er could rest
With this heaven within my breast!"

Suddenly his heart was stirred
By low, sweet sounds—half voice, half word—
Melting softly on the air,
Making music everywhere.
Again the soothing sound was heard—
'Twas the music of a bird,
The cooing of a gentle dove,
That nestled in the tree above—
She was speaking to her love.
As the bending of a branch
Loosens the vast avalanche,
So this murmur seemed to bring
Comfort from some wondrous spring.
He remembered, when a child,
The cooing of the wood-doves wild,
Which above the cottage eaves
Nestled in the bosoming leaves;
How they woke him in the morn,
Cooing to the day just born;
How they fed his listening ear,
When the blue-skied noon was near—
And the same notes, sweet and dim,
Like a well-remembered hymn,
Sounded on his ear once more,
As they did in days of yore.
As tho' inspired by heavenly power,
He rose from 'neath his leafy bower,
And sinking on his knees, began—
"Jesus, save a sinful man!
Lift, oh! lift, this weight of sin
From my dark soul—leave peace therein!"
Prayer is the spirit's morning star,
Which tells salvation from afar!
Prayer is the soul's all-saving grace—
'Tis gazing on God's gracious face:
"And Satan trembles when he sees
The vilest sinner on his knees."
He knelt—a crime-stained man of pride;
He rose—a sinner purified!

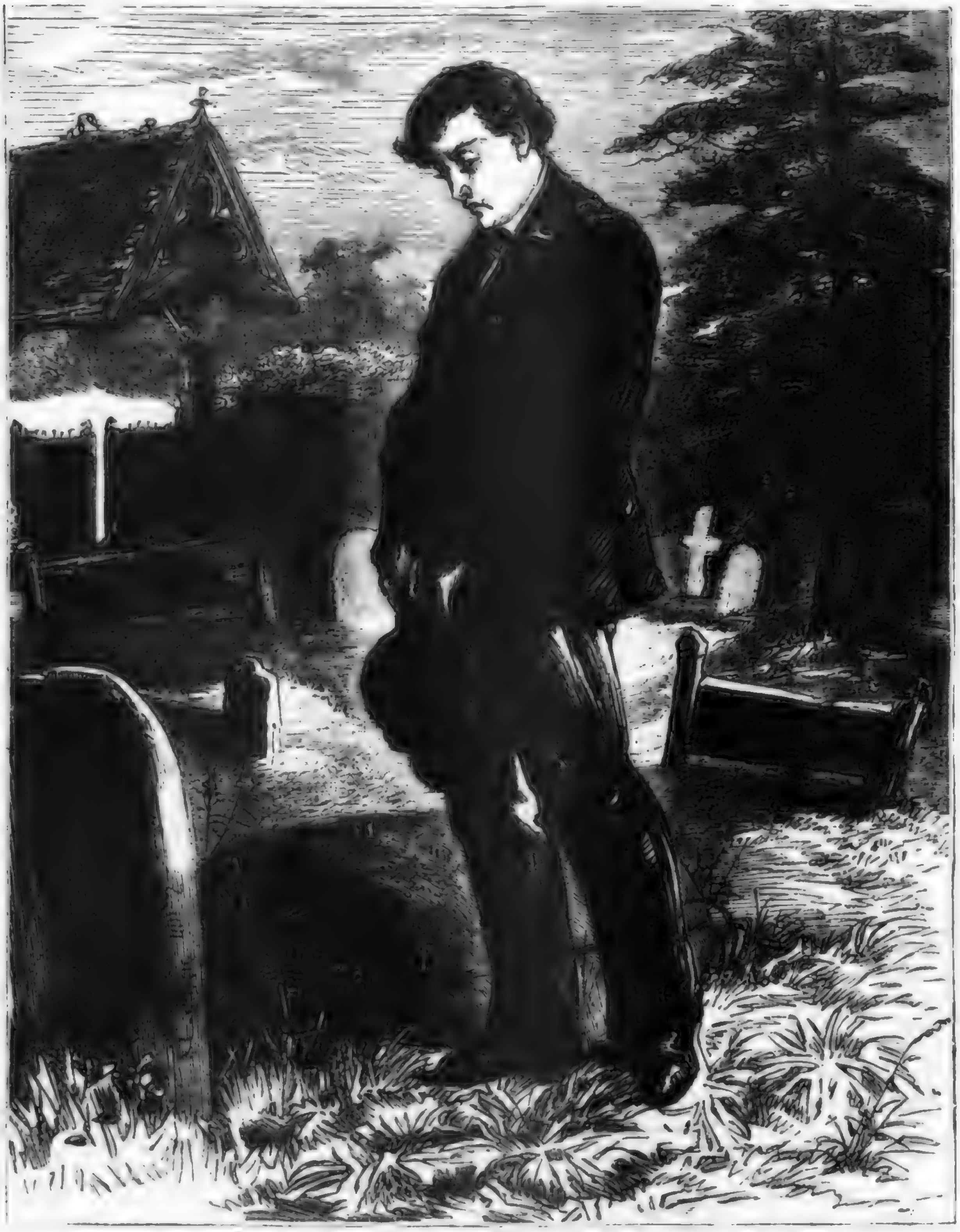
IV.

O'erweighted by his pain and grief,
He wept till slumber brought relief,
And slept till morning came once more
To glorify that island shore.
Again he knelt, and felt the balm
Of prayer to Christ bring holy calm.
As Reuben fixed his earnest gaze
Upon the sea through morning's haze,
His eyes beheld a welcome sight,
Which filled his spirit with delight.
For, sailing round the headland, he
Beheld a gallant argosy;
Near and nearer to the strand—
At length the stranger sailors land.
The pirate sank upon his knee,
Crying, "The Lord has rescued me!"

V.

In an English village near
The sea, where rocks their summits rear,
A weary man, all travel-stained,
Sitting upon a stile remained.
He was musing on the past—
Years had flown since he had last
Sat amid this quiet spot;
Near it was his mother's cot.
"Does she live?" the wanderer said.
"God in heaven! should she be dead!"
Twelve long years have gone since he
Sought his fortunes on the sea.
"Well," he thought, "I'll know my fate!"
Then he reached the cottage gate,
Where his mother dwelt when he
Sought his fortunes on the sea.
As he paused the gate before,
Some one opened wide the door.

'Twas a woman, somewhat bent
With age, and on her stick she leant.
'Twas not his mother, but he knew
Who 'twas, that stood before his view—
An ancient neighbor; soon he heard
From her old lips the fatal word.
His mother died five years ago—
She died in poverty and woe.



"She's sleeping in the churchyard now
That crowns yon hillock's quiet brow."
"And do you not remember me—
The luckless son that went to sea?"
The woman gave a sudden start—
"The son who broke his mother's heart!"
She gazed at him with stony eye;
The stranger could not make reply.
She looked again—then closed the door:

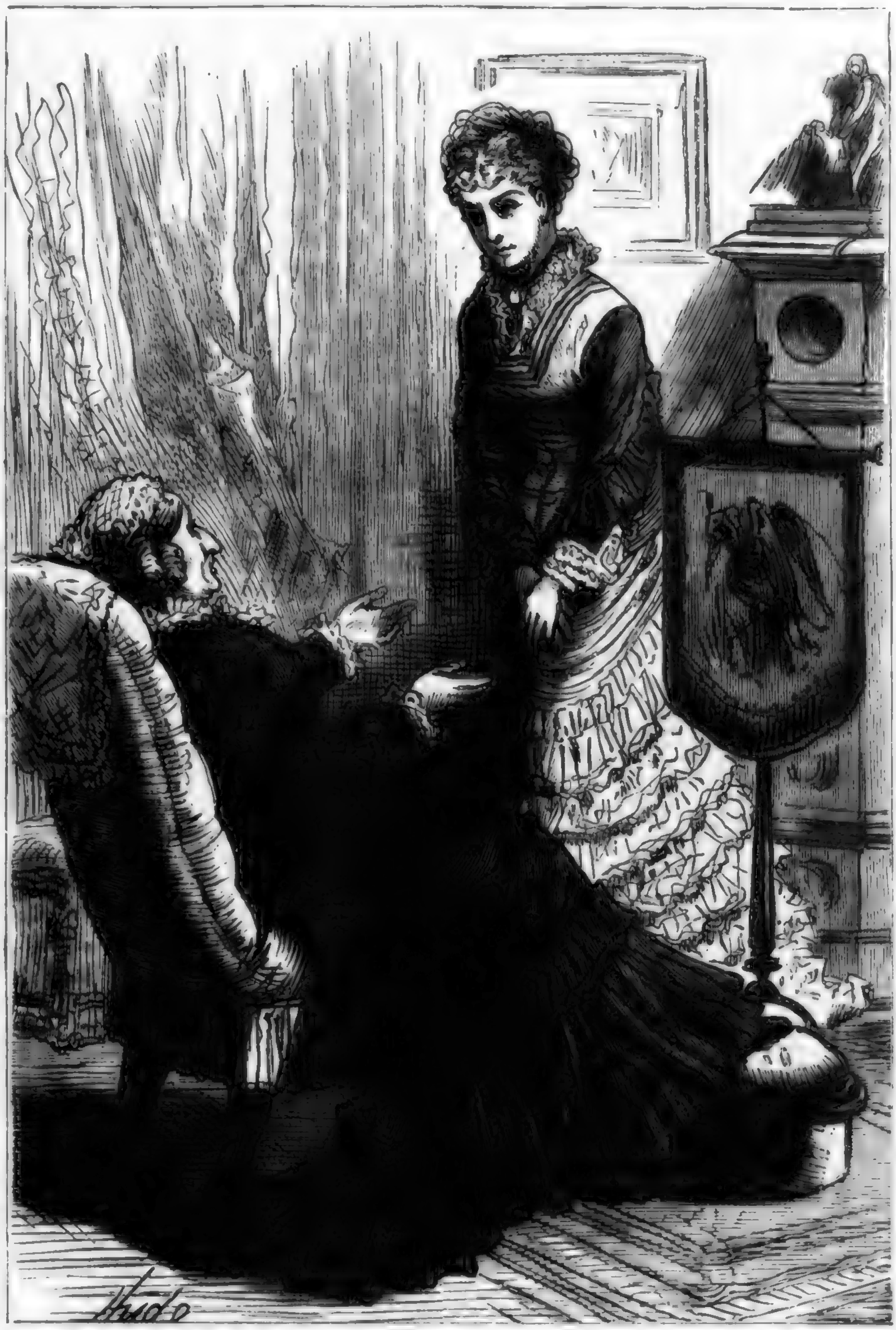
The wanderer slowly crossed the moor
That to the village churchyard led—
The silent city of the dead!
He stood before the grassy mound
With rustic palings fenced around,
And saw upon the simple stone
His mother's name. "God's will be done!"
The wretched Reuben groaned, and fell
On the bare ground insensible.
Throughout the night he slumbered there,
And when the morn came, bright and fair,
Three short feet of earth divide,
Son and mother side by side!
Never more will Reuben know
Summer's sun or Winter's snow;
For his soul has passed from earth
To its second, fuller birth.

LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part I.—Chapter V.

It was late the next morning when William Hudson presented himself at the foundry, and he received a sharp reprimand from the foreman, to which he listened in sullen silence.



MRS. ALDERLY AND FLORENCE.—"A MILLION, AND IT MIGHT ALL BECOME FLORENCE'S AND HER SON'S—YES, SURELY FLORENCE MUST GO."

He had been drinking the night before, but there was no sign of it apparent, except that he looked paler than usual, and his eyes shone with a troubled, feverish light. Toward the middle of the forenoon one of the clerks came to say that Mr. Gresham wished to see him in his private office. For the first time, Hudson recollected the telegram; he searched in his pocket, and found it there. He knew that his negligence had been discovered; at another moment, this forgetfulness on his part would have annoyed him greatly, and he would have expressed his sorrow without hesitation; but in his present mood, the fact that he was in the wrong, and that his employer had reason to be angry, only increased his stubborn sullenness, and rendered him furious in advance at the reproof which he knew awaited. He put on his coat, and walked toward the counting-house, paying no attention to several remarks his companion offered.

After a brief delay in the outer office, a door opened, and the clerk who had summoned him from the foundry made a sign that he was to enter, at the same time shaking his head in a commiserating fashion, which exasperated Will Hudson's ill-humor to the last extent.

Mr. Gresham sat at his desk near one of the windows, but Will scarcely glanced in his direction. As he crossed the threshold he caught sight of a gentleman leaning back in an easy-chair not far from Mr. Gresham's desk, his eyes fixed upon a newspaper; Will recognized the stranger whom he had encountered at the railway station on the previous evening.

"Good-morning, Hudson," Mr. Gresham said.

Hudson returned the salutation, with his gaze still fixed upon the gentleman, who just then glanced up from his paper; their eyes met, but beyond a slight, amused smile, Kenneth Alderly showed no sign of recognition.

That half-smile exasperated Will almost beyond endurance; he had a quick impulse to start forward and assault his enemy as he sat, such a picture of indolent elegance. Mr. Gresham's voice recalled the man to himself.

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"Step this way, if you please, Hudson," he said, in a cold, displeased tone. "I find that you were intrusted with a telegram for me last night, which you promised to deliver at once."

Hudson advanced to the desk, put his hand in his pocket, drew out the dispatch, and flung it carelessly down.

"There it is," he said; but even while speaking, his glance went back to Kenneth Alderly, who had already resumed his occupation.

"The telegram was of great importance," continued Mr. Gresham; "it ought to have been answered immediately. I received a second this morning to ask if this had failed, and I found, on inquiry at the office, that it was owing to your negligence I had not received it."

"I suppose it was," returned Hudson, still looking at Kenneth Alderly.

"Have the goodness to attend to me," said Mr. Gresham. "Except for receiving this second telegram, the consequences of your unpardonable carelessness would have been a heavy loss to me. What excuse have you to offer?"

Hudson saw another faint smile—of approval now—flit across Alderly's mouth. He turned quickly toward his employer and said, in a gruff voice:

"After all, I am hired as assistant foreman in the foundry, not to run errands."

"That may be; but when a man voluntarily accepts a commission he fulfills it—if he is honest," returned Mr. Gresham, quietly.

Impetuous and fiery as he was, under ordinary circumstances Will Hudson would have admitted the justice of the reproof; but since the previous evening he had been in a state of mind which rendered him utterly incapable of exercising his reason.

"There's nobody going to tell me I'm not honest," he retorted, savagely, giving one hot glance at his employer, only to turn quickly away and fix his eyes anew upon Mr. Alderly, wishing that he might see in that gentleman's face some sign which he could interpret into an insult; but Alderly appeared deaf to what was passing. "Nobody—I don't care who he is—shall tell me that!" added Will, goaded afresh by this very indifference.

Mr. Gresham's brows met in a heavy frown; he looked sternly at Hudson from under their shelter.

"Have you been drinking?" he asked.

"I'm as sober as he is," cried Hudson, waving his hand toward Kenneth, with a frantic desire to induce him to speak. "I suppose he put the idea in your head? He accused me of it."

"Really, Hudson, I think you are a little out of your mind," returned his employer, glancing at his guest, who had neither stirred nor looked up. "Do you mean to add to your original offense by being impertinent to a gentleman in my office?"

"I'm not the dirt under his feet!" exclaimed Will, lashed to frenzy by his inability to make his enemy seem aware of his presence. "I told him so last night, and I say it again."

"You must not say anything more here, William," said Mr. Gresham.

"I shouldn't have come if you hadn't sent for me," answered Hudson. "I suppose your fine mister there thought he'd like to see me trampled on a bit—since he didn't dare try it himself."

"I beg your pardon, Alderly," said Mr. Gresham, but his visitor only nodded good-naturedly, as if the matter were not worth mentioning. "I am afraid this man has been drinking. They told me he used to have the habit, but he is in general so sensible a fellow, that I had no idea he ever indulged nowadays."

"Yes, it is pretty evident what ails him," Alderly said, just lifting his eyes from his paper, and letting them rest for a second on Hudson's angry face.

"It's a lie!" shouted Will. "Do you hear? It's a lie!"

"William Hudson, you are discharged," said Mr. Gresham.

"I've discharged myself, you mean," retorted Will.

Mr. Gresham rang the hand-bell that stood on the table, and as a clerk appeared in obedience to the summons he said:

"Rogers, be good enough to tell the cashier to pay William Hudson his wages. I have dismissed him for gross misconduct. If he does not take his money and go quietly away, send for a constable to arrest him."

"It's all right," said Hudson; "I ain't one of the noisy sort. Good-morning, Mr. Gresham. And as for my fine gentleman there, 'tain't worth while to bid him good-by; we're pretty sure to meet again."

He left the room, followed by the clerk. As soon as they were alone Mr. Gresham said to his companion:

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Alderly. In all the years I have been in business, I never had such a scene in my office before. The fellow must be drunk, and crazy to boot, to fancy he knew you."

"Oh, I remember his face. I saw him at the station last night," replied Kenneth, carelessly, and related the circumstances which had occurred, but in a way that showed he was amused rather than angry. "And really," he added, "I should be sorry to have you discharge him on my account, if he is a good workman; he'll be sorry enough when he gets sober, and perhaps this may be a lesson that will cure him."

"I should have discharged him in any case," Mr. Gresham said; "he is an excellent workman, but I never tolerate drinking in any person who holds a responsible position such as his was. The matter is settled; he must find another place."

"He will do so without difficulty, I should think. He looks as if he were a capable fellow when he is right in his head."

"Oh, yes—unusually so. If he had a little education, he would make an invaluable foreman. But there's no hope for a man who drinks; it is a vice I have no pity for—I have made that a rule."

"A very necessary one in your business, I should say," returned Alderly, in a tone that dismissed the subject. He rose and approached the desk, taking up a bundle of papers lying there. "These were what you wanted me to look over, I think? I'll do it while you write your letters, and afterward we can transact our little affair as soon as you like."

"If I hadn't a conscience, I might compliment you by pretending to think your energy rose from methodical habits," said Mr. Gresham, laughing; "but I am pretty sure it is only because anything approaching business is hateful to you, and you want to get it over as fast as you can."

"I don't think I should hate business; it's never come in my way to know much about it," replied Alderly. "In fact, I've a great admiration for a man who has talent enough to build up his own fortunes thereby."

"You scarcely imbibed that opinion from your mother, I fancy," Mr. Gresham said, rather dryly.

"Naturally, much as I love my mother, there must be matters upon which we differ," Alderly answered, his voice growing a shadow graver and more ceremonious.

"And, of course, you know I meant no disrespect to her by my remark," Mr. Gresham said, regarding him with a searching glance, in which was plainly visible that, in spite of his desire to be courteous and cordial, he did not mean to suffer any airs of superiority on the part of the son of the haughtiest, most domineering woman he had ever known—at whose hands, too, he had in younger days endured humiliations which many men would have found difficult to forgive.

"Of course, I know that!" Alderly exclaimed, laying his hand on Mr. Gresham's shoulder as he spoke, with a frank smile which lighted up his face in a marvelous fashion. "I meant just what I said, too. I admire immensely a man with a talent for business; and, if you won't think me impertinent, let me add that I put you at the head of the list."

"Well, what I have and am, I may safely say I owe to myself," returned Mr. Gresham. "I began the world without a shilling. One thing is sure—I never defrauded any man; I never took advantage of any man's exigencies. I may be hard and stern in many ways, but at least there is no point in my past life that I shrink from looking back upon."

"And that is a good deal to say when a man has reached fifty," said Alderly. "Most of us have to draw a vail over a good many things before we reach thirty, if we want to be at ease with ourselves."

"Ah," said Mr. Gresham, "I never had any leisure for the sort of sins which are called venial in rich, idle young gentlemen." Then, a little disturbed by the contemptuous ring in his own voice, he added, with a smile: "though for that very reason, I need not pride myself on having escaped them—perhaps there is no merit due me."

"Perhaps not, though idleness certainly is a poor excuse for committing them," returned Alderly.

He liked getting Mr. Gresham upon the ground of personal reminiscences, eager to know more about this man, whom he respected not only because he knew that his own father had highly esteemed him, but because he knew vaguely that in his early days he had struggled through difficulties which would have daunted and utterly defeated a nature cast in a less resolute mold. But of the details of Mr. Gresham's career Alderly knew very little. His father had died when he was a young boy, and he had never seen his old friend but twice before this present meeting. From what his mother had said, he had got the idea that he should find a man of limited education, and the personal habits and manners of a person accustomed to an inferior rank of life. Their conversation of the previous evening had proved his mistake. Mr. Gresham possessed a fund of wide and varied information; busy as his life was, he found leisure for extensive reading; matters connected with his business had thrice taken him to foreign lands, and he seemed to have seen more in his brief visits, and seen it understandingly, than many idle people who dawdle about Europe for years. His manners were charming, polished, and yet natural; a certain abruptness visible now and then, which reminded Alderly of the manners of several famous old military men he had known; and his stately, upright carriage and resolute face carried out the impression.

But their long talk had been confined to general subjects, and the impression left was as pleasant in Mr. Gresham's mind as in his own; and that gentleman had said to his sister in the morning, with a satisfied air:

"He is his father's son, out and out—nothing of that woman about him, in looks or ideas. Seeing how he has escaped her pernicious influence makes me hope she mayn't quite have spoiled Florence."

He was thinking something of the same sort now, as he sat looking at the young man, and he said, suddenly;

"Alderly, I owe your father the greatest favor I ever received at any human being's hands—he helped me with my studies. Your grandfather's country place was near the town where I was employed—I was only eighteen, and your father about the same age—he was in college, which was near enough so that he lived at home."

"I remember hearing him say you made acquaintance in a railway accident," said Alderly, "and he was so struck by your coolness and courage that——"

"We both did our duty," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Well, that was the beginning, and during the next four years we were close friends, in spite of the difference in our position."

"And remained so always."

"Yes; though the events of life separated us, and we did not often meet after that time."

"I hope it doesn't seem rude to ask questions, but I should like to know how you laid the groundwork for your fortune, so large as it is," Alderly said.

"A million—somewhat over," Mr. Gresham replied, simply. "I don't go about boasting, but I don't mind telling you."

Alderly was astonished at the magnitude of the sum; he had already discovered, by the extent of Mr. Gresham's business operations and the style in which he lived, that his mother had been mistaken in supposing the gentleman had only accumulated a moderate fortune, but he was not prepared to hear that his wealth had attained such vast proportions.

"I had no idea you were such a Crœsus," he said, laughingly; "I am not worth half that amount, though I thought myself tolerably well furnished with this world's goods."

"And so you are. I should have been perfectly content with two or three hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Gresham replied. "But very often when fortune begins to smile on a man, she can't be good-natured enough. A few years more will double my present income, and make it a great deal larger than any one human being ought to possess."

"At all events, in your case fortune has seemed less blind than she often appears," returned Kenneth; "the money in your hands will be used to good purpose."

"I hope so—yes, I believe so—I should despise myself if I did not," Mr. Gresham said. "But the richer a man grows, the greater become his responsibilities; there is something almost oppressive in contemplating so important a stewardship—for that is all it is."

"Yes, of course—only few people remember that."

"No; if they did, the world would be different."

"And you have built up this wealth by your own exertions; beginning, too, a poor man!"

"I have been wonderfully favored; for many, many years everything I have undertaken has prospered," Mr. Gresham replied.

"That may be; but the talent and the industry—the ability to take advantage of opportunities—was your own."

"For what was the groundwork, I have to thank your father," Mr. Gresham said. "The education he assisted me to get by his personal exertions—a much greater favor than if he had given money—enabled me to take a position of trust in this very establishment which I am now master of."

"Then you began your operations here?"

"Yes; as one of the head clerks. The business was small then; there were two partners, neither of them very efficient."

"Then your head must have been invaluable to them."

"It was of use, certainly," Mr. Gresham replied, with a

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smile. "Indeed, I need not be modest—I was invaluable—they would have been bankrupts within two years, but for my exertions and advice."

"They were sensible enough to see that, then, and bind you fast to their interests?"

"The oldest partner was, but his failing health made him of slight weight. His associate, Mr. Malvern, would have kept me merely a clerk, if he could; but, naturally, that did not suit me. I had been a hard student—I had a certain talent as an inventor; some improvements in machinery which I introduced showed Malvern what I could do for them, and, of course, after that, possessing a stronger will than his, I took my own way."

"How long before you became a partner?"

"Three years. It was only on those conditions, and that the business should be left to my management, that I consented to go on. Matters were in a bad state, Malvern had been speculating, and ruin stared them in the face."

"You put your shoulder to the wheel to good purpose?"

"Yes. When I was thirty-two the eldest partner died; I bought out his heirs, and I bought out Malvern—liberally, too—and from the time I was left alone everything prospered and grew, until you see where I am."

He told the whole simply; it was evident that his success had no more fostered his vanity than it had rendered him purse-proud and mercenary.

"Well, you certainly are one of the few men who can boldly assert that life is satisfactory and worth living," Alderly said.

"Pecuniary success is not everything," Mr. Gresham replied, somewhat sadly. "I have had my troubles, heavy ones; but I think they have not left me either hard or bitter."

"I am sure of that," Alderly said.

"When I was thirty-eight," pursued Mr. Gresham, meditatively, led on by his companion's interest to more ample disclosures than he had dreamed of making, "I found myself, if not rich, at the head of a flourishing business. It was then I saw your father again, for the first time in years. I had gone to New York, and we met accidentally."

"And I know he must have been glad to renew your old friendship."

"We were both glad."

"And there you met my mother's half-sister, Mrs. Denham. I suppose then you found leisure to fall in love," Alderly said.

"Yes; and it was a serious matter, as love must be to a man at that age," Mr. Gresham answered, gravely.

He began arranging some letters on the table, turning his head away. Alderly was sorry that he had spoken; he knew little about the details, but he was aware that in many respects Mr. Gresham's marriage had not been a happy one.

There was silence between them for a while, Mr. Gresham busy with memories of which he could not speak to Kenneth Alderly, of all people, because the troubles he had endured had been caused by the young man's mother.

At the time Mr. Gresham met his future wife she was a young widow, with one little girl; only a twelvemonth before she had been flung suddenly from wealth and luxury into the humiliating position of a mere dependent upon her kindred. Mrs. Alderly loved her dearly, but her affection was of the sort which is only another name for tyranny. She expected her relative to see with her eyes and hear with her ears, and had already a marriage in store for her as soon as the term for her mourning should finish. When her husband presented the "iron man," as Mrs. Alderly always called Mr. Gresham, that lady was at first indignant, then scornfully indifferent. She was obliged to go to Cuba and remain for several months, on account of her health, and as the Southern climate disagreed signally both with Mr. Alderly and her sister, she had to go alone; so during his frequent visits to New York that Winter, Mr. Gresham made his friend's house his home.

He fell in love with the pretty, but frivolous, weak-minded young widow, and she—partly for the sake of freedom, partly because she could never say No, and her wooer's energy and strength of will impressed her greatly—consented to marry him. Mr. Alderly considered the match a most fortunate thing for the little woman, and perhaps in secret envied her the possibility of escaping from the thraldom of his wife's adamantine will, under which he had suffered more than the world ever knew.

He felt certain that his haughty mate would return and break off the marriage if she were informed that anything of the kind was in prospect; and, on her side, Mrs. Denham lived in perpetual fear of her domineering sister. Unknown to Mr. Gresham, the pair kept the engagement a secret from Mrs. Alderly, and the first intimation the haughty lady received, was the news that her relative had actually married the "iron man"!

She never forgave her husband—but that did not matter much, as he died some nine months later. For nearly two years she rejected her sister's overtures for pardon, but then came news which caused her affection to assert itself strongly enough to overcome her anger. Mrs. Gresham had given birth to a child which only lived for a few hours, and dispatches warned Mrs. Alderly that if she desired to see her, she must hasten, as there was slight hope that the sick lady's life could be saved.

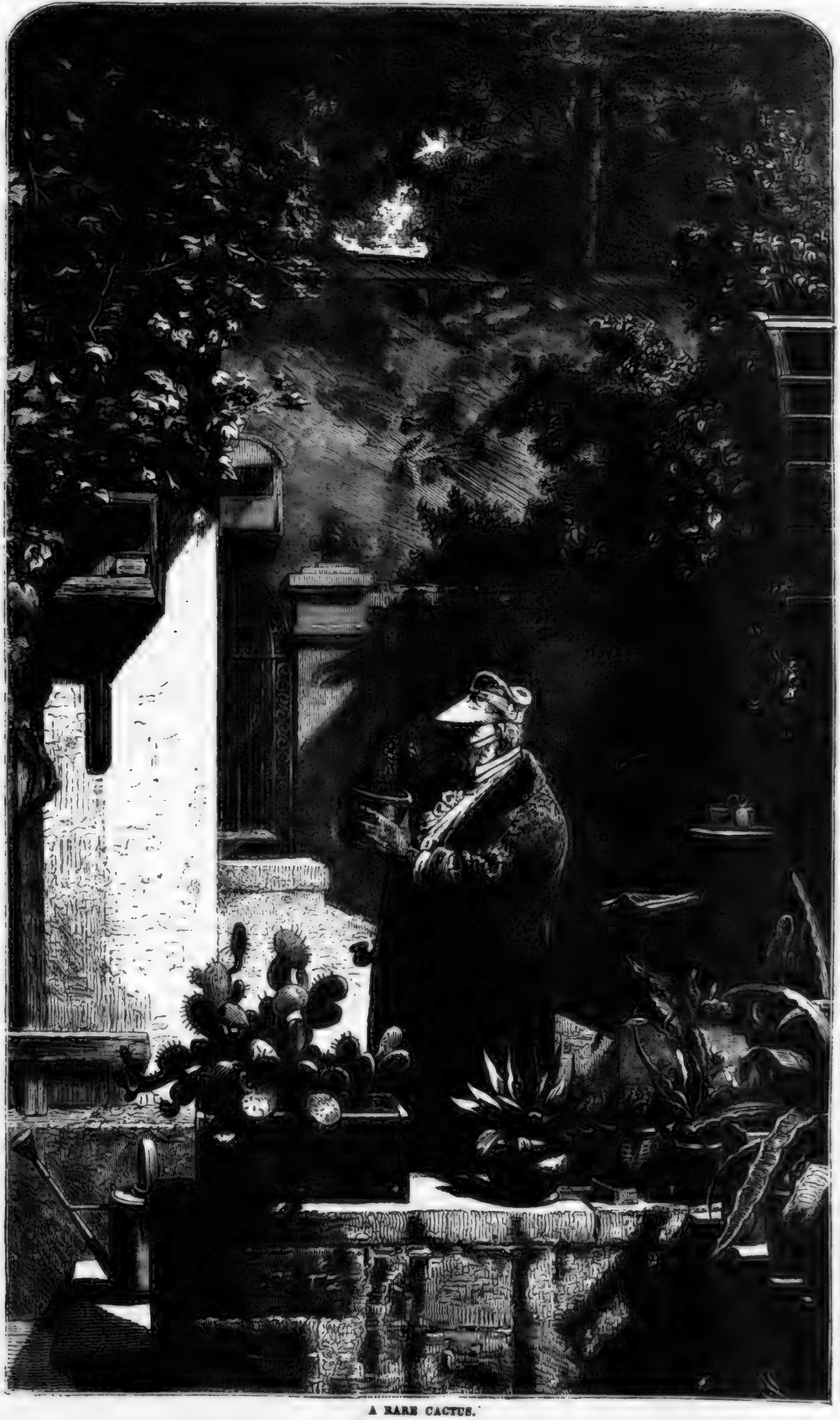
Mrs. Alderly journeyed out to Laughton, and established herself in her brother-in-law's house, ignoring his presence as completely as if he did not exist. Cora Gresham recovered, and her sister's influence became more despotic over her than of old. The silly little woman was weary of the quiet life she led, and her relative's arts helped to increase her vague discontent into what she believed an absolute repulsion toward her husband, as a sordid tyrant who found a cruel pleasure in forcing her to waste the last remains of youth and beauty in dull seclusion.

Mr. Gresham was called away on business. When he returned, he found that his wife had taken her daughter and gone home with Mrs. Alderly—a brief, insolent letter from the latter lady stating that for the present, at least, his wife declined even to see him.

Eighteen months elapsed before he succeeded in getting her back. He loved the creature with a doting affection which was the one weakness of his life, and so forgave her. She was heartily weary of her sister's autocratic rule, and glad to escape—he absolutely stole her and her child out of Mrs. Alderly's house, and carried them home again. Then followed a few months of peace, even happiness, for the pair; but at their expiration, Mrs. Gresham was seized with an illness which terminated fatally after several weeks of great suffering.

CHAPTER VI.

A KNOCK at the door roused Mr. Gresham from the bitter memories which had oppressed him. He laid down the letter a clerk had brought, and as soon as the man left the room, turned toward his companion, struck by a reflection which could not fail to have great weight with a generous nature. His sudden silence and absorption might appear to the young man as a tacit expression of reproof and dislike toward his mother, and that would be an actual discourtesy, since he had invited Kenneth to be his guest.



A RARE CACTUS.

"Alderly," he said, "we have strayed on matters I did not mean to talk of, but now I must speak openly, lest you should misunderstand my feelings. I don't know how much or little your mother has confided to you, but you are aware that she did not like my marrying her sister."

"She has never said much," Kenneth replied; "I do know that she thought herself ill-treated because she was kept in ignorance until you were actually married. One could scarcely blame her for being hurt and angry."

"It was very wrong; but I never dreamed that she had not been told," Mr. Gresham answered.

"Oh, that alters everything!" cried Kenneth. "I shall write her that; it will change her feelings entirely."

Mr. Gresham knew that the lady was well aware he had had neither part nor knowledge as to the deception practiced upon her, but he would not say this to her son.

"It was natural enough she should be displeased at the marriage," he went on, calmly. "Along with her English descent, your mother inherited all sorts of class-prejudices, which seem to me strange enough in this century even in a monarchical country; doubly so in our republican land. No person in her family or your father's had ever been connected with trade, or even a profession, so her sister's marriage was a blow."

"But it was the secrecy that hurt her," pleaded Kenneth. "Still, she forgave it. I know she visited you, and your wife went to her in town."

"Yes," Mr. Gresham said, quietly as ever. "When she came here I had not built the house I live in now; all the surroundings seemed poor and mean to her. I always had to see my way clearly before I launched into expense. But those details are unimportant; I only do not want you to think that I have any harsh feeling toward your mother."

"And I am certain that if you ever get really to know each other—which I trust you will—you will be warm friends," cried Kenneth.

Mr. Gresham uttered some polite response; he had no mind to embitter his life by hatred. Indeed, for the sake of seeing more of his step-daughter, he would gladly have welcomed Mrs. Alderly to his home, in spite of the last and cruelest wrong she had done him. She had a second time relented, and came to Laughton during her sister's final illness; was there when the lady died, actuated by a determination to get at least a partial control over her niece, as Mrs. Gresham, shortly before her death, had been left a fortune in charge for her daughter by one of her first husband's relatives.

Mrs. Alderly succeeded in persuading the dying woman to leave her joined with Mr. Gresham in the guardianship of Florence Denham; in fact, the step-father was left without power or voice, except where the management of the girl's money was concerned. All matters pertaining to Florence's education were relegated to the aunt, and after her thirteenth year, Mrs. Alderly's house was to be her home. There were certain stipulations in regard to visits to Mr. Gresham, but these Mrs. Alderly had contrived nearly always to avoid, so that he had seen little of the young lady, and felt confident her aunt had inspired her with opinions of him which were utterly false. But he was glad to find Kenneth so different from what he had expected—so like his father—and began already to hope that this renewal of acquaintance with his old friend's son might be the means of changing much that was so painful to his affectionate heart.

"I am very glad, Alderly," he said, "that this necessity for consultation in regard to Florence's matters brought you out here. I am much obliged to you also for coming, and I trust the visit will be as pleasant to you as I am sure I shall find it."

"I know it will," the young man returned, grasping his hand warmly, with the impulsive demonstrativeness which was natural to him, but so at variance with his rather haughty face, that new acquaintances were always surprised when they first witnessed an exhibition thereof. "As I wrote you, my mother and I both thought it exceedingly courteous to consult us, since Florence's money matters are entirely in your control."

The motive of Mr. Gresham's request had been changes which he could at this time effect in the investment of his stepdaughter's fortune; changes which might probably increase her already ample income, but were at all events necessary, as he had discovered that certain bonds and stocks, to a large amount, were in a somewhat doubtful condition. He had not chosen to act entirely on his own responsibility, though he was free to do so, and the letters which had passed between him and Kenneth had greatly pleased the young man.

Mrs. Alderly could not, of course, oppose her son's going to Laughton, nor could she refuse a scornful recognition of her brother-in-law's business abilities, and the probability that he was right in his plan, though she tried to prevent her son's accepting the invitation to stop at his house. But Kenneth would not listen, declaring that his first act should not be an insult. So, though Mrs. Alderly might inwardly rage, she was obliged to yield the point.

"And now I must get to my letters—that whole pile must be answered this morning," Mr. Gresham said, after a few more words concerning the business matter. "Look over these papers while I do my work. I have written you enough and told you enough about what I propose, for you to understand the whole affair after you have examined these accounts; then you shall give me your opinion."

"Of course, I am certain in advance that you are right," Alderly replied; "you are not likely to err in your judgment in a matter of this kind."

"Still, I want you to be perfectly conversant with all the details, and arrive at a decision of your own," Mr. Gresham said. "Unless you, as your mother's representative, entirely coincide, I shall not make the special new investments which offer, though I shall retire those which I disapprove; I must do that, because I have private information, as I wrote you, that shows the absolute necessity."

"Yes; you cannot hesitate about that," Alderly said. "And now I will try to bring such head as I can boast of to the business, and if you think my opinion worth having, it shall be at your service."

Mr. Gresham nodded, and turned to his correspondence.

Try as he might to fix his mind upon the pages of figures and explanations, Kenneth Alderly found his thoughts straying far from the subject in hand—away, too, from any food for reflection he might have found in the details Mr. Gresham had given of his past, and the determination which had already presented itself to the young man to do everything in his power to bring about a closer acquaintance between his mother and his father's old friend, certain that it was only necessary for them really to know each other, for a mutual respect and admiration to grow rapidly up between them.

Kenneth admired and reverenced his mother with exaggerated devotion; she had but one fault in his eyes—excessive pride—and this he believed so noble at bottom, that it was only a virtue carried to excess. It was impossible to resist Mrs. Alderly when she exerted herself to please, and to her son and her niece she displayed always her most charming qualities. She was, too, a woman as generous and charitable in her ordinary opinions as with her pecuniary means, unless some unfortunate person ran counter to some important plan she desired to carry out: then she proved utterly unscrupulous, and would sweep the offender ruthlessly from her path, and, with a smiling face, go on to success — nay, if it had been necessary to trample her victim's honor and life under her feet in order to gain the desired goal, she would not have hesitated.

Kenneth's thoughts had gone back with eager expectancy to the joy and anticipation which had kept him wakeful nearly the night through, and given a new beauty to the morning when he rose. There could be no doubt, no fear of mistake; he had again been brought within reach of the beautiful girl who had for so many months eluded his search, and the feeling that this had been the work of destiny, and must hold issues of paramount importance in his future, added to his eager excitement.

Mr. Gresham looked up suddenly, and held out a letter, saying:

"Here is a note, Alderly, from that Miss Stuart we were speaking of last night; see what a pretty hand she writes. By-the-way, you think you have met her, do you not?"

"Yes," Alderly replied.

Had he wanted confirmation that his hope was certain, he had it in the graceful writing he gazed at so earnestly; he had seen it many times, and it was too peculiar to mistake.

The rest of the morning and the afternoon were hours of impatient waiting; he knew that it was useless to set forth upon his errand until late, as Elinor Stuart's duties would keep her occupied the greater portion of the day.

But his probation—oh, it seemed almost as long as those weary preceding months had done—was over at length. He walked down to the village, and passed along the rambling street in which stood the little schoolhouse Mr. Gresham had pointed out the night before. Presently he reached a pretty, vine-shaded cottage, so pretty that he hoped it might be Elinor Stuart's home—indeed, something told him it was.

A few houses further on he saw a fat, comfortable-looking woman standing at her gate; he went toward her, and respectfully asked if she could tell him where Miss Stuart lived.

"You have come by the house," the fat woman said, regarding him with an approving glance as she pointed toward the cottage which some intuition had warned him was the place he sought.

He thanked her, and retraced his steps. As he turned away, Will Hudson came out of the house and joined the fat, comfortable lady.

"I wonder who that was," said his aunt.

Hudson looked after the retreating figure, recognized it, and muttered an oath so furious that his relative lifted her hands in horror.

"Oh, Will!" she pleaded, "don't go out; don't drink any more!"

"What did that fellow want?" he inquired.

"He asked where Miss Stuart lived. He's going in at Mrs. Mosely's gate now."

Hudson started forward as if to follow, stopped, turned back and walked in the opposite direction, regardless of his aunt's entreaties.

"So my fine gentleman knows her," he muttered. "Maybe she knew he was coming here, and that made her send me to the right about! Only wait—if I find it was, if I find it was!"

CHAPTER VII.

MADGE ANDERSON was standing at the window of her little room, looking eagerly down the close, narrow street. It was late in the afternoon now; fortunately for the girl, there had been a half-day's respite from labor, owing to some repairs going on—the mill had closed at noon. Even the hours of duty required in the morning had proved a positive torture in Madge's excited state; the racket of the looms had sounded deafening in her ears; her eyes, half blind with sleeplessness and tears, could scarcely distinguish the threads which usually her trained fingers manipulated with such skill.

She had come home and retired dinnerless to her chamber on the plea of a headache, and the little bevy of girls who boarded in the same house had gone off upon some expedition, and left her to herself, after vainly trying to persuade her to join them.

She could not expect Will Hudson till toward evening; she hoped that he would manage to get away from his work earlier than usual, if he came at all; but would he? The doubt which kept suggesting itself to her mind, in spite of her efforts to combat it, nearly drove her wild. The bare possibility of the extremes to which she might be driven if he broke his promise, made her absolutely afraid of herself.

Madge had suffered the whole night with the terrible strength that an undisciplined human soul puts into its first spasm of jealous misery; with the fierce rage and rebellion of some wild animal caught in the hunter's toils, galled and sore, and adding to its pain by biting savagely at its wounds in impotent fury.

He would come! he would come! She had to keep uttering that assurance aloud; when her frenzy was at its height it quieted her a little to hear her own voice repeating it—her voice which sounded so strange in her ears that sometimes she glanced nervously about, almost believing that some invisible watcher had spoken.

The creature was looking splendidly handsome; her cheeks were scarlet, and her great black eyes actually burned. She had scarcely touched a morsel of food all day, scarcely sat down for hours, pacing up and down her room in that impetuous fashion so suggestive of a captive animal in its cage. Sometimes it had seemed impossible for her to wait—she must rush out, take one of the frequent trains which went to Laughton, and discover what Will was doing. Once she put on her bonnet and shawl and went half-way down-stairs, determined to carry out her purpose; but she dared not. Headstrong and reckless as she was, she dared not! If Will saw her he would be furious. She was not afraid of his brute strength; he might kill her if he liked; but he would do worse—he would never forgive her!

She rushed back to her chamber, flung herself on the floor—went utterly mad in her wrath and misery for a while. At last the very intensity of her suffering brought its own reaction; she grew passive, torpid almost. But he would come, he would come!

Then she started up and began her impatient march again; caught sight in the glass of her tear-stained face and disheveled hair. He must not see her looking so—she must be at her best—oh, the fate of her whole life hung on this meeting; she must neglect no means that could aid her in her strait.

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She ran to the light closet where her dresses hung, and began an eager comparison of their merits; she was an extravagant creature, with a passionate love of bright colors, and her wardrobe was ample enough to afford scope for choice.

Then she remembered that more than once lately Will had spoken slightingly of her taste for gorgeous hues—he had got the idea from that woman; but he should see that she knew how to dress as well as any fine lady!

She opened a box, took out a white gown and arrayed herself therein. She put some scarlet ribbons in her hair and at her bosom, and the reflection of her image in the mirror gave her a new courage; he could not fail to be impressed by her beauty—if he came! Up rushed that horrible thought again to torment her, and it was only by a resolute effort, the doubt frenzied her so, that she kept from tearing, with frantic hands, at her carefully arranged toilet.

She was a poor, ignorant creature, with very little more than the mere animal part of her awakened; yet in spite of her ignorance, her fiendish temper, which might easily under certain circumstances make her criminal, there were the crude, chaotic elements of a higher life in her, if education and example had ever developed them. She had been left an orphan early, dependent on her own exertions, and she put all the force of her great vitality into her work—never weary, never despondent—and in spite of her love of finery and excitement, never allowing her taste for amusement and change to interfere with her labors.

She was capable, in spite of her fiery temper, of a dog-like devotion and fidelity. These qualities were all centred in her love for Will Hudson, which had been, ever since she could remember, the ruling principle of her life—her hope, her aim, her very religion.

And now this love was menaced by a danger which, jealous as she was by nature, had never before troubled her: another woman had cast her baleful shadow between Will and herself. Oh, she must not think of that—she should be a raving lunatic before he came—would he come?

Back to the window to resume her eager watch; he was not in sight; only the dull stream of traffic and passengers, the hum and bustle which fretted her like blows.

Hark! Somebody was calling her from below! No; she had fancied it! Oh, she was a fool—he must come up the street—he could not have passed without her seeing him! Still she could not resist going to the door and opening it. Ah, she was not mistaken; a voice was calling—Will's voice:

"Madge, I say, Madge!"

She cried out in a relief and joy so great that it became a pain; dashed down-stairs, and flung herself into his arms. He carried her into the little parlor, and shut the door; she could not speak; she could not lift her head; could not so much as raise her eyelids to get the look at his face which she hungered for; could only cling fast to him, and sob in tearless passion that was a wild mingling of joy and suffering.

"Why, Madge, my girl, what ails you?" he said, hoarsely. "Here, sit down. I've come; I told you I would."

She pushed him away after a little, stood up, and stared at him.

"What have you come to say?" she cried.

"That I love you! How splendid you look, Madge—what a beauty you are—like a bride, too, in your white."

He had been drinking deeply, she could see that by the pallor of his face and the unnatural glitter of his eyes; but this did not trouble her; that a man should get intoxicated now and then seemed to her only reasonable and natural.

He caught her in his arms again, and kissed her with a sort of wild fury.

"You didn't care for her—you didn't care!" she moaned.

"Don't be a fool!" returned Will, roughly. "You came near enough making trouble between you and me last night—let it drop! I told my lady a few truths—that's enough—let it drop!"

"I don't want to hear of her or talk about her," sobbed Madge.

"Well, you ain't likely to, or me either. I've cut old Gresham's concern—he was cheeky, and I wouldn't stand it."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Madge. It was joy to think he would have to find work elsewhere—out of that creature's reach. "But what will you do—your wages were so good?"

"I'll get better, don't you be afraid, my girl. There's other foundries and mills than his. I'm going on to Wessex. I can easy get a place there; the company want me. I'm going part way by the next train."

"Oh, wait till to-morrow, Will, do wait!" she pleaded.

"No, I sha'n't," he answered; "I've got on a bit of a spree, and I mean to have it out! Don't you be afraid, my girl, it will all end right; and Madge, at the end of the month—that's your birthday—I don't forget—Madge, we'll choose that for our wedding."

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS STUART'S school hours were over; she did not wait, as was often her custom, to read or write in the deserted room, but left the house at the same time as her pupils, talking pleasantly to several of the elder girls, who accompanied her as far as the gate of Mrs. Mosely's pretty little cottage.

The scholars had noticed that their beloved teacher looked pale and tired, and they had shown a consideration which she thoroughly appreciated, rendering her duties as light as possible by their exemplary conduct, and she did not forget to praise them therefor, the average human mind of all ages and degrees having a need of that reward for conscious well-doing.

When the bevy of bright, healthy-looking creatures had bidden her good-by, she passed up the lilac-bush-bordered path to the dwelling, and ascended the stairs to her chamber; but she could not remain there, the confinement made her restless; so she took a book and went down into the garden, seating herself in a shady arbor at the further end, fragrant with the blossoms of a luxuriant honeysuckle that formed a leafy screen over its roof and front.

The experience of the previous day had shaken her greatly; whatever trouble she had known, it was the first time any such brutal insolence as she had received from Hudson and his cousin had ever been forced upon her, and the recollection haunted her like some actual degradation which she could not wipe off. She possessed too much self-control, however, to brood over it as many women would have done; it must be lived over and forgotten, and the sooner she began her task of conquering her feelings, the less she should have to suffer. So, though little in the mood to read, she fastened her mind resolutely upon her book, and when she found her attention flagging, interesting as the volume was, she laid it by and substituted a German grammar in place of the novel, and set to work at the crabbed, appalling nouns and verbs, which looked wicked enough to have been the signs of some mysterious black art, full of all evil and malice.

She was interrupted by the approach of Joanna; that small personage dashed along the garden path like a whirlwind, and stood quite breathless in the entrance to the arbor, her mouth round as the letter O with astonishment, and her eyes opened to such an unnatural width that the possibility of ever getting them back to their ordinary size seemed really problematical.

"Good gracious, Joanna!" said Miss Stuart.

"Yes'm, jest what I said when I see him—and land's sake, too! —and all the rest of it!" cried the handmaiden. "I never set eyes on him afore, in all my born days, and wasn't axpectin' to, no more'n nothing; but there he was, an' I had to make the best of it, though I had my frock turned up, a-wipin' the milk that plaguey cat had spilt on the table, and all my flannel petticoat a-showin'!"

"Who came? what do you mean?" asked Miss Stuart.

"I jest wished I knowed, then I'd tell!" cried Joanna, in an exasperated fashion. "Ketch me a-pinnin' up my frock again in the arternoon! no, not ef all the cats in the neighborhood come in and spill the milk—unless I borry Miss Mosely's best ruffled pillow-slip for a petticoat."

"Please don't be a goose, Joanna," said Miss Stuart, wearily.

"Wall, I was so dead beat that I feel as if I might ha' been a whole flock, gander and all, and never ha' knowed it," returned Joanna, candidly. "But anyhow, there he is, a-waitin' in the parlor, and he wants to see you. Oh, my goodness! no he ain't, he's a-comin' right down the walk. I told him you was in the garding."

She rushed through the arbor and out of a doorway at the back, plunging recklessly into a tomato-bed, in her desire to escape.

To have displayed one's flannel petticoat to the gaze of any profane masculine eyes, is a serious matter to a girl at the age when mishaps assume gigantic dimensions. Joanna felt that the very sound of the word flannel would make her ears tingle during all time to come.

Elinor Stuart looked up, and saw a gentleman coming along the garden path; she recognized him at a glance, and her heart seemed actually to stand still. She did not feel surprised, she was conscious of that, and it was the strangest sensation amid the quick whirl in her brain. She was suddenly made aware that though during many long, long months she had told herself that episode in her life was ended, her soul had never credited the assurance; and now the belief which would have caused her bitter misery and shame, had she realized that she cherished it, was verified with the suddenness, the unexpectedness wherewith the most important events of our lives usually overtake us—she was meeting Kenneth Alderly again. He caught sight of her, and hurried forward; she managed to rise as he reached the arbor, and to advance a few steps.

AN IDYL OF THE WOODS.

"Miss Stuart!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand in both his, while his eyes fastened on hers, and grew beautiful with the light of a great joy. "I heard last night you were here; I knew you would be busy, so I waited till now; the day has seemed as long as a year."

She tried to speak, but could not; for the moment even her feminine readiness failed; strive as she might, she

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could not conquer her agitation—could only stand there and let him hold her hand and gaze eagerly into the pallid loveliness of her face.

"Won't you speak to me?" he cried. "Won't you say you are glad to see me? I was actually afraid to trust myself to believe it could really be you when I heard your name; it seemed as if so much happiness could not be real."

He stopped, a little startled by the passionate energy of his own words, and Miss Stuart got her voice back, and found sufficient composure to reply.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Alderly," she said, hiding the trembling of her lips under a smile.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said; "please excuse my appearing so unceremoniously. I hoped the surprise would not be an unpleasant one."

"It is very pleasant; I think you must know that," she answered, aided in her efforts at self-control by a sudden change in his manner, which was almost embarrassment. "Of course you were about the last person I could have expected to see, so you must not wonder if I was a little startled."

"And you really are glad to see me?" he persisted.

"Certainly—very glad; my recollections of our short acquaintance were too agreeable for me to be anything else," she replied, now, at least outwardly, quite mistress of herself.

"Oh, I flattered myself we had got further on than that. I hoped I might take rank among your friends," he said, in a voice at once reproachful and appealingly eager.

"Friends, then," she echoed, forcing herself to meet his eyes steadily; "and I am glad to see my friend again—very glad—will that do better?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a laugh; "much better."

"Then come and sit down, and tell me how it happens that you lost your way and strayed off to this quiet place," she continued.

"Found my way, would be the right expression, I think," he said, his tones again growing earnest and quick.

Miss Stuart did not seem to have heard the remark; she had turned away, and was pulling forward one of the rustic chairs.

"Two of them are somewhat rickety, and I never can be certain which they are," she said, laughingly; "I think this belongs to the trustworthy number; however, you had better sit down with a little care. One of my patrons came to see me the other day, and narrowly missed a tumble, to my horror and fright."

He laughed, too, took the chair from her hand, and she seated herself behind the little table that occupied the centre of the arbor.

"Yes, I think this seems safe," he replied, putting his foot over one of the rounds and pulling the back, which gave a sharp squeak, and immediately came off in his hand.

"Good gracious! after all, it is the very chair that was so inhospitable to poor old Mrs. Paton!" cried Miss Stuart, springing up. "Joanna promised to remove it, but she has forgotten."

"Well, then at least your landlady will not accuse me of willfully destroying her property," he said, as he put the broken seat out of the way.

The little incident made them both laugh heartily, and so enabled them to get their feelings down toward the safer ground of commonplace behavior and conversation.

"And now may I ask how it happens that I have the great pleasure of finding you here?" Alderly continued, after he had found a chair to which he could safely confide his weight.

"Oh, that is very easily explained," she replied. "I wanted a school to teach, and one offered here that I heard of by a lucky chance—that was over four months ago. My pupils are mostly the daughters of Mr. Gresham's workpeople; but you may not know anything about him, though he is a great man in this part of the world."

"I am visiting at his house. I only came last evening. It was he and his sister who told me you lived here."

"She seems a very lovable little old lady—kindness itself," Miss Stuart said, glad to keep the talk on these general grounds as long as she could. "I have only seen Mr. Gresham a few times; he impresses one not only as a thorough gentleman, but a man of much cultivation and extraordinary abilities."

"Indeed he is. I do not know him well, but he was an old friend of my father's. I was prepared to admire him, but he exceeds even my expectations," Alderly answered, warmly, still in the tone of a person whose mind was occupied with other things, and in haste to get beyond generalities to talk of a deeper and more personal nature.

But Miss Stuart enlarged upon the theme, and told of numerous acts of kindness she had received from the brother and sister, then diverged to admiring remarks in regard to the picturesque scenery the neighborhood could boast—the beauty of the river, the loveliness of the weather—pleasant, kind, cordial in manner; but, in spite of her assurance that he held a place among her friends, neither asking questions in regard to himself nor volunteering any of the confidences in which people usually indulge, when, after a prolonged separation, they meet people to whom they grant that familiar title.

Alderly bore his part in the conversation with tolerable ease for a time, but his impatience could not be very long restrained, and when at length Miss Stuart paused, with a certain trouble at finding she had exhausted all the available topics such as it suited her to discuss, he said, quickly:

"But you don't tell me a word about yourself!"

"There is so little to tell," she replied, smilingly. "I can't, in conscience, inflict you with an account of my scholars' progress and my own remarkable gifts as a teacher. I expect you take them for granted."

"I am quite ready to, but to friends no details can be too slight—and you said we were friends! Why, it is a full year since I last saw you; that makes a long gap."

"Only about nine months," she said, laughingly. "You are not good at counting dates. I remember your telling me so."

"Well, it seems full ten years!" he exclaimed. "But I am glad to find that you recollect anything that I ever said."

Elinor could not repress the sudden wave of color which swept into her cheeks, though her eyes met his eager gaze with composure, and she replied, gayly:

"Oh, I have an excellent memory, even for dates; a most fortunate faculty for a schoolmistress to possess."

"But I never dreamed there was any necessity for your becoming one. Please don't think me rude. I am sure you must know it is not mere idle curiosity that influences me. You said we were friends; it is natural I should want to hear."

She replied to his impassioned earnestness by a gravity which might almost have been a reproof, though her voice was cordial enough as she said:

"Certainly; and I thank you for your friendly interest. When I met you at Southside I possessed a small income, sufficient for my wants; indeed, it seemed wealth to me. I lost it by the failure of an insurance company, and was thrown on my own resources."

"Oh, that was hard, very hard!" he cried.

"I don't know," she replied; "I am young and strong. An idle life never entered into my expectations, would not have suited me. I had always a taste for teaching. I used to do a good deal of it in an amateur way at Southside."

"Yes, I recollect how assiduously you devoted yourself to the poor people there; you were a providence to them."

"Well, you see the teaching proved good practice; just what I wanted," she said, cheerfully.

"I was only gone a month; when I got back you had left, and nobody could tell in what direction. How I——"

He checked himself, he did not dare tell her how eagerly he had sought for her; when he began to speak he meant to do so, but somehow as he looked at her face, with its proud, self-restrained expression, he felt that it would be unsafe to venture so far.

"I went away quite suddenly," she replied; "I had to go to New York. I had seen an advertisement of a position that I thought would suit me—as companion. I stayed all Winter with the lady, but—well, I dare say it was my fault—I was not comfortable. Fortunately I heard of the post I now occupy—there, that is all."

These brief details hurt him; it hurt and shocked him, too, to find her in this position. Noble and generous and manly as he was, the training of his early life, his mother's pernicious counsels, had unavoidably left a certain effect, though they had produced no real injury upon his character, as would have been the inevitable result with a weaker nature.

He was thinking of that month they had spent in the same house together in the quiet Long Island retreat, whither he had strayed for a week's repose after the gayeties of Newport, which had wearied him with their monotonous round of petty excitements. The picturesque old farmhouse, which opened its doors during the Summer to receive a few sober people in search of sea-air and quiet, had attracted his fancy the moment he saw it. Then during the ramble along the beach which he hastened to make, he had come upon this beautiful woman, sitting on the rocks, and gazing out over the sunset sea. When supper-time came, he found, to his delight, that she was established in the same house; so no difficulties lay in the way of his speedily forming her acquaintance.

Kenneth Alderly was younger in feeling than most men who have led a petted, luxurious existence, such as his, and that month at Southside had been a new revelation to him. He fell in love with this Elinor Stuart, whose pale, delicate loveliness seemed to him the highest type of female beauty, slightly as it might have appealed to a less refined taste. He found her, if not extraordinarily accomplished, thoroughly educated, and with a mind so broad and deep, that even common subjects were lifted out of the commonplace by her clear judgment and the brilliant play of her fancy; and her manners possessed an inexpressible charm which could only be described by that ill-used word, fascinating.

He fell in love with her, and speedily recognized the fact, though he did not know how strong the feeling was until, when that golden month which carried him toward the end of September came to an end; he was unexpectedly called away for a season. He loved her, but in spite of his heart the teachings of his youth warned him that he ran a great risk. Here was a woman of whom he knew literally nothing—neither her antecedents nor connections; what would his mother's verdict be—what would the world say?

He was bitterly ashamed of these scruples, but they had an influence upon him; they surged up and sealed his lips more than once when the story of his love was upon them. He might try to excuse himself by urging that it was too soon; that he had no right to speak, no right to think that any wave from the emotion which surged in his soul had touched hers; but in reality it was those scruples which kept him silent; and he knew, too—though he accused himself of masculine vanity in thinking it—he knew that she cared.

Then the month ended, and his departure occurred so suddenly that there was no opportunity for a word. The telegram was so urgent, that he had to go by the first train—had barely time to reach the station. His farewells to her were uttered in the presence of others, and she had spoken kindly adieus, just as they did—a little paler, perhaps, than her wont, but perfectly calm and serene. He should be gone less than a week—he told her that over and over; he heard himself repeating the assurance with a sort of imbecile persistency, which haunted him afterward as the train bore him away, consumed by a feverish impatience that made the journey a torment.

Less than a week—he tried to find consolation by that reflection; but almost a month elapsed before he was able to return, and when he got there she had gone, and his after efforts to discover her proved unavailing.

All these memories, long as it takes to set them down, flashed with lightning speed through his mind, as she gave that brief account which held to his view a record of unavoidable misery, hopefully as she spoke—calmly as she uttered the closing words: "There, that is all."

"I think it is hard, very hard," he said, brokenly, confused by the quick rush of recollections which had shaken him.

"Ah, that is only because you view the matter from a different standpoint," she said, quietly. "You have always been very rich—even those quiet Southside people could gossip enough for me to learn that. Now, I had always been poor until that little legacy was left me. I had enjoyed it for only eighteen months."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, not well knowing what he said.

Elinor Stuart took a sudden resolution; he had expressed an interest in her welfare—well, she would tell him more about herself. She did not attempt to analyze the sentiment which impelled her to do this, but it was too strong to resist. She could not have told why, either, but she had a sort of proud satisfaction in doing it—if it caused him to feel that the social distinction between them was even greater than he had imagined, then the sooner he knew the whole truth the better.

"So, you see, I had not time to grow deeply wedded to my life of comparative ease," she continued, in a slow, clear voice. "My father was an obscure clergyman, but a man for any daughter to be proud of. He died when I was only ten. I lost my mother six years later, and with her the little annuity which had supported us. I had a very beautiful voice, and some kind friends raised a sum of money which enabled me to cultivate it, with the view of becoming a public singer. I went to Italy and stayed several years; just as I was hoping that my studies were nearly at an end, I caught a severe cold, which utterly ruined my voice."

"How hard, how hard!" he groaned; yet, even in the fullness of his sympathy, and it was great, the confession gave him a certain shock, he could not repress that.

"It was a terrible blow," she replied, quietly as ever. "I loved my art; I would rather have been a great singer than a queen! Well, just at that time, one of the kind friends who had helped me was taken ill and died. She had come to Europe, and I was with her at the last; she left me the little income which, as I told you, so soon took wings to itself."

She rose as she spoke; a strange change had come over her inwardly; she could not converse with him an instant longer, she must be alone.

"I—I'm afraid I have staid too long," he said, confusedly.

"No, it is I who am obliged to be unceremonious," she replied. "You know we working people cannot always command our time."

"And may I come again?" he asked.

"I shall be very glad to see you."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I am afraid not," she said, smiling. "You must not think me rude. I am a great deal occupied. Do you stop here for some time?"

"Oh, I am pretty sure to. I have been telling myself I wanted a month's quiet," he replied, with a reckless disregard of the truth, of which, however, he was oblivious; he had quite forgotten that he only proposed to stop three days.

She moved on down the path, and he had to follow; she walked so quickly, too, that he found no space to frame a sentence out of the appeals and wishes which filled his mind. They were in the hall, at the front door, and he had not spoken yet. Oh, he could not bear to go like this! Yet she stood, evidently expecting him to take his leave at once.

"Can't you be persuaded out for a stroll? There must be a lovely sunset," he said.

"Not to-night, thanks," she replied; "we are early people, it will soon be our tea-time."

Then a voice, which seemed to proceed from a crack in the dining-room door, interposed huskily:

"Miss Mosely ain't to hum yet, so you needn't hurry."

Then there was a strangled squeak, and the sound of retreating footsteps, and Miss Stuart laughed, saying:

"That is our handmaiden, Joanna; the advent of a stranger has upset her nerves."

He laughed, held her hand for an instant, then had to go. As he reached the foot of the porch-steps he turned and looked back, but Miss Stuart had already disappeared.

CHAPTER IX.

THE days glided on with a rapidity which fairly astounded Kenneth Alderly when he paused to notice the fact; but he seldom did that. We count every hour and moment when we are wretched, but let happiness overtake us, and we are all spendthrifts in regard to time's flight.

Some unexpected business occupied Mr. Gresham so constantly for a week, that he really found no leisure to consult with Kenneth about Florence Denham's affairs, and as their urgency was not pressing, he begged his guest to have patience, unless he were too much bored by the quiet.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed before the conclusion of those matters left Alderly without excuse for not continuing his journey, except such as might lie in his host's desire that he should remain, and his own readiness to do so. The first would have seemed no reason whatever in his mother's eyes, and the latter would have filled her with unbounded astonishment.

In spite of his being unusually occupied, Mr. Gresham managed to hold many long conversations with his guest, and the liking between the two men fast warmed into friendship.

Mr. Gresham had always believed that Mrs. Alderly meant to make a match between her son and Florence Denham, and as he grew acquainted with the young man, and recognized his sterling worth, the idea which had formerly been disagreeable to contemplate grew the very reverse, and it seemed to him that no marriage could be so fitting a culmination of the destiny of the charming girl, whom he regarded with a tenderness and affection of which its object had slight conception.

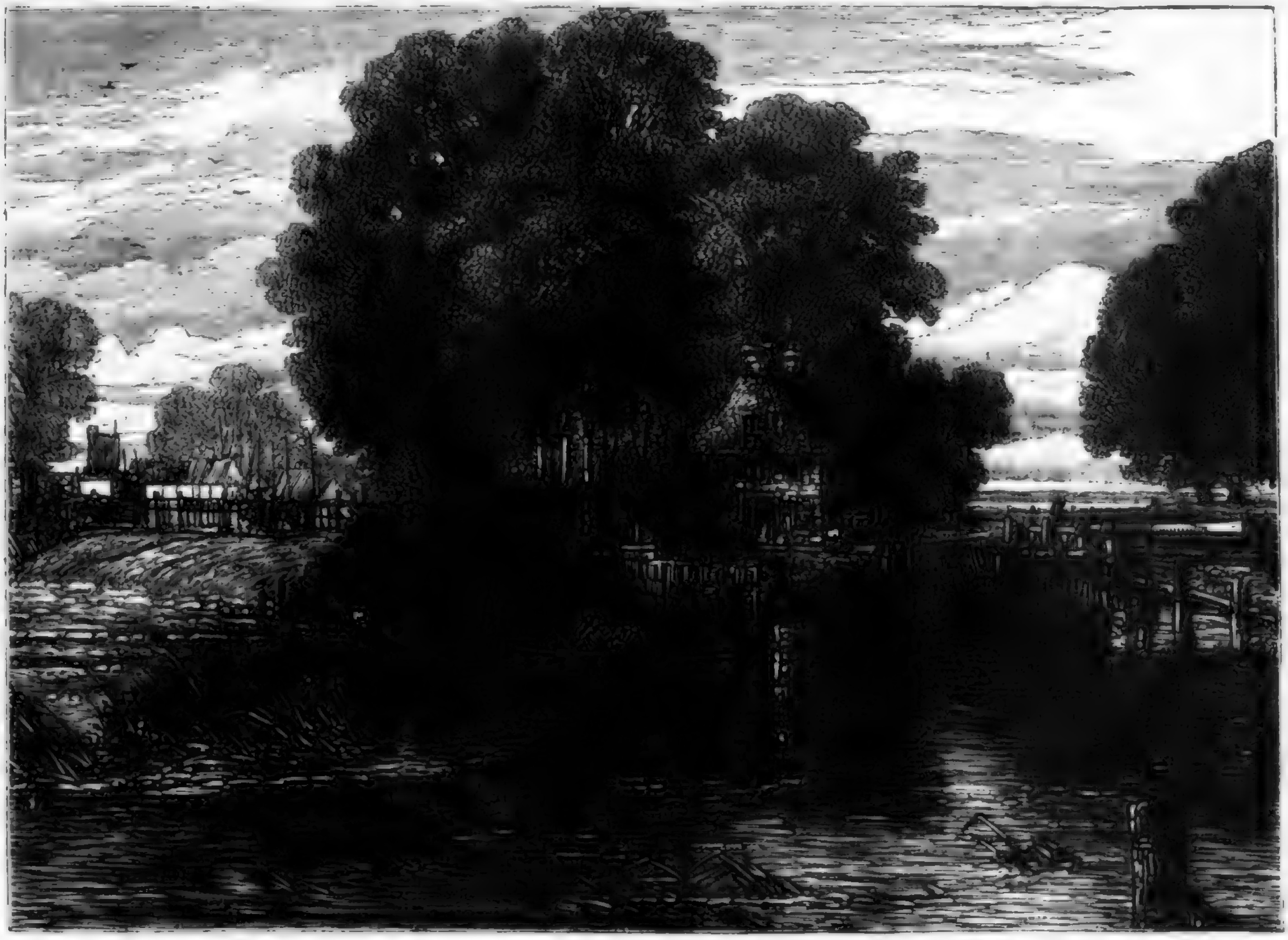
"Why shouldn't you stay till Florence comes?—she will be here now within the month," he said to his visitor, with a double intention in his speech. He wanted to keep Kenneth, and he felt confident that the fact of his remaining would be an inducement to Mrs. Alderly to allow Florence to pay him her long-promised visit, which he feared she might, at the last, find means of preventing. He knew her well enough to be aware that it was not easy to bring the astute lady to the end of her resources. When her imperious will was at fault, she could stoop to cajolery and cheating; was quite capable of taking to her bed and being given over by some accommodating physician, if she could not hinder her niece's departure in any other way. But if Alderly staid, there was no fear, and Mr. Gresham longed to have the two young people in his house together, dwelling upon the possibilities which might arise with a degree of enthusiasm that would have astonished even those who knew him best; for the practical man owned a vein of romance in his nature, which he kept as carefully concealed as if it were a defect, whereof he had reason to feel ashamed.

It required very little persuasion to make Alderly consent to stop on; even to await his young relative's arrival, if she did not delay too long. He wrote this news to his mother, and she was thoroughly satisfied. Florence should come in three weeks; the lady wished heartily that she could send her sooner, but they had made engagements which put this out of the question. Indeed, now there was an additional reason why she wanted her niece to go: she had had no idea of the extent of Mr. Gresham's fortune, and when Kenneth stated it in his letters she decided that dislike, pride, every consideration which, as a rule, was so potent with her, must go to the wall. In a matter where such great interests were at stake, the ordinary rules that regulated her conduct shriveled up before the golden prospects for Florence, which a due cultivation of her stepfather might open.

A million—and he was hale and hearty, as such odious creatures always were—quite capable of accumulating a second million—and it might all become Florence's and her son's—yes, surely Florence must go!

All the same, it was a struggle with her will; the fact that he had grown so rich made her hate Mr. Gresham more intensely than ever. If it had not been for this she would actually have proposed accompanying her niece, but she could not stoop so far. Besides, as she elected to believe that her dead sister's husband was filled with "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," any perception on his part of her plan would excite his obstinacy, and he would find a diabolical pleasure in opposing her.

After the matter of his staying had been settled between Mr. Gresham and himself, Alderly mentioned it during his next visit to Miss Stuart, which happened to be on the afternoon of the same day. Indeed, his appearance at the cottage, or meeting her in her walks, had grown diurnal occurrences; and in spite of the wise resolutions Elinor had formed when he first came again into her presence, she had not been able to deprive herself of the pleasure his society afforded, nor, had she wished, could she easily have found a pretext for doing so.



A SCENE ON THE RIVER-BANK.

Alderly had at once informed Mr. Gresham and his sister that he had discovered a former acquaintance in Miss Stuart—had spoken of her with a grave respect, as he might have done of a woman of Miss Gresham's own age; partly because it was so difficult to say anything without showing a suspicious enthusiasm, that his language and manners became so measured as to sound almost frigid; partly because the secret of his love was a secret so precious and sacred, that until he obtained the certainty that it was returned, it would have seemed profanation to allow any sign of its existence to become perceptible to others.

Miss Gresham had sought Elinor out soon after her arrival, and had shown her many little unostentatious kindnesses, but she was a shy, retiring woman, with slight faith that her companionship could be especially welcome to any young person, so she had made few advances toward familiar intercourse. Elinor had too much discernment not to perceive that this reticence sprang from timidity and a lack of self-esteem, instead of any petty, purse-proud feelings, and she liked and respected the quiet little lady.

Since Alderly came she had twice or thrice been invited to the house, and Mr. Gresham grew more than ever pleased with her; and the fact of these visits—of course known and generally commented on by the villagers—increased their respect for the schoolmistress, and did a good deal to prevent the rapid spread of certain whispers that had tried lately to make themselves heard in regard to the familiar terms upon which she had been with Will Hudson.

Nobody could have told exactly from what source the attempts at gossip had started, but they were in the air, and would very likely have soon grown strong enough to injure Elinor, save for the shield which this countenance by Mr. Gresham and his sister put between her and such evil. The reports waxed fainter and fainter, and seemed actually to have died without reaching the ears of Mrs. Mosely,' an energetic body with a sharp tongue when roused, and who held her lodger in such affectionate respect—possessing the gift, not always bestowed upon people, whatever their rank in life, of recognizing a lady when she saw one—that she would undoubtedly have risen boldly in her defense, and perhaps done more harm than good by her indiscreet partisanship.

So three entire weeks passed, and Kenneth Alderly still found resolution to guard his lips in the fact that his cousin's visit was likely to prolong his stay indefinitely. He was very happy, in an excited, restless fashion, but now and then disturbing thoughts entered his mind, though he could not be said to dwell upon them. He could not help occasionally remembering how little he knew of this girl, to whom his heart had gone out so unreservedly, with a strength and passion which, until he met her, he had believed he should never feel. That she was in every way good and pure as she was lovely and gifted, he had no more doubt than that the sun shone in the heavens; but there was her whole past, of which he was ignorant; save the few rather vague details which she had once given, he knew literally nothing—of her birth, her childhood, the associations among which the later years had been spent—nothing.

These things would be strong arguments in his mother's hands when she learned the truth; and in any case, the fact that Elinor had once absolutely been studying for the stage—alone in a foreign land—would prove a blow which Mrs. Alderly's pride could scarcely withstand; a drawback, too, Kenneth was well aware, in the eyes of the people among whom he lived.

But as much as possible he put these reflections by, and lived in the sunshine of the present. Elinor herself avoided thought, in a manner so foreign to her usual somewhat pitiless analyzing of her own personality and all matters connected therewith, that it was strange her own persistency did not rouse her to a sense of the risk she ran—but it did not! It so often happens with us poor mortals, that just when we most require the full aid of our boasted reason, it turns quiescent and torpid, and is far less useful than the instinct of our pet dog, whose claims to eternal life would seem as preposterous as our own do natural and reasonable.

It was the close of a beautiful June day; the children had come to school that afternoon with a plea, supported by their parents, that they should be set free at three o'clock, so as to have ample time for the enjoyment of some excursion which they had planned.

Elinor had been liberated from her duties an hour and a half earlier than usual, but, unfortunately for Kenneth Alderly, he had had no prescience that such would be the case, and he had ridden off to visit some spot of interest a good many miles away, expecting to return in season to have a glimpse of Elinor before her tea-time.

But the fates appeared decidedly against him, for in coming homeward he attempted to shorten his ride by taking a cross-path through a wood, missed the route, and did not find it for a long while; and when he did, discovered that his horse had cast a shoe. Of course this mishap delayed him still further, but luckily it happened just as he came out into the highway, close by a blacksmith's shop, and his conscience would not permit him to go on until the accident was remedied.

Elinor stopped in her room, and read and wrote till toward sunset. Mrs. Mosely had gone to a sewing-circle, where she would have her tea, flavored with a good deal of pleasant and exciting gossip, no doubt; so Miss Stuart, when she grew tired of stopping indoors, went down to persuade Joanna to give her some bread-and-milk, instead of waiting for the evening repast.

Mrs. Mosely would not have consented to such irregularity; that energetic body feeling it her duty to look sharply after her lodger's health, and not to be coaxed into allowing her to substitute what she would have termed "baby trash," in place of the solid food which, as she sensibly declared, "people that worked needed to put into their stomachs; for, whatever else you might trifle with, stomachs wasn't calculated to bear it."

But Joanna was less severe, and perhaps not sorry to be set free herself, in order to enjoy a little intercourse with a neighboring damsel, who was her most intimate friend. So Miss Stuart had her way, ate her bread-and-milk, and departed for a ramble toward the head of the valley.

There was a deep gorge here, through which that road ran that ascended a hill, whose summit afforded a magnificent view. A mountain brook ran brawling and foaming down the rocks, traversed the meadow below, and poured itself into the river.

It was a wild spot; once in the gorge, there appeared no more sign of human cultivation than if the place had been in the heart of a primeval forest, though it was scarcely half a mile distant from the village. Elinor often strolled hither, so seldom meeting any one, that no idea of fear crossed her mind. Nothing ever brought any of the men employed at the foundry or rolling-mill in this direction, and, indeed, if there had, Elinor would not have been alarmed by the encounter. Mr. Gresham's work-people were famous for their orderly, sober habits, and Miss Stuart was so well-known among them, such a favorite with their children or young sisters, that she always received the most profound respect on all occasions.

She sat down and fell to thinking of matters which had forced themselves upon her during the past day or two; conscious that she had hitherto almost willfully put them aside, and gone on dreaming in a manner which, though it might have been excusable in many women, was wrong in her, considering the stern necessities of her life.

She loved Kenneth Alderly—she could not avoid that truth. She had reason to think that his feelings toward her went beyond a man's mere admiration for a woman, young and pretty. But would he have strength and courage to break through the prejudice of his education and caste, and ask her, a country school-teacher, without fortune or friends, to become his wife? She had no right to blame him; he had not made love to her. But she had been wrong to dream; he, too, ought to reflect that an episode in his life, perhaps soon to be forgotten, might cast a lasting shadow across hers.

She heard footsteps; looked up, and saw William Hudson approaching in the direction of the village. Elinor had for weeks resolutely put him and Madge out of her mind, believing that she was not likely to encounter either of them again, as Mrs. Mosely had told her the man had left the neighborhood, and found work in a distant place.

She saw that he seemed sober, and there was scarcely reason for alarm, as down behind the gorge, almost within calling distance, lived a charcoal-burner and his family, and they were certain, at this hour, to be at home. Hudson passed quite close to the spot where she sat, but without appearing to notice her; he walked on for a little way, then paused, hesitated a moment, and turned back. He came up to her, but she did not rise or speak—sat looking, with cold dignity, into his face.

"You needn't think I followed you," he said, in a sullen voice; "I'd been to see old Johnson, over on the mountain. It was only some business brought me to Laughton to day—I wouldn't ha' come if I could ha' helped—I hate the place and all about it, and you made me."

She rose in silence and moved toward the path which led to the charcoal-burner's shanty.

"Oh, you needn't go," he cried; "I ain't going to stop. I don't want to talk to you—I just mean to say this, though! Maybe I was wrong to talk the way I did that night, but you deserved it; you'd no call to treat me as if I was the dirt under your feet—a man has a right to be treated like a human being, even if he is poor and ignorant."

"Yes, when he behaves like a man," Elinor replied. "I think better of you even for this slight expression of regret. I hope the time may come, for your own sake, when your penitence will be complete."

"It won't!" he exclaimed. "It sha'n't! I know why you treated me so—'cause that fine city chap was coming! I'd ha' made him and you feel it, only Madge wrote me he didn't stay here long; so you lost him, after all."

Elinor walked quickly on; he did not offer to follow her. The sound of a horse's hoofs suddenly rang out along the steep path which descended the hill a little beyond. Kenneth Alderly came riding down the stony route. They could both see him on the narrow path above, but his back was toward them.

Elinor heard Hudson's step close beside her.

"So my gentleman hadn't gone!" he muttered. "Well, you wait, and you shall see which of us is the best fellow!"

At that instant the horse gave a sudden bound, frightened by a dog that ran barking across the path. Kenneth

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had let the bridle drop loosely over his arm while lighting a cigar; the horse dashed on furiously; the projecting branch of a tree struck his rider so violent a blow on the chest that he reeled in the saddle; the movement caused him to lose the rein.

The frightened beast leaped forward, round a curve where the path narrowed perilously—to the right the steep hill, to the left an almost sheer precipice of many feet.

Without uttering a cry, Elinor started to run; Will Hudson caught her arm, hissing in her ear:

"You do love him! Well, let him be killed—let him!"

He held her fast; nerved by a fairly superhuman strength, she shook him off, exclaiming:

"So you are not content—you do mean to be a murderer, after all!"

She flew on with the might of despair; she could see the snorting, rearing horse, see Kenneth trying to recover his seat. He would be killed—killed before her eyes—oh, ages seemed to pass in the brief seconds it required to traverse the space which separated them!

Will Hudson hesitated. A score of devils fought with him, invisible hands appeared holding him back, but Elinor Stuart's agonized moan had roused his conscience too far for the demons to conquer.

"A murderer!" he groaned. "No, I can't be that!"

He, too, sprang forward; then he saw Elinor reappear on the other side of the thicket; she was in the narrow road, in front of the horse, who swerved at her approach, and plunged up the hill. Alderly had been quite stunned for a moment; faint and blind, he was catching at the pommel for support. The dizziness lessened as Elinor seized the bridle; he snatched at it, too, extricated his feet from the stirrups, and jumped down. With such strength as he had left he aided Elinor in tying the strap about a tree-trunk; the horse's fright subsided as suddenly as it had come, and he stood quite still.

It was all over before Will Hudson could cross the thicket; he saw Alderly totter, and then lean against a projecting rock. Hudson walked away and disappeared in the wood. Elinor saw him go—she had seen, too, the movement he made to rush to her assistance.

Alderly was obliged to sit down for a few moments; the blow had been so violent that the blood was flowing from his nostrils, and a deathly sickness succeeded the faint sensation.

Elinor ran to the brook, filled Kenneth's felt hat with water, gave him some to drink, and then bathed his forehead with her wet handkerchief.

"It is nothing," he said, at length. "I am not hurt, I was stunned for a while. I should have been killed but for you. Elinor! Elinor! will you share the life you have saved? It isn't any news to hear that I love you! It can't be! Elinor, do you care—will you be my wife?"

(*To be continued.*)

MANITOBA.

Manitoba, a few years ago, was a sort of Transvaal; and the population, made up of the descendants of Lord Selkirk's colony—French Canadians and Boisbrulés, or Half-breeds—were little disposed to submit to Canadian rule. It required an armed force under Sir Garnet Wolseley to subdue them and enforce submission. Manitoba, which in 1864 was inhabited only by trappers and Montagnais Indians, and which, in 1870, had a total population of only 12,000, has now increased to 70,000, while Winnipeg since 1871 has increased from a place of 400 inhabitants to a city of 10,000, with fine, large stores and handsome dwellings; the favorite building material being white brick, which are made on the spot. During the Summer of 1880 between 300 and 400 buildings have been erected, and $1,000,000 have been spent in building, of which amount $100,000 have been used in putting up churches and educational institutions. There are no large manufactories of any kind, but there are several saw-mills and a foundry of sufficient size to meet all the demands of the place. The growth of Manitoba has been healthy, and though rapid, has not been too great; immigrants having come in no faster than they could be cared for. The people who have moved into the country are mostly Canadian farmers, though there are a few of English birth, and, as a rule, all are prosperous and contented.

THE ESCAPE OF OJEDA.

Among the companions of Columbus, whose adventures form such a romantic part of our early history, none is more brilliant than Alonzo de Ojeda, a regular Catholic Roundhead, always ready to pray or fight, a man undaunted in danger, making a bold front to any number of foes, and never yielding.

In 1500 he was on the coast of Paria. Then we find him with a large grant in Hispaniola. Then he set out to colonize Coquibacoa, and with two associates and a well-equipped fleet reached Cumana. Here he began a settlement, but his associates were discontented. They lured him on a vessel and put him in irons, to carry him as a prisoner to Spain. While the vessel lay at anchor off the western coast of the Island of Santo Domingo, a stone's throw from the land, Ojeda, confident in his strength and skill as a swimmer, let himself quietly slide down the side of the ship into the water, during the night, and attempted to swim for the shore. His arms were free, but his feet were shackled, and the weight of his irons threatened to sink him. He was obliged to shout for help. A boat was sent from the vessel to his relief, and the unfortunate governor was taken back, half drowned, to his unrelenting partners. A litigation followed, in which he was condemned, and though the King reversed the sentence, he was utterly ruined.

Some years later, with Juan de la Cosa, he obtained a grant on the Isthmus of Darien, but his rash invasion led to the destruction of his whole party, including the great pilot, Juan de la Cosa. An expedition under a rival, Nicuesa, soon after reached the coast. In a tangled and almost impervious cluster of mangrove-trees they caught a glimpse of a man in Spanish attire. To their astonishment, they found it to be Alonzo de Ojeda. He was lying on the matted roots of the mangroves, his buckler on his shoulder, his sword in his hand, but so wasted with hunger and hardship that he could not speak. They revived him at last, and listened with wonder to his amazing story of his escape to the coast.

Still undaunted, he raised a new force, and founded the city of San Sebastian, and held it against the Indians, often sallying forth to punish their attacks. In these operations he was ever in the van. He slew more Indian warriors with his single arm than all his followers together. Though often exposed to showers of arrows, none ever wounded him, and the Indians began to think he had a charmed life. They then made him the sole object of their attack, and drew him into an ambuscade. Three arrows struck his buckler and glanced off harmlessly, but a fourth, dipped in poison, pierced his thigh. With a yell of triumph the savage foe vanished, certain that he would now expire in agony. But Ojeda ordered a red-hot iron

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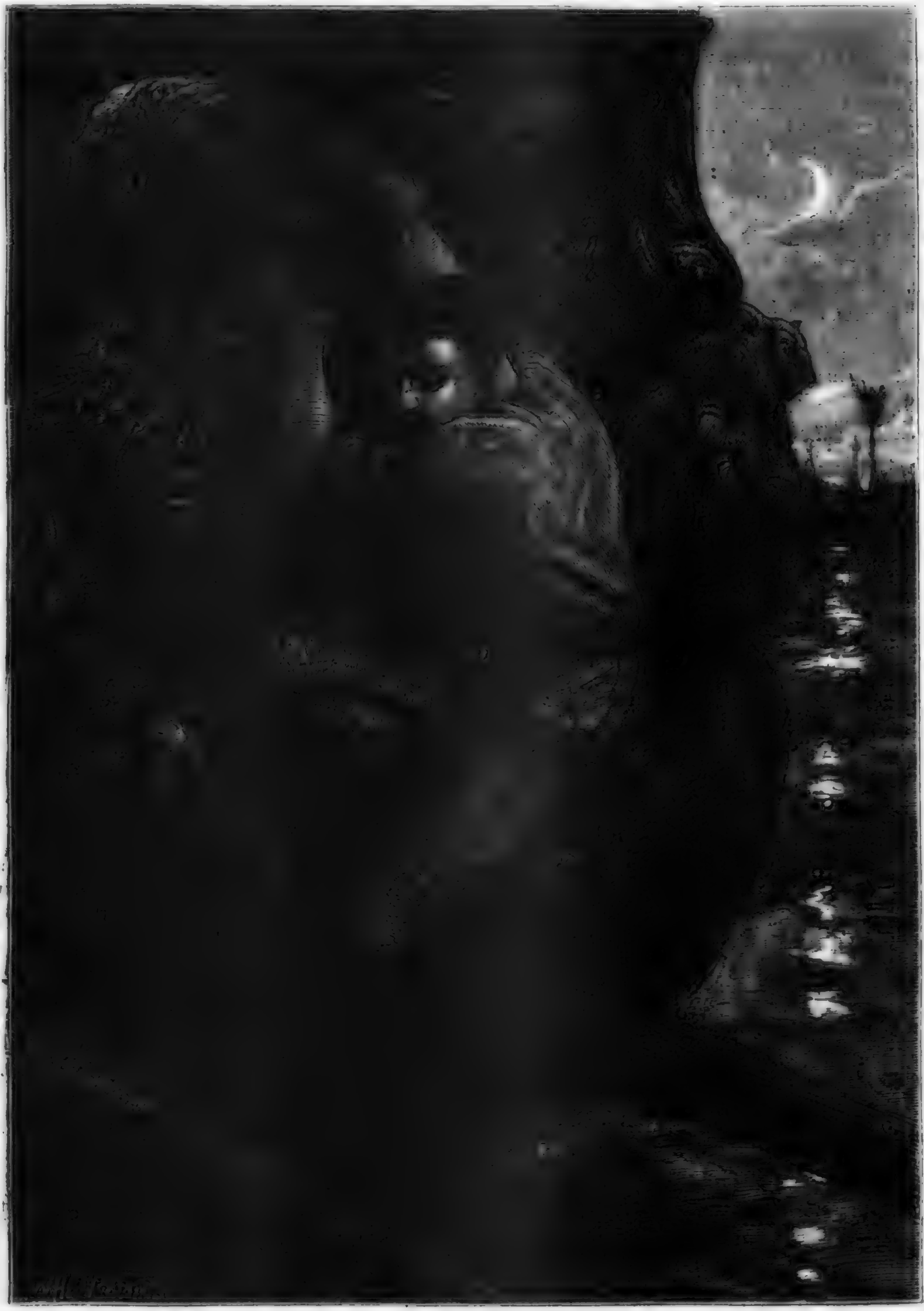
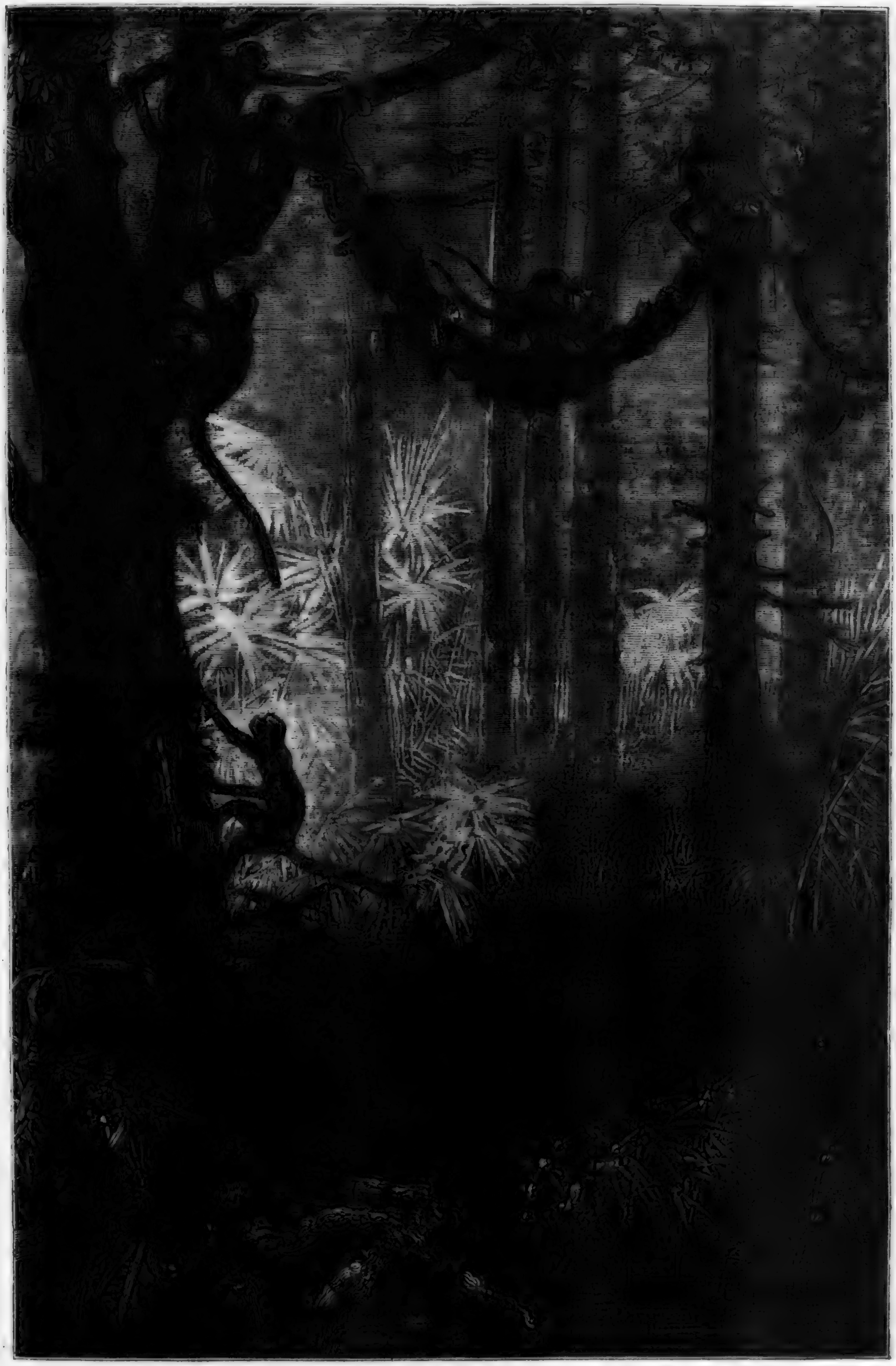
to be applied to each side of the wound, never shrinking or groaning during the frightful operation.

San Sebastian was then beleaguered more fiercely than ever, till relieved by a piratical craft and party under Talaverā, who finally carried Ojeda off. They fell at last into the hands of justice, and Ojeda, for bearing witness against them, exposed himself to their vengeance. They attacked him one night on Santo Domingo, but Ojeda displayed his usual spirit. Setting his back against a wall and drawing his sword, he defended himself admirably against the whole gang, and not only drove them off, but pursued them through street after street.



THE ESCAPE OF OJEDA.

Full of religious feeling, he bore with him amid all his dangers a painting of the Mother of the Redeemer, and dying asked to be buried at the portal of a Franciscan church, that all might trample on his grave.



HANGING HIGHWAYS.—MONKEYS THE FIRST ENGINEERS OF A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 595.

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HYMN OF THE TREES.

METHOUGHT I heard the leaflets ring
Sweet chimes of praise:
Again I heard the bare boughs sing
The self-same lays:
Would God that I through youth and age,
Through weal and woe,
When suns do shine and storms do rage,
Might praise Him so!

Out of the starless night
Cometh the day;
All the world groweth bright
With the sun's ray:
While the day waketh praise ye the Lord!

Noon gilds the flow'ry land,
All nature sings;
Weep not when night's at hand—
Night morning brings.
While the sun shineth praise ye the Lord!

If the sun setteth soon,
Autumn be here,
Halos surround the moon,
Leaflets are sere—
While the earth dieth praise ye the Lord!

When Winter's silver mist,
With chilling breath,
All the bare trees has kiss't
Softly in death,
While the earth sleepeth praise ye the Lord!

JACK OF CLUBS.

"MY dear Jack, I tell you you are a fool not to go in and win; why, any one can see the game is yours, if you will but lay down the trump card. What! Who ever heard of Jack of Clubs not winning the Queen of Diamonds, if he was a trump?—and you are that, lad! Suppose the girl is an heiress, she is none the less a woman for that; and I hold, with the immortal bard—

> "'That man who hath a tongue, I say is no man,
> If with that tongue he cannot win a woman.'

Fancy what a place this is to be owner of! and what a woman! Why, man! without her money, she would still be the most lovely and lovable creature in existence."

"That's just it, Phil. If it were not for the cursed money, I would be eager to try my fortune; but I prefer my pet name of Jack of Clubs to that of fortune-hunter. Besides, even were she to wed me, I doubt the prospect of our future peace—for my wife must hold it honor to obey, and our queenly Kate has never yet had her will curbed."

"The more likely," said Phil, "she will enjoy the new sensation of having a master. Believe me, a woman is never truly happy until she has found 'her king, her governor.' But come, Jack; begin to dress—the first dressing-bell has rung a long time since. We are to be a large party to-night—so pray put your hair straight, and with just a suspicion of carefulness."

"Nonsense, Phil; those who don't like me, can leave me. You fellows dress carefully enough, heaven knows, to excuse any apparent negligence on my part. I'll be after you in two ticks. I know you are longing to resume your chat with Conny Power. The dressing-bell interrupted it just as it was becoming interesting."

At the crowded table, later on, Phil Demmings shook his head severely as his friend the artist, Jack Henderson, lounged leisurely in, late, as usual; and, as usual, looking as if he thought valets vanity, and a dress-suit a real vexation of spirit.

He tumbled his rough dark head with his hand, as his hostess—a lovely woman, absurdly young to hold such a position as that of first lady of her county, which dignity she held by virtue of her domineering will, her love of hunting; and her marvelous pluck, so that she was universally styled by the squires of the county "their queen"—motioned him to a seat by her side. Never had a woman such a splendid seat on horseback, or such wonderful courage in difficulties or danger, as this second Helen. Then the was so young, rich, lovely, and all that was desirable, that she had her will in all things but one, and that one made her coquettish heart ache. She could not make Jack of Clubs—as he was named, through owning no home but such as the public homes of gentlemen commanded—her slave. She could not make poor, proud, stubborn, plain-faced, clever Jack bend the knee in homage to her sovereign power. Even now that she had kept the seat of honor for him, he stepped into it ungratefully, offering no apology for his tardy appearance, but, as his hostess spitefully thought, sat sipping his soup like a bear; and Jack smiled grimly to see the cloud he had planted on her fair forehead.

She seemed determined that evening to subdue him, for before they said good-night, she made him lead her out on to the moonlit balcony, and plied him with such witchery that he had to assume his most surly manner to disarm her charms.

The next day was devoted to skating; and, as Jack said he did not care about going, he was left at home to sketch in peace. He found the face of his fair hostess creep in between him and his work, so he amused himself by making pretty little sketches of her—sketches which would have gone far toward healing the wound on her vanity his coldness had inflicted, could she have seen them; but now she was from pique endangering all future happiness.

Finding she could not induce Jack to leave his work for her sweet sake, she consoled herself by flirting shamefully with an empty-headed, good-looking earl. Truly, as Tennyson has said, "the earl was fair to see," but, beyond that, he was or should have been a myth; but, somehow, to-day his foppery pleased her—perhaps because it was so great a contrast to the man her heart hungered for. At any rate, his straw-colored lordship had to-day his own way with the fair lady, of whom, notwithstanding his admiration and tender liking for her, he stood considerably in awe.

"She had such a deuced fierce tongue, don't you see."

At any rate, to-day her tongue was not fierce, and the earl found courage to ask her for her hand. In amazed silence, she heard him out, then said, coolly:

"I like your impudence so well (mind, it's the only thing I like about you), that I'll accept you, on one condition; and that is, that if I find, during our engagement, I can't stand your nonsense, you'll let me off easily."

He agreed, so she returned discontentedly to the house, determined to startle Jack into some acknowledgment of her power by the announcement of her engagement. She found him in the picture-gallery, fast asleep.

"Such a romantic situation," she observed, as he awoke, just in time to rescue his best sketch of her from the flames.

She said:

"What do you think I have done to-day, Mr. Henderson? I have engaged myself to be married."

"What?" said Jack, startled out of his usual caution. "Oh; then I suppose you were about to burn that sketch, considering that I had been poaching on my neighbor's preserves ?"

"How bitterly you speak ! Does my news vex you ?"

"Vex ! Bless the woman, why should it ? I'm heartily glad. This will put an end to the army of martyrs who are continually flinging themselves beneath your chariot-wheels. Who is the happy man ?"

"The Earl of Noreleigh."

"Impossible ! You could not marry such a noodle."

"Sir !" exclaimed Kate.

"I beg your pardon ; but surely, now, a woman of your age—I believe you're thirty—would have too much sense to accept that noodle of a boy. Even though he can give you a title, I pity you—upon my soul, I do ; for, as I live, I believe you'll shoot him ere the honeymoon is ended."

With hot cheeks and indignant eyes, Kate flew from the room in such a rage that, as her maid said, it was as much as one's place was worth to dare even to sneeze before her.

A few days later a ball was given in honor of the distinguished betrothal ; and at its close, a fearful scene, which afterward became matter of history in those parts for generations, took place.

Kate Minton's robe caught fire, and she, fringed by flame, flew about amidst the crowd like a firebrand.

Her noble lover shrank from her wild despair with fear ; while she, in agony, rushed into the conservatory, where Jack was making a moonlight sketch.

"Save me ! save me, Jack !" shrieked Kate Minton.

In a few short seconds his manly arms and ready will subdued all danger, and she lay, a panting, painful wreck, upon his honest breast.

No need to doubt then the fervor of his love, as in agonized entreaty he called her from the gate of death to life by the pure strength of his devotion, and she, poor weary heart, heard and was happy.

A few weeks later, looking very weak and ill, she tottered into his studio, and said, with eyes downcast and lips which quivered like a timid child's :

"Please, Jack, will you have the goodness to marry me ? You see, you saved my life, so 'tis fairly yours ; and, if you refuse, I really don't see what I can do with it. My only employment of late has been ill-treating the earl, who has proved Tennyson a falsifier, for he really is far from fair to see when out of temper ; and, oh, Jack ! he just was out of temper when I told him I was coming to ask you to marry me."

Jack had stood spellbound while she spoke ; now he came forward, and taking her hands in his, said, in a tone of surprised emotion :

"Do you know what you are saying, Kate ? Is this some cruel jest to try my patience ? Before heaven, I would rather die than you should make sport of my deep devotion for you ; for, indeed, I do love you, but am so poor, my sweet, I never dared hope to win you. If you mean all you have said, come here and kiss me of your own sweet will. See, I am athirst for the dew of those sweet lips. What ! coming, Kate ? Then now, indeed, is your ugly boy rewarded for the kicks and lack of half-pence fortune has cast at him for so many years."

Kate, thinking surrender but half complete, or finding the new mastery of his tone refreshing after the surfeit she had received of homage, rendered him truest obedience, saying :

"Jack, could you take me if I said I came with no other dower save my true love ?"

"Could I, Kate ? Try me, my darling."

A sudden glad light sprang into his fine eyes. It was not that he did not find money enjoyable—who does not ? but the blessed hope came to him that he might benefit his wife instead of she him. So too quickly the fire died out of his eyes as she answered, strangely moved by his glad look :

"No, Jack, I cannot try you, but heaven will, for riches are but sent as trusts from heaven in bondage to hell. Dearest, we'll share life's duties together, and in them you'll forget you were ever Jack of Clubs."

HANGING HIGHWAYS.

By Arthur V. Abbott.

The traveler in the forests of the upper Amazon often finds his onward progress barred by one of the numerous tributaries of the mighty river. The stream is too wide to leap, too deep to ford, and its dark and sullen waters so suggestive of concealed snakes and alligators as to render a plunge beneath its surface anything but attractive. While he seeks some more agreeable means of transit, there appears in the treetops a wandering tribe of monkeys, who now find themselves in the same predicament, and to judge by the chattering that ensues, are considerably more disturbed ; for even the proverbial antipathy to water manifested by the feline race is far exceeded by the detestation with which the monkeys regard that fluid, and it is only at the last extremity that one will venture into it.

What is to be done is certainly a most momentous question ; and while the younger members are, with all the officiousness of youth, each advocating a different plan, the old chief assumes the office of engineer-in-charge, and after carefully reconnoitering the banks of the stream, selects a tree having, high up among its branches, a strong projecting limb overhanging the water. This tree is chosen with much skill, so as to stand as nearly as possible opposite a similar one on the other side, also furnished with an over-reaching branch. A shrill call from the chief puts a summary period to the clatter of the infants, and summons the entire tribe to the chosen tree. Taking his place on a convenient limb, he commences an operation usually supposed to call forth all the knowledge of the human race—the construction of a suspension bridge.

Selecting a number of the strongest members of the tribe, the leader directs one of them to climb out on the overhanging limb, and by means of his tail and hindlegs to suspend himself, head downward, from its very end. Creeping cautiously over number one, a second monkey advances, and in a like manner hangs himself from the head and shoulders of the first. Another and another follow, until, from the sustaining branch, there depends a living string long enough to span the narrow stream. Now comes the difficult part, wherein the aged chief must exercise all his skill, or he will never bridge, with his animated rope, even so narrow a brook. The last monkey of the chain gives a push against the tree, setting the whole line in oscillation, and, just as in a swing, a series of well-timed impulses causes the swinger swiftly to glide through the air ; so a series of pushes against the tree at last enable the end monkey to seize fast hold of the projecting branch opposite, and, behold ! a living way stretches over the dark water.

A squeal of triumph and applause from the monkeys in the tree announces the success of the enterprise, and then, one by one, the whole tribe passes over, until, at last, the old chief, like a ship's captain, the last to leave, finds himself alone, and sedately crosses. With a hearty shove the terminal monkey releases his arboral abutment, and with

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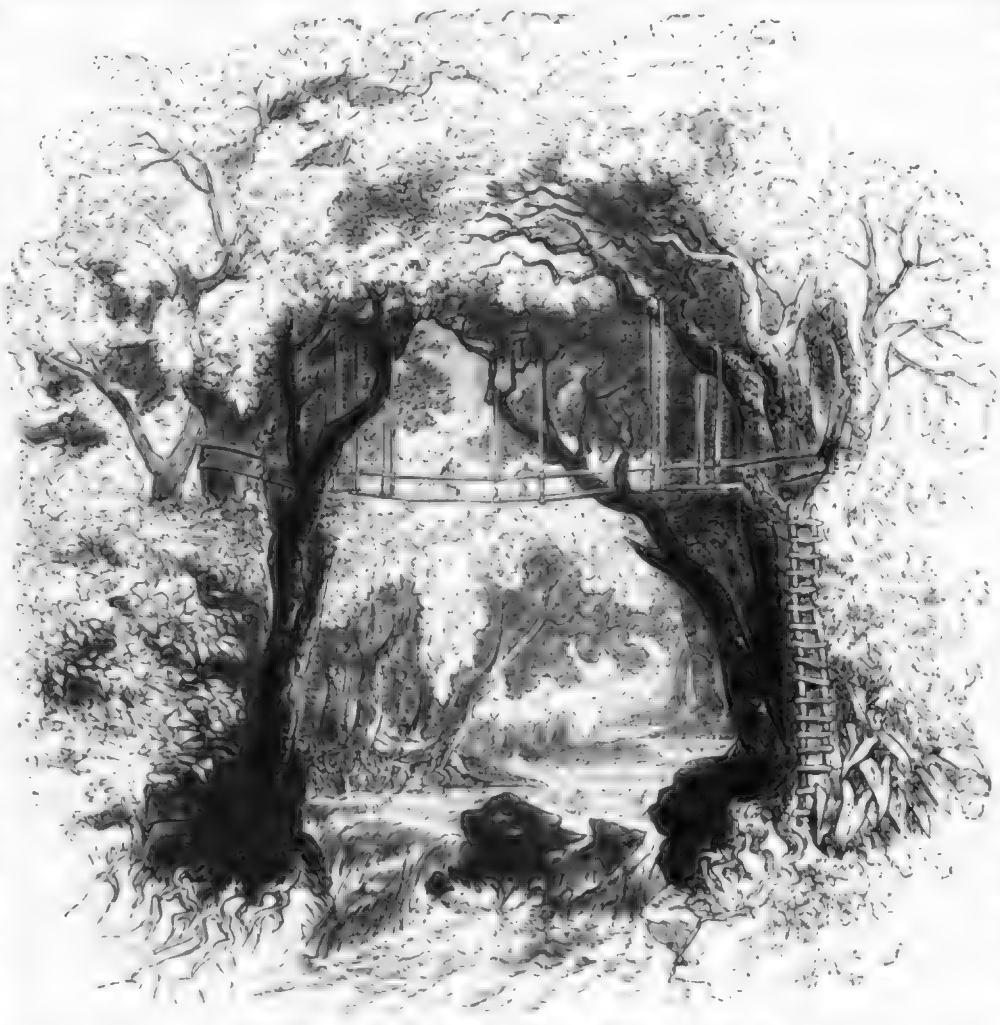
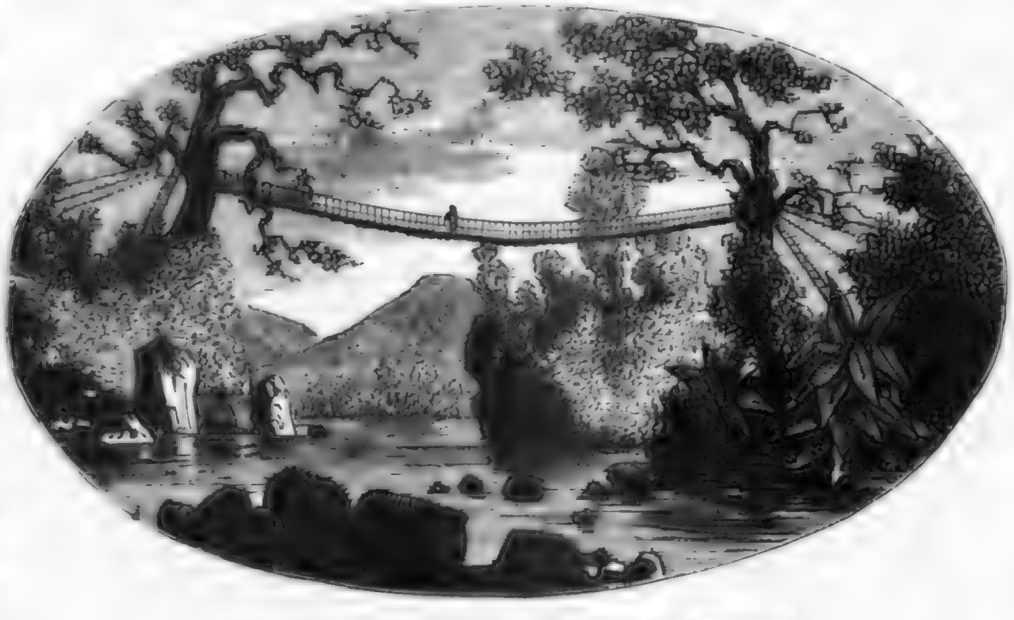
a swing and a bound the living bridge scampers off through the treetops.



PRIMITIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGES—A BRIDGE IN CEYLON.

After such a scene, the invention of the suspension bridge can scarcely be claimed by the human race as an original idea, unless, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, we are willing to admit at least a distant relationship with the more advanced primates. However this may be, the use of suspended bridges of various kinds is so ancient that its origin is entirely obscured in the mists of the past; for it is found that the aborigines of India and South America were familiar with such structures long before the discovery of their countries by Europeans; though it has not been until within the last half-century that the development of iron and steel has rendered possible such structures as now span the Niagara and the Ohio, giving to the suspension bridge its perfect development.

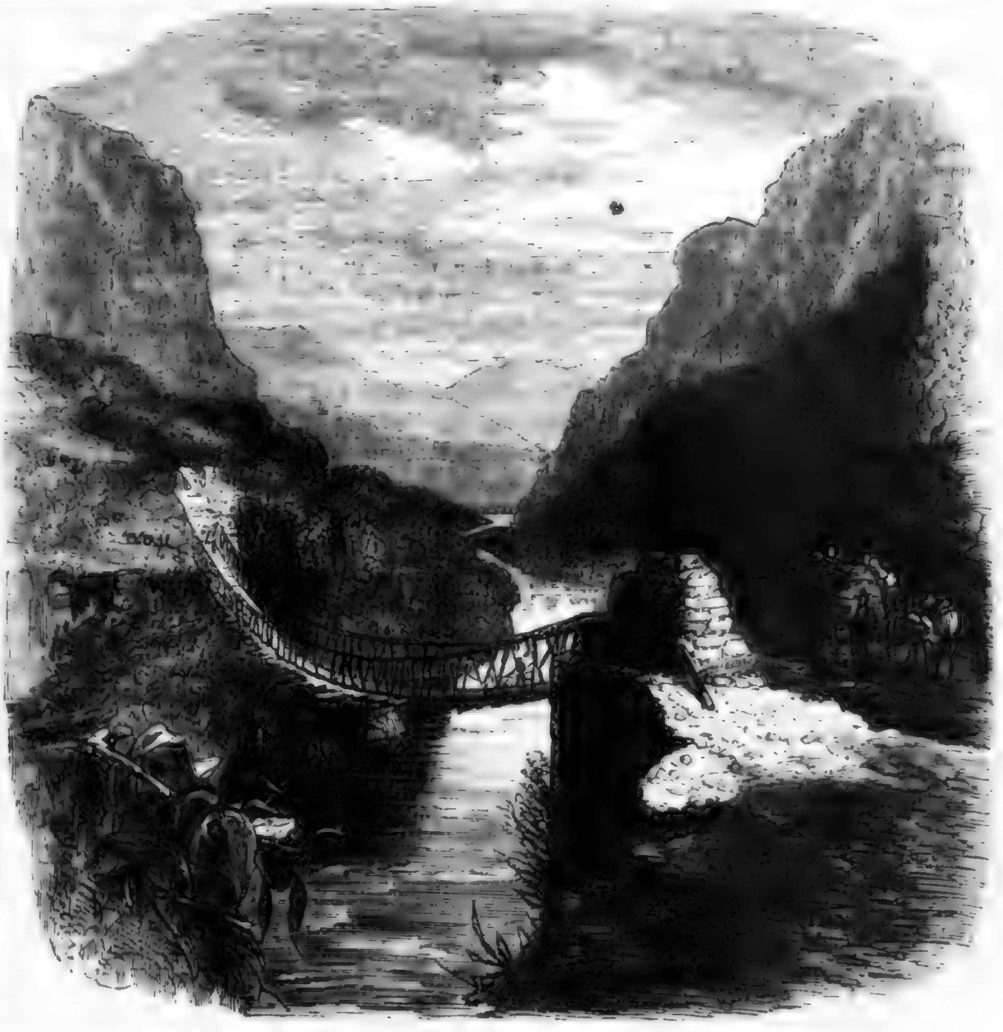
It would be difficult to find more curious or interesting specimens of primitive bridge architecture than some which at present span the gorges of the Andes; and of all, perhaps, "The Bridge of Twigs" is the most unique. Out of the flexible palm-branches a long, narrow, cradle-shaped structure is woven, and supported on either side of the stream by a rough pile of stones, forming, while it lasts, a bridge that is far stronger and stiffer than one would have supposed it possible to construct out of such materials. The early bridge-builders of Honduras have certainly, according to our illustration, taken a hint from the monkey engineer, and selected for their abutments two trees conveniently placed on either side of the stream to be spanned. Across two accommodating branches ropes of palm-fibre are stretched, the ends being made fast to the branches or trunks of the neighboring trees. From the cables so constructed a roadway, interwoven of rope and twigs, is suspended, and the whole structure is rendered complete by the addition, on either side, of a ladder, giving to those desiring to cross some facility for ascending to the platform level. From our illustration of a Cingalese bridge it will be seen that a similar method of suspending the roadway has there been adopted.



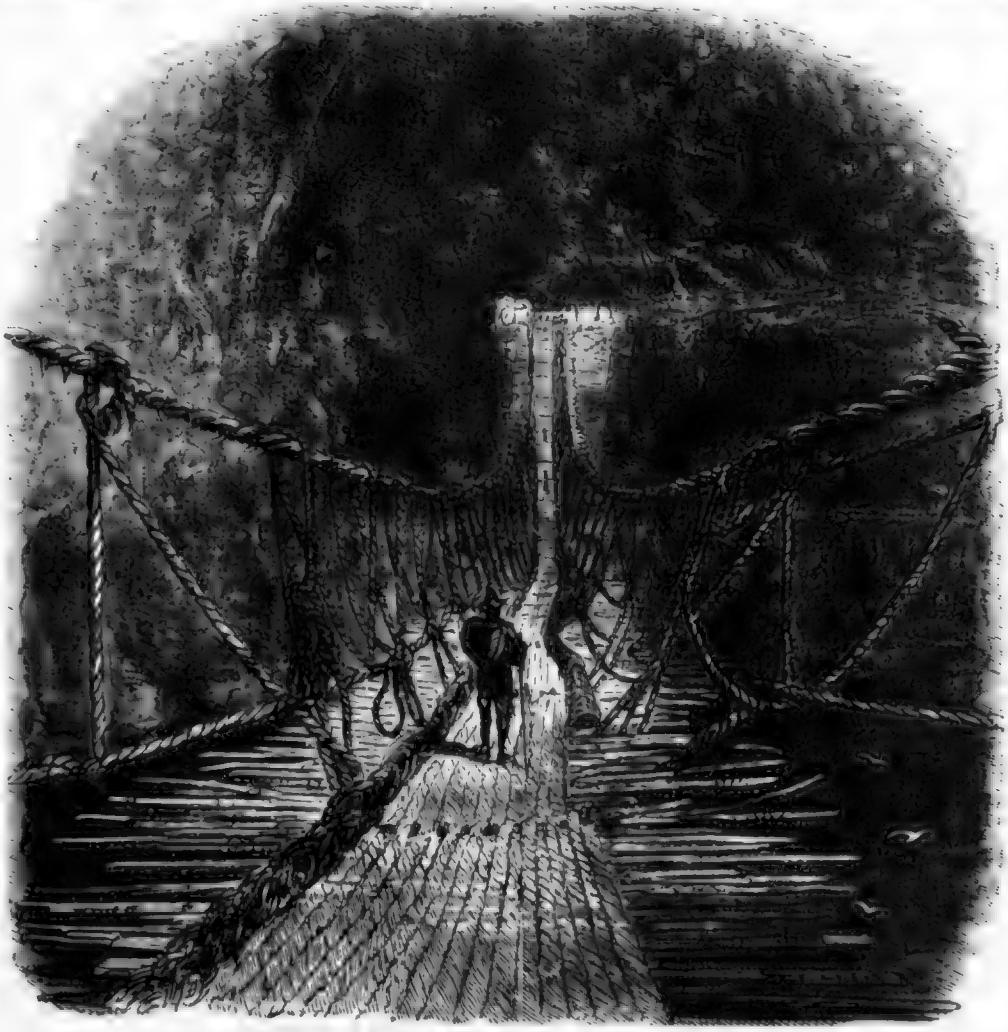
PRIMITIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGES—A BRIDGE IN HONDURAS.

There are in the Andes of Peru a number of bridges, some of them having considerable span, built entirely out of rawhide. The bridge over the Pampas River is one of the largest and best examples of such structures. From the general view it is seen that the bridge spans the river at a considerable height, extending from the rocky cliffs that line the shores. On either side are erected two large piles of stone, that serve as anchorage for the leather cables, and sustain the entire weight of the bridge and load. A nearer view reveals the fact that the cables are composed of four ropes of twisted rawhide, two large ones extending across at some distance above the roadway, while beneath and nearly on its level, are stretched two smaller ones. Woven between these extends a system of raw-hide braces, thus making a stiff support for the narrow roadway of slats, barely wide enough for two men to pass, that is suspended beneath them. Such structures are only possible for very short spans where the travel is very light, and being made of such perishable materials, they only endure for a few years.

Three things are requisite to the successful completion and permanence of a suspension bridge. The entire roadway, with all the load that can ever be brought on it, is hung from chains or cables; hence, for their construction, it is necessary to secure the strongest and lightest possible material. If a rope be fastened between two points, and allowed to hang in a long curve, there is little or no strain produced in it beyond the weight of the rope. If, however, the slack be gradually hauled in, it is found that the strain very rapidly increases as the rope approaches the horizontal, and that even the strongest material cannot withstand the necessary strain required to pull it to a perfectly straight line. This is just the case in a suspension bridge. Not only must the cables be strong enough to hold the weight of the loaded platform, but they must be strong enough to resist the stretching force necessary to make the bridge span the opening it is intended to cross. Theoretically, almost any material would answer, provided a sufficient quantity were taken; yet practically, only the strongest iron and steel can be used with any success, especially in long spans. If other material be used, the cables, from increased size, become so bulky and clumsy as to be unmanageable.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPAS RIVER, PERU.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPAS RIVER, PERU.

In the early days of English suspension-bridge building, it was customary to use very large and heavy iron chains for cables. In moderate spans, where the traffic over the bridge was very light, these chain-cables answered quite well; but for large structures, subjected to severe usage, they were found to be inadequate, as it was almost impossible to obtain a chain several hundred feet long, in which all the links should be perfectly sound and strong, and free from all defects due to the welding necessary to make the chain. Again, the oval links usually composing a chain must contain considerably more metal than is actually necessary to resist the strain which the chain is intended to bear. This extra metal is necessary to give the links sufficient stiffness, and prevent them from closing under the strain, and pinching together so tightly as to convert the previously flexible chain into a solid rod. These objections soon proved almost fatal to the use of chains as suspending cables, and it became necessary to devise some other method.

The experiment was tried of building cables of enormous iron links, each composed of a flat bar of iron, about an inch thick, eight or ten inches wide, and ten or twelve feet long, having forged at either end a large eye. The necessary metal section to meet the strain coming on the cable could be obtained by placing a series of such links side by side, while a chain of any length could be made by placing a number of such series end to end, and connecting them by a pin passed through the previously mentioned eye. Such an arrangement works quite well, and at present there are a number of bridges in Europe built on this plan. Curiously, however, large bars of metal are much weaker in proportion to their size than smaller ones. For example, an iron bar one inch square generally requires about 50,000 pounds to break it, while a bar that is four inches square will break at about 40,000 pounds per square inch. Conversely fine wire will stand 75,000 to 80,000 pounds per square inch before breaking. It was soon found that the large link cables were expensive to build and inconvenient to manage, on account of the great weight of metal.

Taking advantage of the superior strength of iron wire, all the modern bridges have been built by weaving together a great number of fine wires, generally a little smaller than ordinary telegraph wire, so as to make a cable of any desired size. By this means a perfectly flexible rope of iron, having all the extra strength of wire, and of any length, can easily be made.

The next consideration of importance is some method of securely fastening the cables, so that they shall not pull apart, and drop the bridge and its load into the water beneath. When the shores of the stream are composed of a firm, hard rock, this is a comparatively easy matter, for all that is necessary is to excavate on either side a number of large, deep holes, called anchorage tunnels. The wires of each cable are made fast to a large spider-shaped plate of cast iron, called the anchor-plate, which is placed at the bottom of its anchorage tunnel, and then the entire hole is filled with a mixture of broken stone and mortar, so as to cement the cable and anchor-plates fast, and make them part and parcel of the surrounding rock. Where there exists no such natural rock it is necessary to construct a large pile of masonry, into which the cables are fastened in a similar manner, and which must be large and heavy enough to resist, by its dead weight, the pulling action of the cables.

It is usually impossible to set the anchorage high enough to give the cables the requisite slack, without allowing the roadway to fall at too low a level. To avoid this difficulty it is usual to carry the cables over the tops of high towers, set as near as possible to the river's edge. By this means the cables are elevated sufficiently to allow them to hang in a graceful curve, giving the least possible stress. The entire weight of the cables, bridge, and load rests, on the tops of the towers, which in the case of long spans require to be two or three hundred feet high. So it is essential to have them built in the strongest possible manner. Furthermore, it is necessary to support the cables on rollers where they cross the tops of the towers; for if they were made fast to the summit the variations produced by temperature and unequal loading would subject the tower to strains that would soon cause its destruction.

The general characters of suspension bridges are admirably shown in our illustration of the Charles Albert Bridge, which, stretching through the air like the web of some immense arachnid, spans, with its iron threads, one of the deepest gorges of the Savoy Alps. On either side, as near to the brink as is consistent with safety, stand the two stone supporting towers, sufficiently high to allow the wire cables to hang in an easy curve. Crossing the tower-tops, the cables run down to their rocky anchorages, the entrances to the tunnels being protected from the attacks of rain and snow by two little sheds, best seen on the left of the picture. In the centre, slightly arched to give stiffness, hangs from the cable by its wire suspenders the platform or roadway of the bridge.

One of the most curious of modern structures is the Uri Suspension Bridge, in Switzerland. It is simply a bridge intended for foot-passengers, so that a level roadway is not essential; and as on either side there stood, fresh from the chisel of the glacier, two natural towers in primitive rock-work, strong enough to hold any amount of pull, the ends of the cables were simply made fast to the natural abutments, the roadway being directly fastened to and following the curve that they assumed.

The wide rivers of America afford a better opportunity for the development of bridge architecture, especially in the direction of suspension bridges, than any other country; so here, in our own land, we have the longest spans, placed in more difficult situations, and carrying a heavier traffic, than anywhere else on the globe. The railway suspension bridge over the Niagara River, about three miles north of the Falls, is one of the finest specimens. This bridge was constructed in 1854, when but little iron was made in this country, in one of the most difficult situations, against all the advice of the best engineering talent of both Europe and America; and its successful completion, and endurance for nearly a third of a century of the heaviest traffic of one of the largest railways, is the most lasting testimony to the wonderful skill and ability of its engineer, the late Mr. John A. Roebling.

North of the Falls the Niagara River cuts its way through a rocky gorge, nearly 250 feet deep. On either side two stone towers, some 80 feet in height and 821 feet apart, are erected to support the four cables that carry the bridge. These cables are ten and a quarter inches in diameter, and are made of small iron wire, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, having a breaking strain of 1,600 pounds, each cable containing 540 wires, making in all 2,160 wires in the bridge. There are two roadways, the upper one carrying the railway track, while the lower one is used for carriages and foot-passengers. In order to guard against accident, the cables are fastened to each roadway by wire rope suspenders, set every five feet, and between the roadways is constructed a system of trussing that rigidly connects together all parts. This double roadway acts like an immense beam, and makes the bridge very stiff.

In 1877 a very careful examination was made of all parts of the Niagara Bridge, in order to ascertain whether or not, during its twenty-five years of existence, it had deteriorated. The most minute investigation failed to reveal any defect attributable to age, with the exception of a few

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wires in one cable, which from some leakage in the anchorage tunnel had been exposed to moisture, and were somewhat rusted. These have been replaced, and at the same time a few good ones were removed and tested, and found to be as strong as on the day they were laid. Since the completion of the bridge the rapid extension of railway travel has led to a great increase in the number, size and weight of the trains that daily cross, above that which the structure was designed to bear. To meet this demand, and render the structure perfectly safe in the future, an extra set of anchor fastenings have been skillfully introduced, and the old wooden bracing has been replaced by one of the most modern steel trusses, and now the Niagara Bridge stands stronger than ever. If its past is any assurance of the future, it bids fair, through many centuries, to stand a monument of America's early engineering.

A story, perhaps more pretty than true, is related of the way by which Mr. Roebling first succeeded in carrying a rope over the river. No boat could live in the boiling water beneath, and for some time the problem seemed almost insoluble, until one day a runaway kite suggested an idea, and the next windy day beheld a grand kite-flying match on the banks of the Niagara, under the stimulus of a promised five-dollar gold-piece to the boy who should first waft his kite to the Canada shore. Who the happy youth was, history saith not, but doubtless that evening some one was fortunate enough to go home with weighty pockets, and a mightier sense of the dignity of having spanned the Niagara.

In order to accommodate the visiting travel at Niagara, there was built, in 1868, a light suspension bridge, intended only for foot-passengers and carriages. This structure is only a short distance from the Falls, and is generally known by the name of the "New Bridge." The span is 1,268 feet from centre to centre of towers, being at present the longest single span in the world—though the completion of the East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, will deprive it of that glory, as the latter, with its span of 1,600 feet, will exceed the former by nearly a third of its own length. The "New Bridge," being only intended for very moderate travel, is made much smaller and lighter than the railway structure. The stone towers are here replaced by light tressle supports of wood. Instead of four cables of straight, even wire, there are here only two, made of seven strands of wire rope; and the roadway is a narrow wooden platform about ten feet wide, strengthened by a light wooden truss. In fact, so narrow is the bridge, that two carriages cannot conveniently pass—and so, for a time, all the travel has to move in one direction, while on the other side the waiting unfortunates are compelled to stand until their turn comes to have the bridge all to themselves. When the bridge was first completed, much trouble was experienced from winds blowing along the river; for the roadway was so light, that even a moderate breeze tilted it up on one side, making the crossing anything but agreeable, not to say dangerous. This difficulty has to a great extent been remedied by attaching a series of under-floor guys, extending from various points on the lower side of the platform, and secured to the rocky shore beneath. Our small illustration gives some idea of the way in which the roadway is suspended. Along the cable at equidistant points are attached a number of iron bands having a strong iron pin passed through the under side. The wire-rope suspenders are furnished at one end with a pail-shaped socket, through the bail of which is thrust the pin of the cable-band, while, by means of a screw and nut, the lower end is made fast to the wooden frame of the truss.

In the bridges so far examined, only the central portion of the cables, extending between the two towers, has been utilized for sustaining the roadway; while, after crossing the tower-tops, the cables simply run down to the anchorages. The Cumberland River Bridge, at Nashville, Tenn., presents a good example of the plan of building the towers as near as possible on the river-brink, and then carrying the cables some distance back before entering the anchorages, in order to employ the short space thus obtained in bridging part of the entire distance. There are many advantages in this method; very long, unbroken spans are to be avoided, as they are difficult and expensive to construct, and are much more subject to injury from vibration, winds, etc. Again, by their means the whole length of the cable is utilized, and the short spans on either side help to balance the long centre one, and materially assist the anchorages by relieving them of part of the load they would otherwise have to sustain. The Cumberland River Bridge has a centre span of 650 feet, and a roadway 23 feet wide, consisting of a carriage-way in the centre, with footpaths on either side.

Probably the finest suspension bridge now existing is the Covington and Cincinnati Suspension Bridge, which spans the Ohio at Cincinnati, and was built by John A. Roebling in 1869. The towers of this structure are immense piles of limestone masonry, 200 feet high, and 86 broad, by 52 wide at the base. Above the roadway the towers are pierced by a lofty arch, enabling all the travel of the bridge to pass directly through them. From centre to centre of towers the main span is 1,057 feet, while each of the side spans is 281 feet, making a total length of suspended work of 1,619 feet, or about a third of a mile. There are two cables, each 12½ inches in diameter, consisting of 7 strands, containing 740 wires, one-sixth of an inch in diameter, thus giving a total of 10,360 wires. Every wire is regarded as having a tensile strength of 1,700 pounds, so that the ultimate strength of the cables would be about 9,000 tons. The cables on either side run down into solid piles of masonry, which act both as anchorages and as approaches to the bridge. Here the cables are made fast to a long chain of iron bars that, running down 50 feet under the surface, are fastened to the large spider-shaped anchor-plates. On the tower-tops the cables are placed in immense circular iron coatings, called saddles, which rest on steel rollers, so as to allow them to move backward and forward over the tower. By this means the expansion and contraction of the cable in Summer and Winter, and the effect of varying loads, is provided for, so as not to bring injurious stresses on the masonry. The platform of the bridge, extending at a height of 100 feet above the water, is of wood, having a carriage-way in the centre, and foot-walks and horse-car tracks on either side, and is fastened to the cables by wire rope suspenders, placed every five feet. The whole bridge is stiffened by four iron trusses, that, in addition, are arranged to serve as guards, to prevent falling into the water on the sides, and the encroachment of the horses on the sidewalks. The estimated cost of this structure was $1,750,000. In addition to the suspenders, there will be seen in our illustration a series of ropes extending from the tower-tops diagonally to the roadway, and appearing like a number of supplementary cables. This is, in fact, just what the stays, as these ropes are called, are, and they very materially assist the cables by relieving them of a greater part of the weight of the roadway near the towers.

The Brazos River Bridge and the Ottawa Bridge present us with very fine examples of the typical features of suspension bridges. The two towers, standing close to either bank, support the cables running from their artificial anchorages, while the roadway is suspended

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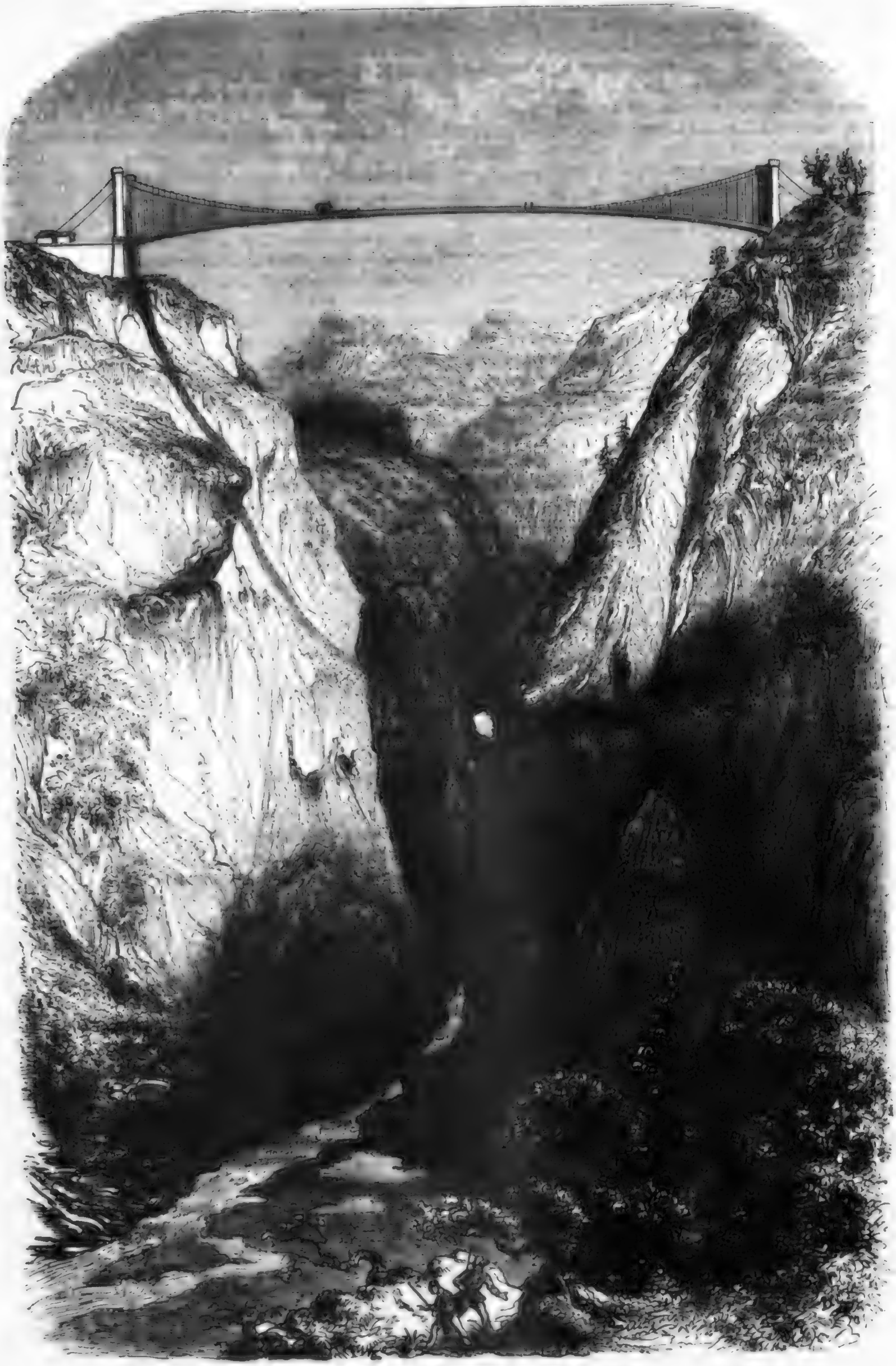
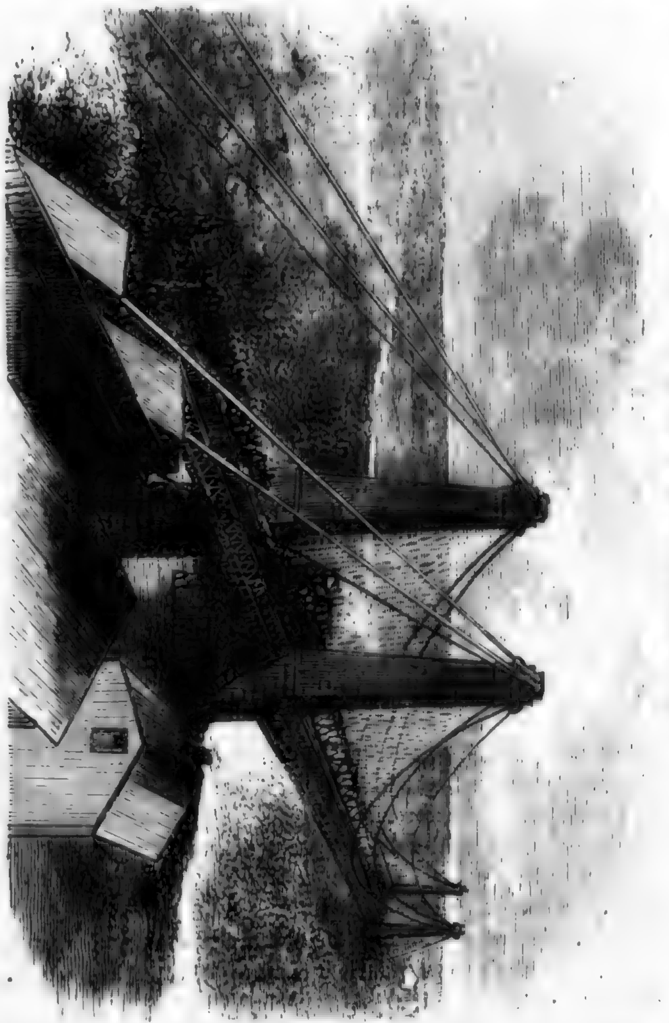


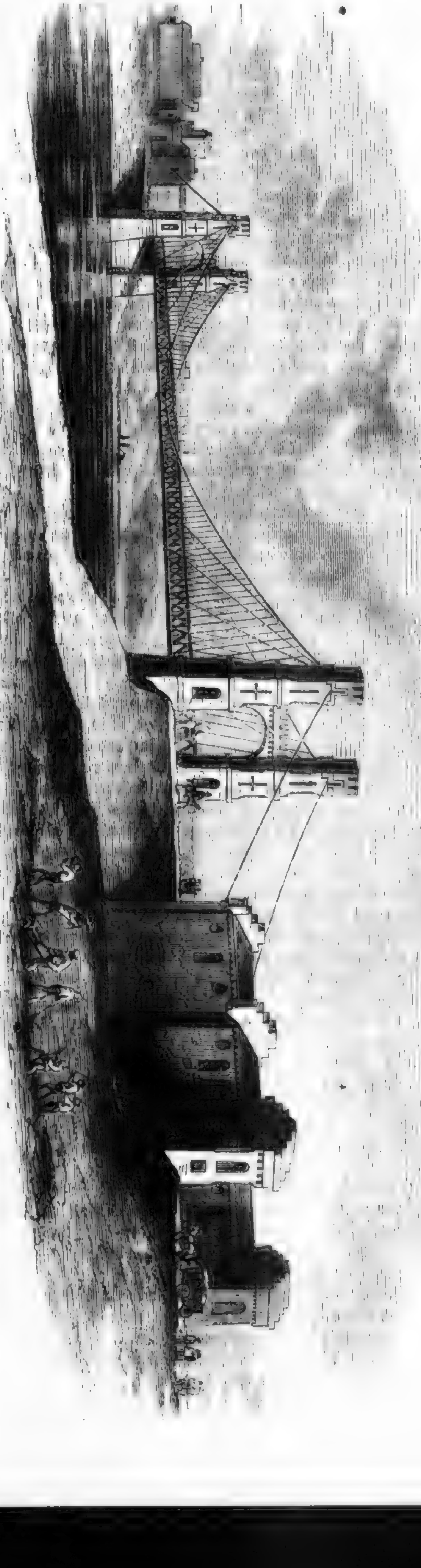
CHARLES ALBERT SUSPENSION BRIDGE, SAVOY.

by systems of stays and suspenders, and stiffened by trusses.

The construction of the cables, especially in long-span bridges, is a work of great difficulty, requiring all possible care and skill on the part of the engineer, and for its accomplishment much curious machinery has been invented. There are three methods at present employed in building cables. The simplest and easiest plan consists in stretching several ordinary wire ropes across the river to be spanned, and when the requisite number are in position to form a cable they are all lashed together at short intervals, in order to make them act as a single rope. By this means a cable may be made very rapidly, for it is only necessary to buy the wire rope, which may always be obtained in large quantities, at short notice, from the various manufactories. While the rope is being made, a large-sized hemp rope is stretched between the towers, on which are placed a number of pullies, intended to carry the weight of the wire rope, as it is taken across the span. When the wire rope arrives the end is made fast to one of the pullies, and then, by means of a rope leading to the opposite shore, it is quickly hauled over and placed in position on the tower-tops. Another and another are in like manner stretched, until sufficient strength is obtained to hold the bridge. For bridges only intended for light loads, as in the New Bridge at Niagara, this method is the most economical, and has been frequently employed. But cables made in this way have the disadvantage of being quite bulky, and present quite a large surface to the action of the wind, and as the wires are twisted into a rope they lose about ten per cent. of their strength; so for the largest structures, it has been found better to make the cables by laying the wires side by side, parallel to each other, great care being exercised to prevent any



NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



BRAZOS RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

twisting or mixing of them as they are stretched. In order to insure this, the cable is built in strands; that is, such a number of wires as can be conveniently handled at a time are laid in place, and bound together at intervals with lashings of fine iron wire. Another and another strand is made, until a sufficient number are completed to form the cable, and then all are bound together in a solid mass. If there is sufficient room in a line directly back of the proposed bridge, each strand may be constructed on the ground, by laying down successive wires, until a sufficient number is obtained; and then, after the strand is completed, it may be hoisted into place on the tower-tops. Generally, however, there is not sufficient room to accomplish this, and it is necessary to build the cable in place, taking over one wire after another, until all are laid. There is an advantage in this method, for if each strand is built lying flat on the ground the wires are strained in a very different manner than when they assume the curve of the cable, and in a wire bridge it is of the utmost importance that each wire should have one equal tension, or else the extra load on a few will cause them to break, and soon the entire cable becomes disintegrated. If the cable is constructed in place this danger is avoided, for each wire is hung in its ultimate place, close beside its neighbors, all receiving the same tension.

To place separately, one after the other, the hundreds of wires that are required for the cables of a large bridge, is a very laborious and tedious undertaking. The wire is usually made in coils containing from forty to seventy feet, and is wound on a large wooden reel or drum, capable of holding five or six miles of wire. As soon as one coil is reeled on to the drum, the end of the next coil is carefully spliced to it. With iron wire this is accomplished by leveling the ends, and wrapping them with fine iron wire, just as a boy splices a broken fishing-rod tip; while if steel wire be used, each end is screwed into a small steel nut, in the same manner as water-pipes are coupled. As the wire is wound upon the drum, it receives a thorough coating of oil, to protect it against the future attacks of the weather. The paying-out machinery consists of an endless rope, like the band of a sewing machine, stretched between and encircling two large wheels placed on either anchorage. One of these wheels is driven by steam-power, thus setting the whole rope in motion, and drawing it from one anchorage to the other. On this rope, called the "traveler," is placed a large wheel, or sheave, some five or six feet in diameter, the office of which is to carry the wire. When all things are in readiness, one end of the wire from the drum is carried around the sheave and attached to the anchor-bars; then the engine is started, and the traveler moves along, unwinding the wire from the drum. When it reaches the other side, the wire is secured, and the *empty* sheave sent back, ready to start with another load. This process is repeated until all the wires are laid, when the end of the last wire is spliced to the end first laid, and the whole strand hangs a mighty skein of wire yarn.

When all the strands are finished they are gathered together, and wound continuously, or "sewed," as it is technically called, with wire. This wrapping binds together so closely the separate wires, that a single one would break rather than draw out, thus making a firm, solid and uniform, though flexible, rope. This method of cable-building has been adopted with marked success on the three largest bridges in the world—the Niagara, Cincinnati, and East River Bridges—and is doubtless the most successful way of constructing long spans.

Like all human structures, suspension bridges sometimes fail, though generally such a failure is due to some unforeseen and extraordinary combination of circumstances. There was, some years ago, a very fine bridge at Port Jervis, which would have remained doing good service for many years had it not been for an unusual spring freshet, which carried the ice so high as to completely cut the roadway from the cables. One of the first bridges over the Niagara was built at Lewiston, near Lake Ontario. After some years of service an unusually high wind completely stripped from the centre the roadway. In spite of such occurrences, suspension bridges are now regarded, and probably will always be considered, the safest of bridges.

THE POOL UNDER THE BEECHES.

CHAPTER I.

WHO did it? What was it?

Nothing but a splash in the deep pool, which was black with overhanging trees and shadows; and a pale moon peering down amongst them saw what was done, and who did it.

But we must go back one turn of the hour-glass—back to the large house in the park, whose chimneys in the daytime were within sight of the pool, and before whose windows a solitary figure stood looking at them with the uncertain air of a man who has a purpose, but who scarcely knows how to accomplish it.

And he, the figure, went up into the glare of the largest window as it fell far out on the gravel. Rain had been falling, but it was over; and the light clouds drifting away from the moon left her to shine out in pallid contrast to the warmer glare in which the solitary man stood.

A haggard man he was, with that light upon him; with bright, restless eyes and sallow cheeks; and he crept forward and put his face to the window. He saw within the faces of many whom he had known, but out of whose books of remembrance he, whose life had been but a reckless one, was probably blotted. He did not care for that. His gaze rested upon one amongst the guests, who bore a shadowy resemblance to himself, without his haggardness, without the marks of a wild life which lay indefinably upon his own features—yet like him.

But the shutters flew up into their places, and he turned away. In that room there was no one, after all, whom he cared to see.

A light breath of Autumn air shook the drops from the trees, and reached him, laden with the freshness that follows rain, but it failed to refresh him. And suddenly a light flashed upon a window to the left, a shadow passed before it, and then the sash was raised, and a face leaned out in the still, beautiful night. This was what he wanted to see; for once fate had favored him, and he sprang forward out of the shade with a cry, in which rang out the pent-up passion of sorrow and disappointment.

"Isabel!"

The figure in the window started, and turned aside, so that the light might fall full upon him.

"George—you here?"

"Yes, I am here. Here, where there is no place and no welcome for me," said the wanderer; "where nobody wants me."

"You wrong us. There is a welcome for you. Come in."

"Do I wrong you? Do I? It is with you I must speak, Isabel; I have nothing to do with the Squire of Beechwood or his guests. They don't want a skeleton at the feast; neither would I have any communication with that double of myself, whose smooth life flings my own back at me as a taunt. Let me speak to you."

The squire's daughter drew back a little from the window. This wandering spirit, whom she had known from boyhood, should have divined that she was not likely to hold converse with him in so seemingly clandestine a fashion.

"Come into the house, George Redfern, if you have anything to say."

"To tell you my secret before your father and his guests! Is there no mercy in you? If I do come in, will you listen to me in this room, alone, for five minutes?"

Isabel hesitated, but not for long. He was no burglar, that she should refuse him entrance. Moreover, there was that in his tone, as well as in her own consciousness of what she had to say to him, which touched her to pity. She crossed the hall, and let him in.

"You do yourself and us injustice, George," said Isabel. "Why not come as other people do—as your brother does?"

She stopped abruptly. An expression of ferocity, which had struggled to be appealing, had come over George Redfern's face at the last word.

"My stepbrother, you mean—I have no brother. Well, since you will speak of him, be it so. I owe him nothing. What is the accident of birth, that it should elbow one man aside at every turn to give place to another? Do you remember the pool under the beeches?"

"Out of which your brother dragged you, half drowned? Yes, I do."

"Rather where he robbed me of my right when you were in danger. If we had been alone there, would he have lifted a finger to save me?"

"For shame, George!"

"Yes, people were looking on—and it was a brave deed. Do you remember the coppice above the pool?"

"Where I saw you strike him, unprovoked? I remember that, too."

A bright spot had come into Isabel's cheek, and she stood with one hand pressed upon the table, looking at the intruder, with a steady gleam of displeasure in her eye. But he could not see it.

"It was not unprovoked. He stood in my way then, as always. Was it my fault that I was a penniless younger son, that he should insult me with his advice and his offers of help? Before that day in the coppice I was an idler, and people have called me scamp; but since then, for the last two years, I have worked with a steady purpose. Isabel, what am I?"

A hard answer rose to Isabel's lips, but below all anger and impatience against the headstrong younger brother, lay still a substratum of pity for him.

"A foolish fellow, George Redfern—who distrusts his friends, and nurses an absurd antagonism against those who are anxious only for his welfare."

George Redfern leaned forward a little, with his two hands clasped before her, and the gloom of his face changed and softened into an eager tenderness.

"What is the purpose for which I have worked steadily these two long years? You know. There is but one thing that can save me. What I am now I have made myself—what I may yet be is in your hands. Such as I am, I love you, Isabel."

Having said this, it did not seem as if he had power to break the silence which succeeded, or the spell of that questioning eagerness with which he watched the color rise up slowly to her face, until, by an impulsive movement of the hand pressing upon the table, he saw suddenly the bright flash of a diamond.

With a rapid spring to the conclusion which perhaps she had meant him to draw from her movement, he started forward—all the tenderness gone from his face in its quick lighting up with stormy passion.

"Tell me, is it—is it——"

"George, I shall care for you—do care for you—as a sister would for her brother. Try to believe me when I say that we both care for you."

A cry of uncontrollable passion broke from George.

"Godfrey again! my blight—my evil genius!"

That gentleness which is due in all cases from a woman to a man whom she rejects struggled with Isabel's indignation against this denouncer of his brother, and she was silent.

"Thrust aside once more for him!" cried George. "This time shall be the last. Isabel, good-by."

And before a word or gesture of hers could reach him, the light was flickering in a gust from the wide-open window, and he was gone.

Chapter II.

"Isabel, we want you."

A chorus of voices greeted her as she re-entered the drawing-room, with the burden of that interview and its strange ending upon her. Was it possible that not half an hour had passed since she quitted this room? Its aspect was unchanged; knots of talkers were congregated here and there; the squire was still a victim to that long, lean Colonel Cardan, who took so profound an interest in Italy, past and present; and the young cornet with coal-black mustaches was yet talking bagatelles with the group of young ladies who had called to her as she opened the door.

Before her was the party of guests to whom as hostess she owed her attention, and behind her the moonlight, a wide-open window, and a dark figure hurrying away across the park—who knew whither?

Dully she listened to the buzz of conversation around her, with some faint effort to separate the topics of the different speakers, yet hearing them all in a confused maze which refused to clear itself; for to add to her preoccupation, one single guest of all those whom she had left there was absent—Godfrey Redfern. Where could he be? And how could she ask of these chattering girls a question which would surely turn upon herself the whole of their fun?

Chorus—"Isabel shall settle it."

Cornet—"It being a question between the merits of a black retriever and a muddy Skye."

Chorus—"Not at all. What do you know about dogs? Isabel, do you know, he took your Guinea-fowl for jackdaws, and a cock-pheasant for a pea-hen! A pretty sportsman! The question is this: Can croquet be called an unmanly pastime?"

Squire Bourne—"Everybody knows that the poor Doge hadn't a leg to stand upon, and the secret Three managed the Lion's mouth as they pleased. Why, if ever the Doge was disposed to show mercy to a condemned man, the Three contrived that the reprieve should be just a moment too late."

Colonel Cardan—"Ah! you got that from——"

Chorus—"Don Quixote! What is the use of bringing him up? We were talking about croquet, not windmills. What has become of Mr. Redfern?"

Squire Bourne (escaping)—"A thousand pardons, colonel! Who wants Redfern? He is gone to look up the

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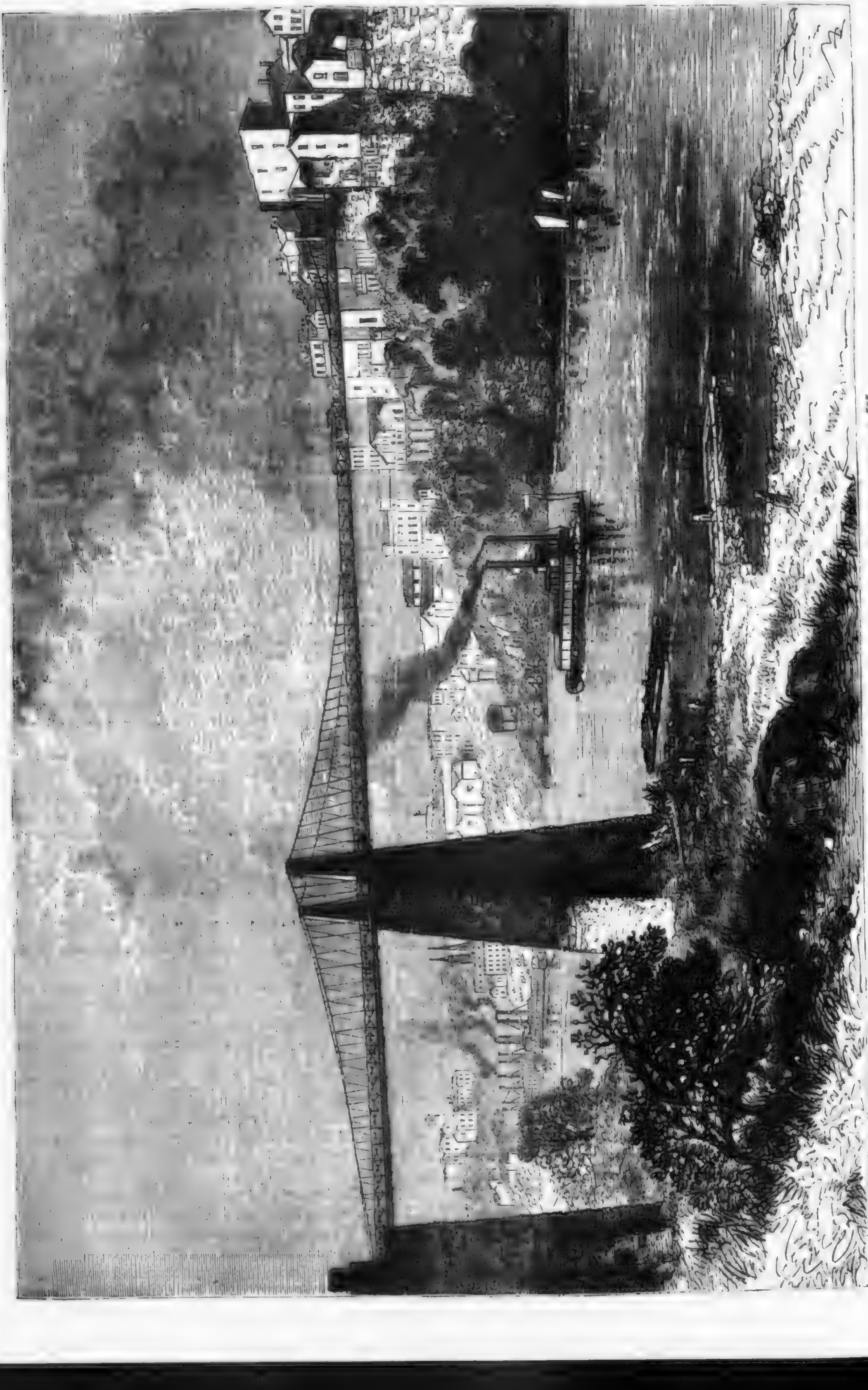
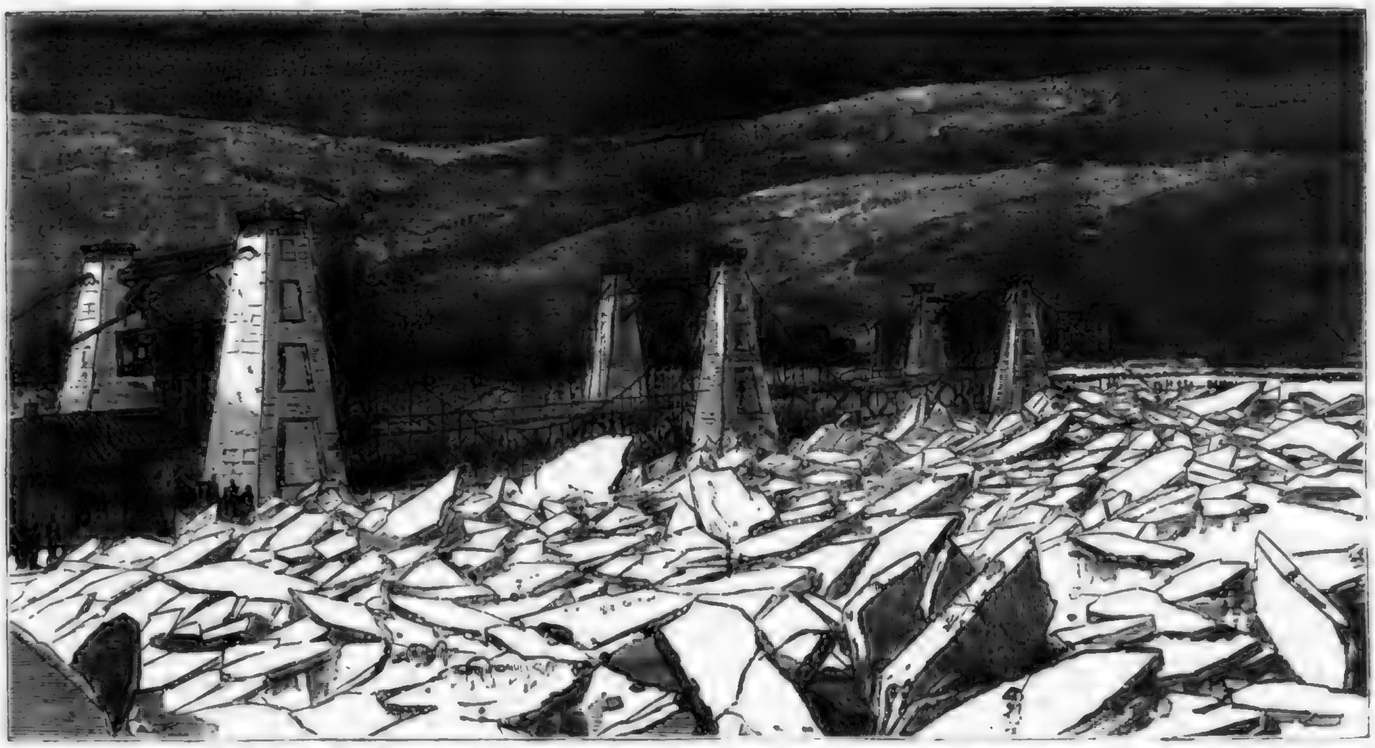


HANGING HIGHWAYS.—CUMBERLAND RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 595.



HANGING HIGHWAYS.—WRECK OF SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE DELAWARE AT PORT JERVIS.—SEE PAGE 595.

keepers. Some one heard a shot, or fancied they did, in the direction of the Beeches, and Godfrey volunteered to spare my old legs. What are you ladies about there? Isabel, are we to have no music to-night?"

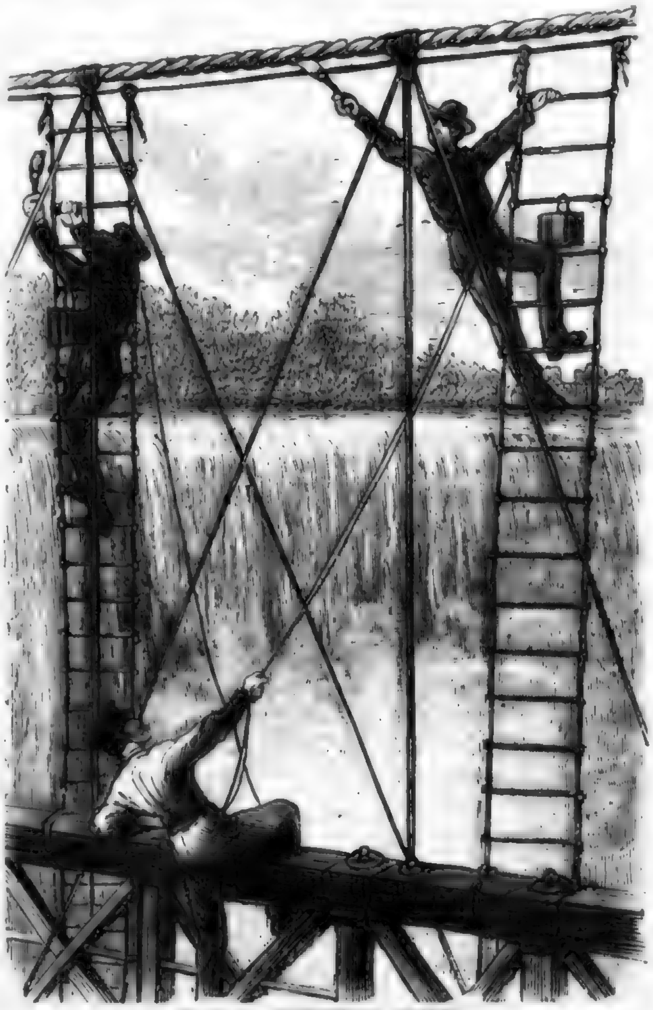
Isabel sat down to the piano, but other sounds were in her ears as she touched the keys, and other sights blurred her vision as she looked at the notes before her.

Then, when her mechanical performance was over, she got up and resigned her seat to some one else with the air of one who had accomplished a tiresome duty. And again snatches of the conversation between the squire and his tormentor reached her, but this time the subject was not Italy. It drew her attention in spite of herself; it seemed to be endued with an importunate power of fascination for her, as it was for the squire himself, who had started it upon the dissolving image of San Marco and the state gondolas.

"Here, in England," said the squire—"where justice is not administered by a secret Three, and where a man is secure on his estate, his farm, or his country house——"

Colonel Cardan—"For all that, it is a fearful thing, that circumstantial evidence. It has hanged many a good man and true before now, and may put its tangible claws about the neck of many another."

Squire Bourne (excitedly)—"I can't agree with you. Certainly I have read cases of that sort; but who will assure us that the written statements were not garbled? In fact, I myself have been able to detect in such tales palpable discrepancies, which would at once invest them with suspicion, and therefore render them valueless as authorities. To tell me that an honest, respectable English gentleman, in his own free country, amongst his own friends, can ever be in danger from any posterior evidence of a fact whose existence he denies. It is monstrous! Would not his word—my word, for instance, or your own—be sufficient, backed as it would be with all the substantial surroundings of position, name, friends, and well-known honor?"



NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Colonel Cardan (calmly)—"We are so hedged in by subtle influences; the web which men call chance is of so mysterious a warp! Allow me to tell you of a case which happened under my own observation."

But Isabel had heard quite enough. What was such a discussion to her, that it should have drawn her to listen with a strained interest? She could bear it no longer. In the belief that the speakers were too much absorbed to notice her absence, she wandered out into the hall; the vexed subject haunting her with a vague oppression, falling, as it did, upon those other circumstances which, in themselves unusual, were sufficiently disturbing. It did not seem possible to stay there playing her part calmly, as though no urgent question of life and death had found its

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unwelcome way into her brain. What was happening in the park just then? What malevolent spirit had drawn out Godfrey Redfern on that September night?

Oh! if all the game in all the squire's covers were gone past recovery, what would it matter, compared to that grave dread which hung like a cloud over the moonlight!

If they did meet—if George Redfern encountered his half-brother with the passion of rage and disappointment she had seen unabated—encountered him suddenly, unexpectedly—what might happen?

A blessing on the volunteer musicians who kept the pianos going, so that she might not be missed! If she had only dared to go out herself into the park and search! Action of any kind would be better than this silent misery of waiting. And then she looked down at her light dress, and thought of it amongst the dewy grass; thought of it in the thickets of a coppice which she knew well, and which rose up before her in this vague terror with the human footsteps of a Cain flying from it, and blood on the trodden grass.

A step on the gravel, slow and measured; the step of a man full of thought; and she sprang forward.

"Godfrey!"

But for that cry he might have passed on without seeing her, in his abstraction. His hair had fallen over his eyes, and he had no hat; and he looked at her hazily, as though struggling with some distant image which had shut out the present.

"Isabel, my love!"

And then his face cleared a little, and a light came into it, half tender, half reproachful.

"Was it the gun and the poachers? Little coward! Ah, Isabel, what is it worth, think you, to a lonely fellow such as I am—was, I mean?"

"Godfrey, your sleeve is all wet, and your hair; your coat is muddy, and your cheek—what have you done to your cheek?"

"Is it bleeding? I had a fall, Isabel, in the coppice above the beeches. Never mind. A bit of plaster will set it all right, and my coat is easily changed."

"And your hat, Godfrey?"

"Have I lost it? So I have. Say nothing about it in there, Isabel; they will ask questions. Sometime I will tell you about my fall, but not to-night. Why, Isabel, you are trembling still. What is it?"

And Isabel, looking up at him, did not utter the name which had been on her lips. She could not tell him what it was that George had said to her; neither could she say, "It was no fear of poachers that troubled me, but a fear more terrible still. I feared lest George should murder you in his ungoverned rage."

"Let me pass," said Godfrey, pressing his damp cheek upon her forehead. "And go in now, my best treasure; they will miss you."

Chapter III.

Why had they not left to the dark pool its secret undisturbed? What prying eyes had spied it out? why, of all places in the world, was this quiet house the one chosen for those stealthy feet to enter with their ghastly burden? and why had not George Redfern's dead lips unclosed to refute this monstrous calumny, this horrible lie?

So dark a cloud had come over the hall, suddenly, so intolerable a trial upon Isabel, that it seemed to her as if the daylight itself must be false, and the whole tale a dream! It could not be true. A brave, innocent man; generous all his life to an unthankful stepbrother; they could not mean that people were to believe this most iniquitous lie!

"Take courage, Isabel. Be brave, my own!" They were his words; but how long it seemed since he spoke them! How terribly long since she had seen him! Was she ever to see him again? His own! In life or death his own; but which was it to be?

Isabel had no bravery left. Great crises are so apt to take us unprepared. All our lives, perhaps, we have been preparing for something, but not this; not this which has fallen upon us now; this is intolerable; only let it be removed, and we will suffer anything. She, too, had been prepared, as she thought, for something on that night of anxious watching for Godfrey, but not this.

The subject which had caused her so inexplicable an oppression that night came back with terrible significance now; the colonel's calm tones were for ever in her ear, with their unmoved testimony to the condemning power of that circumstantial evidence which had acquired so fearful an interest for her. Tales bearing upon it had begun to float through her brain; hysterical speculations as to whether or not a man would be hanged in such a case as this; and mixed up with them that strange night, the open window, Godfrey's wet sleeve and bleeding cheek; a mass of ghostly remembrance which would leave her suddenly to combat again and again her own disbelief in the monstrous truth that Godfrey, her Godfrey, was under arrest—to take his trial for the murder of his half-brother, George Redfern.

And she herself was about to stand forth and bear witness—against him, or for him; how did she know which? How did she know what such a wisdom as could look in his face and still suspect him might make out of her words, whatever they were? Who had done this deed? Was it, as Godfrey suggested, a suicide; or had some unknown hand in reality sent George Redfern to his death; and, in either case, was there any hope of discovering the truth?

None, so far.

At the entrance to the coppice above the beeches the brothers had met; at the opposite end of the same coppice there had been a struggle, if, indeed, that might be called a struggle which consisted only of self-defense against a violent attack. This was Godfrey's own tale. Knowing nothing of his brother's visit to the house, he had refrained from telling Isabel the story on the night of its occurrence; and he had not known anything of his brother's fate until the strange bearers met him and uncovered before him the dead man's face.

But the coppice was close to the pool; the ground was trodden with footmarks, signs of the struggle, which Godfrey never denied; and on the very brink of the pool was found the elder brother's missing hat.

That no marks of violence had been discovered on the body proved nothing, since a sudden push would have effected the thing as surely as a violent blow, and it was well known that the younger Redfern could not swim.

All was against Godfrey. What could the squire testify, except, indeed, to his knowledge of the lifelong ill-will between the brothers; to the quarrel which had terminated their intercourse two years ago, in that very coppice, when they had been fellow-guests of his own.

What could Isabel say in Godfrey's favor, except that he was dearer to her than life? They would not spare him for that, those heartless accusers of an innocent man.

As to the squire, the whole affair was so enormous, so impossible, according to his ideas, that he half expected to be roused up suddenly from a fit of nightmare. With a crestfallen looking back upon his theory, that an honest English gentleman could be in no real danger from circumstantial evidence, he could but confess that the case had an ugly appearance. Frightful that it should be so—that Godfrey Redfern, in whose praise a thousand lips would unclose, in his own neighborhood as well as here, should yet be in danger. It was true that many lips would speak in his praise, but none could deny the fact of the enmity between the half-brothers. And the squire had now to discover, chafing at the inevitable toils which seemed to be gathering closer about the young man, that it was totally useless to assert his own belief in an innocence of which the law demanded proof. It was useless to cry out, "Godfrey Redfern never told a lie in his life!" What did the immovable calmness of the personated law care for that? And worse than useless to vociferate that the younger brother had been a much more likely subject to commit murder than the elder.

The squire might, in fact, look round his broad acres, upon his good name, his position and character, and find how impotent they were to save his friend, soon to have been his son by marriage.

And it added to his exasperated sense of injury to find that even his evidence, sifted, seemed to contain rather a cold-blooded acquiescence in the justice of the accusations than any proof of the innocence of the accused.

According to his own admission, the brothers were not on friendly terms; probably they never met without quarreling, and had more than once been known to exchange blows; and they had not met since the last fierce encounter in the coppice at Beechwood, two years ago, until the night of the supposed murder. As to the assertion that the younger Redfern was more likely to be guilty of violence than the elder, that fell to the ground harmless; since, George being dead, it could only prove, if it proved anything at all, that in the use of such violence his arm had been weaker than his brother's.

The squire's head keeper had deposed to having seen the two Redferns enter the coppice; they had been using what he called "high words," and one of them had said, distinctly, "It is the last time for one of us." Cross-examined, he could not be sure which of them made use of that speech. He knew both of them well, as most people about Beechwood did; they resembled each other both in person and voice; he fancied that the voice was Mr. Godfrey Redfern's, but could not swear to that. He had not followed them, as it might seem natural to suppose he would do. It was generally understood that they were not on good terms, and he had thought it probable that nothing unusual would result from their meeting. Besides which, he was aware at the time that there were poachers abroad, and he had his duty to attend to. Some time later in the evening he had met Mr. Godfrey Redfern returning alone from the coppice, and had mentioned the coincidence to his wife as strange. Cross-examined by Mr. Redfern's counsel, he did not know what time it was when he met the elder brother returning, neither could he be sure that Mr. Redfern came straight from the coppice; he came from that direction.

The testimony of the squire's daughter had added nothing to the hopefulness of Godfrey's case. The excitement, indeed, seemed to reach its height, and the throng its greatest density, during her brief examination; but the cross-questioning about the time of the supposed murderer's return, the state of his dress—his manner and words—was pitilessly uncompromising, even in the respectful compassion which softened the questioner's voice, and made his marks of interrogation less sharp. And then there had occurred a little bustle in the crowd as the squire went to take care of his daughter, who had fainted; and perhaps the general excitement and expectancy received rather a stimulus than a quietus from that casualty.

There seemed, however, to be little doubt as to the result of the trial. Godfrey Redfern had met his brother in the coppice, had been heard to use threatening language; the significant remark had been made that "it was the last time for one of the two"—time had proved which one. At that end of the coppice nearest the pool there were marks of a desperate struggle, and it had been proved that Mr. Godfrey Redfern left the coppice alone. Mr. Redfern, the elder, asserted that his half-brother had taken him by surprise and felled him to the ground; that he, Godfrey, was stunned for the space of some seconds, he could not say exactly how long; that when he did recover himself he had looked round for his brother, but failed to see anything of him. He was then so dizzy from the fall that he had to cling to a tree for some time before he could stand upright. He never saw his brother alive afterward.

It was, however, remarkable that Godfrey should have returned bareheaded, and, by his own admission, unconscious of the loss of his hat, and that the hat should have been found on the brink of the pool, which he stated he had never reached. A feeling of suffocation began to creep over the squire, as a voice in the crowd muttered eagerly: "He'll be hanged, for all he's a gent, as sure as his name's Redfern;" and another responded, "Unless they make it manslaughter." And then all at once he was conscious of a hand insinuating itself over his arm, and a bit of soiled paper was pushed at him. The next moment he had left the court.

Chapter IV.

"All we want is your promise that you will take no advantage of anything we may say to hurt us."

"Is it about Mr. Redfern?"

"Your promise first, sir."

"Promise! of course I promise. Good God, men, if you know anything to right the innocent, how on earth can you stand to barter about it?"

"We must look to ourselves, and we have wives and children, squire. You have promised, however; and even if it concerned a bit of poaching, you wouldn't hurt a man for doing you a good turn?"

The squire made an impatient gesture.

"Well, then, I was there; we were both there, in the park, that night."

"Go on."

"We were in hiding from the keeper. We are not regular poachers, squire, though I dare say you'll always suspect us now; but we were hard up. The gun you heard was mine; it went off unawares. I'm not used to a gun, and I was dragging it through a hedge after me, full cocked. The report scared us a bit, but we thought perhaps it mightn't be noticed, and after we had got away from the place we agreed to wait a bit and see if anything happened; for, as I said before, we were hard up, and there wasn't a morsel to eat in my house. We got into the bushes by the big pool. Once or twice we thought we heard voices, but the wind carried them away. All at once a man came out of the copse toward the pool. 'Keep close,' my mate whispered; 'it's young Redfern, from the hall.'"

"Mr. Godfrey Redfern?" interrupted the squire.

"At first I thought it was, but he came close to us, and the moon shone full on his face all at once out of a cloud, and I saw that it was Mr. George."

"You will swear that?"

"I'll swear it wasn't Mr. Godfrey, for Mr. Godfrey's alive, and that chap isn't. He came pretty close to the bushes, and he was looking wild like, and talking to him-

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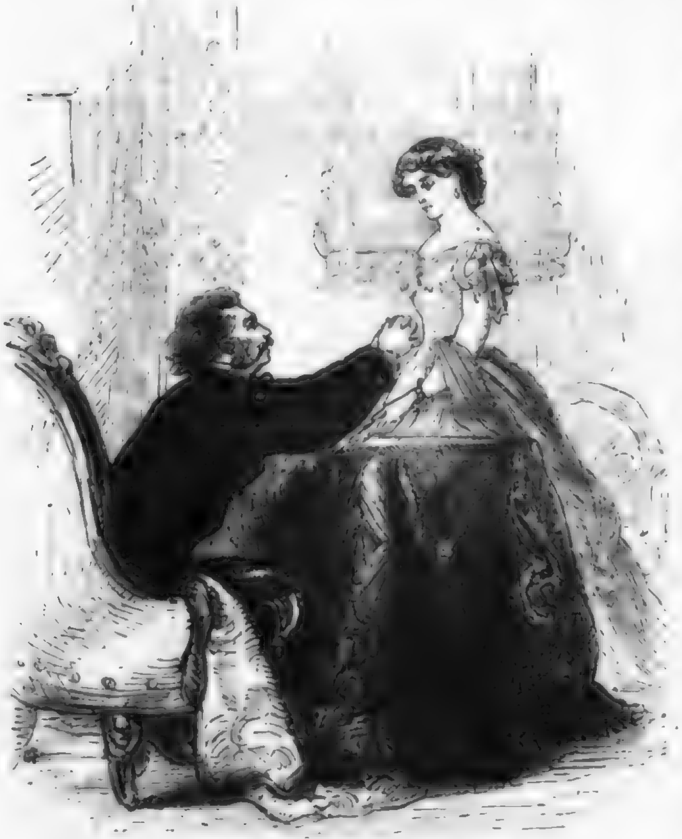


THE POOL UNDER THE BEECHES.—THE LAST APPEAL. SEE PAGE 602.

self. And all at once he turned his face up to the sky and said, quite loud: 'God forgive me, if there is a God.' Them's the very words, for I've heard them in my dreams since, many time. And then he threw up his arms, and there was a splash."

"You saw all this," cried the squire, excitedly, "and yet made no attempt to save him?"

"Well, I did do just that. My mate was for darting out, but I held him back. Just you look at it, sir; how did I know but what the keepers might come up at any minute? We had no business in the park at all, and if a man has got a name for poaching, there's nothing people wouldn't suspect him of. Over and above being caught with a gun, it would have been awkward for either of us to be found meddling with a drowning man. Anyhow, I didn't fancy risking it."

"And you held in your hands the clearing up of this horrible story, and yet waited to be sure I would look over the poaching before you would tell it!"

"We didn't know it was going to turn out this way; the general notion was that Mr. Redfern would get off, and then we should have peached upon ourselves for nothing. As soon as we dared we went out of the bushes, but the body must have sunk like lead, for there was no sign of it. As we went through the copse I stumbled over something, and stooped to look what was there; it was a hat. I thought, if it belonged to the drowned man, I'd rather have nothing to do with it, so I pitched it after him toward the pool. That's all, sir; and we are ready to tell it wherever you like."

CHAPTER V.

SAVED!

A great shouting and uproar, a triumphal procession, from which Godfrey would fain have hidden, and at which the poor squire cast looks of mingled wonder and satisfaction. It certainly was all wonderfully like an ugly dream. The whole thing had a certain element of unreality about it of which he could not yet rid himself. That Godfrey Redfern should actually have been arrested and tried for murder, escaping only at the last moment, when his condemnation seemed inevitable; that he, the Squire of Beechwood, should have been on the spot, firm in his own conviction of Godfrey's innocence, and yet powerless to help him in the slightest degree—it was prodigious! It seemed like a judgment upon the contemptuous security with which he had argued about such cases.

And then the shouting people set the bells of the principal town church to ring, and Godfrey leaned back in the squire's carriage and hid his face.

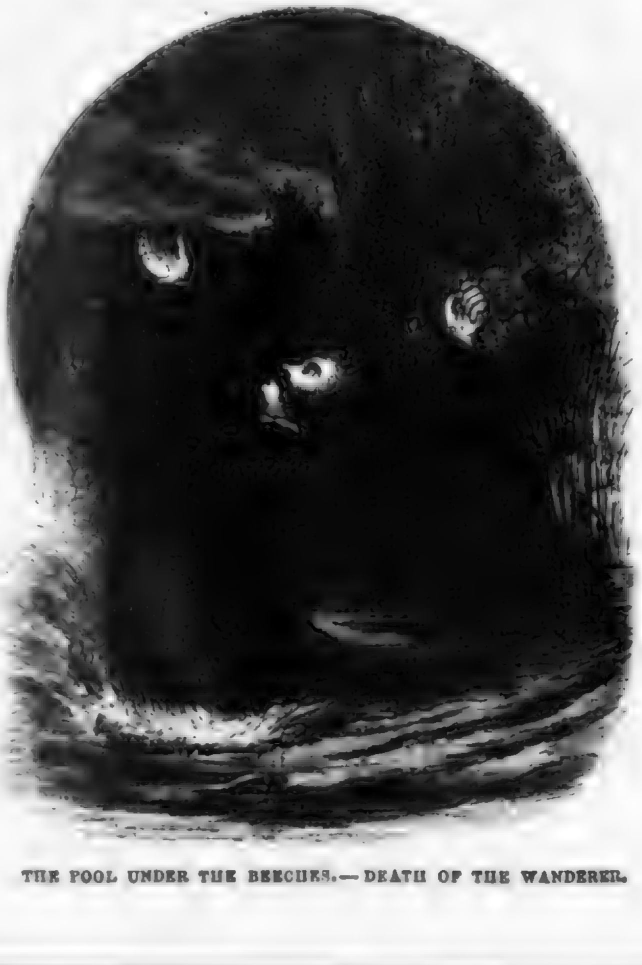
Those bells must have fallen like a melodious blessing upon Isabel, waiting in dull misery for the verdict, looking with hopeless eyes upon the spires and chimneys of the town wherein the light of her life threatened to go out. For surely some miracle must have saved him, or joy-bells like these would never sound in her ears to mock her misery. Never were bells so beautiful before; never was the roll of wheels so musical an accompaniment.

And at the hall-door, long after Godfrey had rushed away from his congratulations, the squire halted, listening with a somewhat rueful face to the felicitations of his old friend and tormentor.

Colonel Cardan—"I confess that the case had assumed a threatening aspect. From my heart I sympathize with you."

Squire Bourne—"Colonel, you are a generous man; you were right, and I was wrong. But for the testimony of two rascally poachers, the case would have been lost. You are right; we are but helpless creatures, after all, and the web which men call chance is a mysterious and fearful power."

THE training of children is a preparation for the gravest and most important relations of life, and upon the character of our home life must rest the well-being of our nation, and the permanence of our institutions.



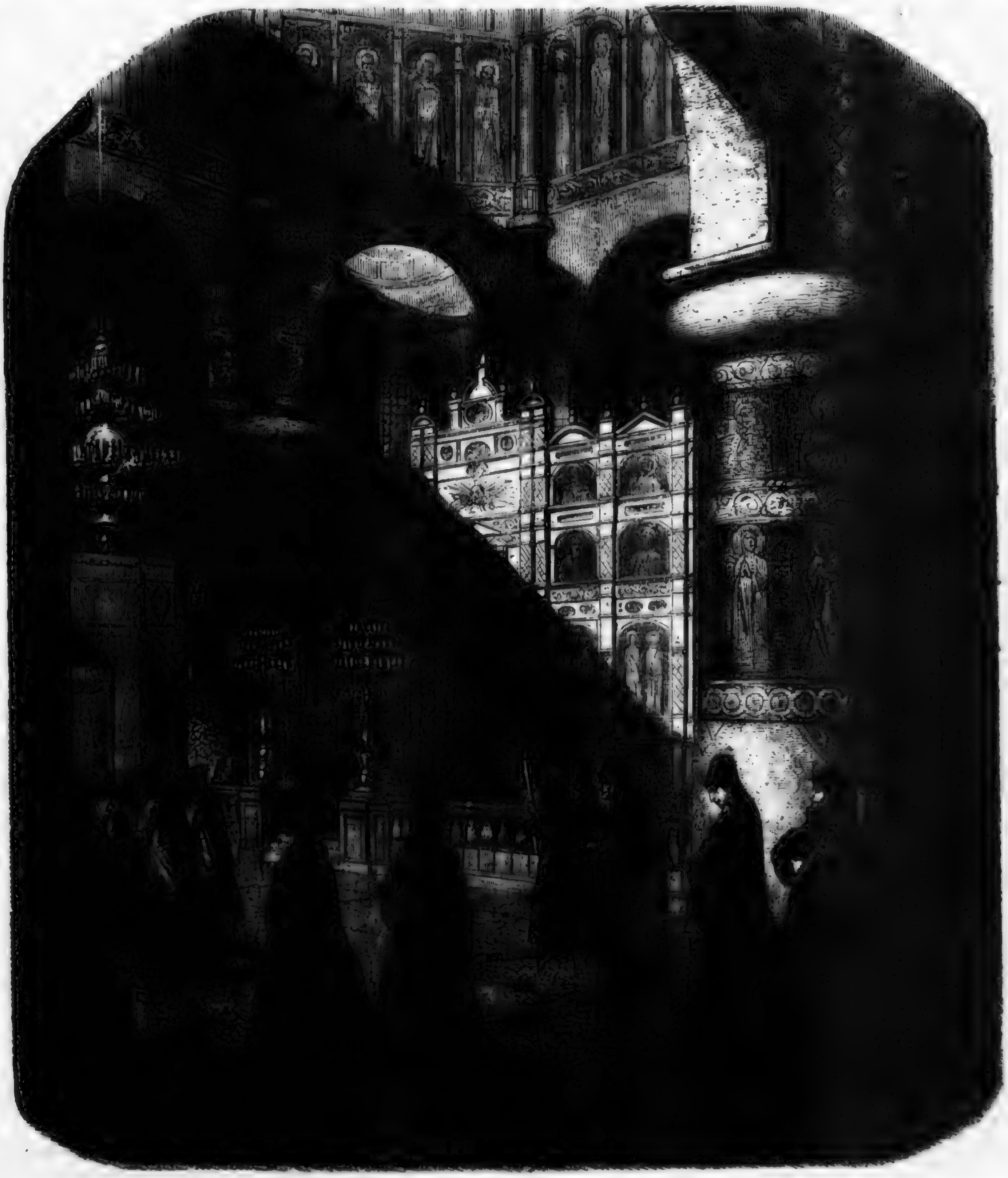
THE POOL UNDER THE BEECHES.—DEATH OF THE WANDERER.

RUSSIAN SECULAR NUNS.

By Charles Victor Sass.

It is not until comparatively very recently that the world has begun to learn anything definite about the institutions, the social life of the people, of the great Russian Empire. The Russian nobleman, the Russian princess, were well known at the scenes of gayety and at the gaming tables of Europe; but they were no longer Russians in their habits and manners. They were cosmopolites. If they aimed at any distinction, it was to be considered French. Of their country they knew little, except that it furnished them the means to indulge their extravagant tastes. Concealing under an outward polish an amount of ignorance and brutality and downright barbarism which would seem incredible in the nineteenth century, they could give next to no information about the land which gave them birth. To the foreign traveler there were too many difficulties, too many obstructions, to study this vast domain; and thus it happened that the land which Napoleon's far-seeing genius feared would eventually rule the world if France should not prevent it, was practically a *terra incognita*.

Recent events, however, have done much toward raising the vail which concealed this land. Russian novelists, portraying Russian life and manners, have sprung up. Their works are being translated into other languages, and thus the world is gradually getting an insight into



RUSSIAN NUNS IN CHURCH.

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the institutions of the country which kept the greater number of its subjects in slavery until scarcely fifty years ago.

One of the most peculiar institutions of that peculiar land is that of the Djernizy. The traveler through Russia will frequently touch upon out-of-the-way villages which contain not even an inn. In such a place he will be directed to the house of a Djerniza, where he will get such refreshments as the place can afford. If he be a painter of saints' pictures, or a pious pilgrim to one of the numerous sacred spots of Russia, she will even give him a lodging, receiving in payment therefor whatever may be given her. If the choice be left to her, however, she will prefer a picture of a saint to anything else. Give her a book of psalms, and she will be your friend for ever after. Djerniza, literally translated, means a woman dressed in black—a nun. The Djerniza, the Russian *secular nun*, as she might be termed, is not a nun in the ordinary accepted sense. The monastic rules of poverty, chastity and obedience govern her but little. Obedience she has none to show, as she does not live in a convent, and hence has no superior. Poverty, of course, she maintains, for the simple reason that she cannot change it for wealth; and as regards chastity—she will marry when she gets an opportunity. The Djernizy come almost entirely from the lower classes in the towns, and from poor peasant families in the country.

The proper age for a girl to marry is held in Russia to be between eighteen and twenty. Over twenty her chances are virtually equal to zero. The question now arises, what is to become of the girl. If she cannot already read and write, she learns it as well as she can, perfects herself in the use of the needle, and in seven cases out of ten puts on a black dress and becomes a Djerniza, "to live and work for the greater honor of God," and to eke out her existence as well as she may. There are no vows to take, no ceremonies to undergo. At times widows and deserted wives also take the black dress. The fact that she becomes a Djerniza does not oblige the girl to leave her father's house. She continues to enjoy all the advantages of the other children, with the additional one that she is regarded as a superior being. Her share of the work about the house is very slight, because a great part of her time is devoted to prayer.

If she has no parents, she lives in a house with several others of the sisterhood. They support themselves by sewing, knitting, weaving, framing saints' pictures, and the like. The remainder of their time is devoted to reading prayers, lives of saints, the psalms and prophecies in the Bible, but rarely, if ever, of the Gospels. If the nun be educated above the average, she will instruct her less fortunate sisters, or even instill the seeds of learning into the minds of the peasant children.

In cases of sickness in his family, the peasant will always call in a secular nun to pray for the diseased. At deathbeds, too, she is always to be met with, and her prayers there are regarded as very effective, for she never gets less than two rubles from even the poorest for her services. The Djernizy also assist in the preparations for birthday, wedding and other celebrations. Some even go so far as to tell fortunes and to keep *quasi* inns—all to add to their very slender incomes; thorough secular nuns, however, never engage in these enterprises.

The ideal Djerniza, in the popular view, is a chaste, pious virgin, watchful over herself in word and deed, able to read the lives of the saints, and well versed in religious ceremonies. As regards her religious views, the secular nun is a fair representative of the great mass of the Russian people, their belief, their practices, and their opinions of the hereafter. Their religion, at best, is but a sort of pious superstition, and its practice a conglomeration of prayers to saints, whose import the peasant does not understand, and ceremonies of the meaning of which he is ignorant.

Among the nuns, the difference between the two great divisions in the Russian Church—the Great Russian and the Ruthenian—can also be clearly traced. The religion of a nun belonging to the former consists almost entirely of exterior practices. She has the ceremonial at her fingers'-ends, knows the psalms by heart, may have even discovered some mysterious word in them which contains neither a B nor a Ch, carefully distinguishes the ranks of the angels, condemns the use of meat and tobacco, considers singing after vespers, or on the eve of certain festivals, a public scandal, and on every possible occasion makes the sign of the cross. The spirit of Christian charity, patience, and submission to the will of God does not, however, enter into her mind as much as in that of the Ruthenian nun—"Chochlushka," as she is called.

The Great Russian nun reveres the saints according to the degree of influence she believes them to hold with God. She honors aged monks, because she is confident that they will be God's particular friends in the hereafter. The Chochlushka, however, does not classify the saints, but regards them all as models of sanctity to be imitated.

By continually reading devotional works, the secular nun gradually acquires great oratorical readiness, and her words are usually rendered more effective by tears. In some churches these women form choruses which at times are really very good. Her very limited education would naturally make one assume that the Djerniza is very superstitious, and this, in fact, she pretty generally is. The most natural occurrences are frequently distorted into miracles by her; and the secular as well as the religious authorities are frequently placed in great difficulties to stop the consequences of her zealous ignorance. Among their religious exercises is also that of making pilgrimages, and every nun tries hard to collect the necessary means. The further the pilgrimage, the more agreeable it is to her. Their favorite places are Potshajow, Kijew and Jerusalem. The nun who has been to Jerusalem regards herself as more perfect and holier than the rest. At times they set out with very insufficient means, and suffer great want and misery on the road. But they seem rather to like this, since it enables them to stop at convents on the way, and on their return home to relate their wonderful experiences, and to boast of their acquaintanceship with famous "holy fathers."

As a rule, the secular nun is pious and chaste. Of some, however, the people say they are only "painted" with godliness. Still, if occasionally a nun does make a *faux pas*, she is judged very leniently by the people. They think it impossible that a person, even if she be a religious, can withstand every temptation. One thing, however, must be admitted. If a secular nun has once forgotten herself, she does not fall from bad to worse, but strives by redoubled energy to make good the scandal she may have given.

It is not unusual for a Djerniza to marry. They seldom marry young men, but prefer widowers and old cavaliers. Most generally they marry retired soldiers, whom young girls will not have. Almost invariably they make good, prudent and industrious housewives.

As her house, so the dress of the secular nun is always neat and clean. The more wealthy of the Djernizy allow themselves a certain luxury in their dress by selecting finer stuffs, while the poorer are satisfied with cottons and coarser cloths. All, however, are extremely neat.

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The Djerniza can scarcely be regarded as a product of religion. Her state can scarcely be viewed as a religious vocation. She is rather to be regarded as the outgrowth of that longing of unmarried women to obtain a surer and less dependent position in the struggle for existence termed life. In a measure she is analogous to the *Stiftsfräulein* of Germany, though there is not much resemblance in the details. The latter is a lady of noble birth, but without means and with no hope of settling herself in marriage. In the *Stift*, the home, she finds a haven of rest, which secures her from want, and also gives her a status in society which she could never maintain as a penniless old maid. The Djerniza is likewise a poor woman whom circumstances have prevented from obtaining a husband. But she is almost always young when she devotes herself to this semi-religious life. She has no *Stift* to go to. She has to struggle for existence all the same, but her state provides her with advantages which under other circumstances she could not possess. In a word, the institution is a crude and perhaps unconscious effort to solve the social question of women's rights, or, as they perhaps more clearly and properly term it in Europe, the emancipation of women.

VIOLETS.

ON the blue ocean of air
Slow drifts the ambery moon;
The dew hangs its pearls in the willow's pale hair;
But my soul drifts on dreams to a moonlight more fair,
When the dusk came too late, and the dawn came too soon,
One long-vanished June.

Lily-bells shake at my feet;
Heliotropes nod at my head;
And the rarest of roses make the air sweet:
But I think of a blossom-time—precious and fleet—
Till the ghosts of dead violets over me shed
Lost odors instead.

LONE TREE KNOB;

OR,

THE DWARF'S REWARD.

CHAPTER I.

THE wagons of the emigrant-train had stopped for their noonday rest by the side of a miserable, muddy wreck of a river, that sluggishly dragged its remaining waters along from pool to pool, although it was yet but June. A few weeks later, and there would be left but a dry channel across the plains, until some freshet came down from the mountains. No fires were built, for even "buffalo chips" were not to be had for fuel, and the lunch would have to be a cold one.

There was water, though, such as it was, and that was a good deal.

A tall, dark-haired girl, not beautiful precisely, but fine-looking, and with more than a little decision of character in the resolute lines of her expressive face, had dismounted from the horse she had been riding, and stood by one of the wagons, looking wearily out on the desolate plains, with the far-away mountains rising low and cloudlike in the horizon.

"Well, Hannah," said a deep, clear voice behind her, "this can scarcely be the paradise that Eph Gridley has been promising us."

"No, Harvey Moore, I should say not; but I am glad to see those white-capped ridges away yonder."

"So should I be, perhaps," was the reply, "if these others did not see them at the same time."

"Hush! they may hear you."

"I had almost said I did not care. It is getting more horribly unendurable every day. I must speak plainly, Hannah Ford. This cannot go on for ever. I am here because you are here. You are here because your brother is. But what if anything should happen to him or me? It is not unlikely——"

"Harvey Moore!"

"No, I am not saying too much, and I have thought of you alone on the plains, or among the mountains, with such as they."

And as he spoke he motioned with his hand to a group on the river-bank, not twenty paces distant.

Hannah turned and looked. There were nearly a dozen men, shaded down from the gentleman loafer to the full-fledged ruffian, and half as many women, of an outward semblance worthy of their company. Harvey's lip curled as he looked, and he added:

"What a settlement they will make!"

"But what shall I do?" asked Hannah.

"Go. Fly!" said Harvey.

"And leave my brother to his fate? Even if I would, I could not."

"Hannah Ford, your brother's fate, as you call it, is the evil life he has chosen, and his wretched infatuation with Eph Gridley and his gang. It is not your duty to make such a sacrifice of yourself in following him; no, not a step further. As for *how* you are to get away, if you dare to make the trial with me, I am ready."

"Ready? Yes, but do not I know what a fight means? Not only to leave my brother, but to be pursued; perhaps to be overtaken."

"I would dare that," said Harvey.

"It means hunger, thirst, almost certain death——"

"I do not think so; but I would rather face that," firmly interrupted her zealous friend.

Hitherto Hannah Ford's pale face had worn only the wearied expression with which she had gazed upon the landscape, but now it warmed into a look of gratitude, and even admiration.

"You are only too kind," she said.

"Kind? Why, Hannah, my life belongs to you, and you might as well have it in one shape as another, since you value it so slightly."

"Harvey!"

"No, Hannah, I do not wish to speak bitterly, much less to embarrass your decision; but fly you must, before worse evil happens."

"We will see," she replied. "But here come Murray and Eph Gridley."

Harvey Moore was a splendid specimen of stalwart Saxon manhood, with a bronze, soldierly cast of countenance, and in all this he was a strong contrast with the two men who were now approaching. As for Murray Ford, Hannah's brother, he could scarcely be called a man. Not only was he barely of "voting age," but his irresolute mouth and uncertain gray eyes spoke of boyish infirmity of purpose, even more than certain other lines of his face did of coarse tastes and untimely dissipation.

Eph Gridley, on the other hand, was by no means lacking in muscular proportions, and his face indicated more than a little mental acumen, but his force of character was almost exclusively of the kind that had already gained him

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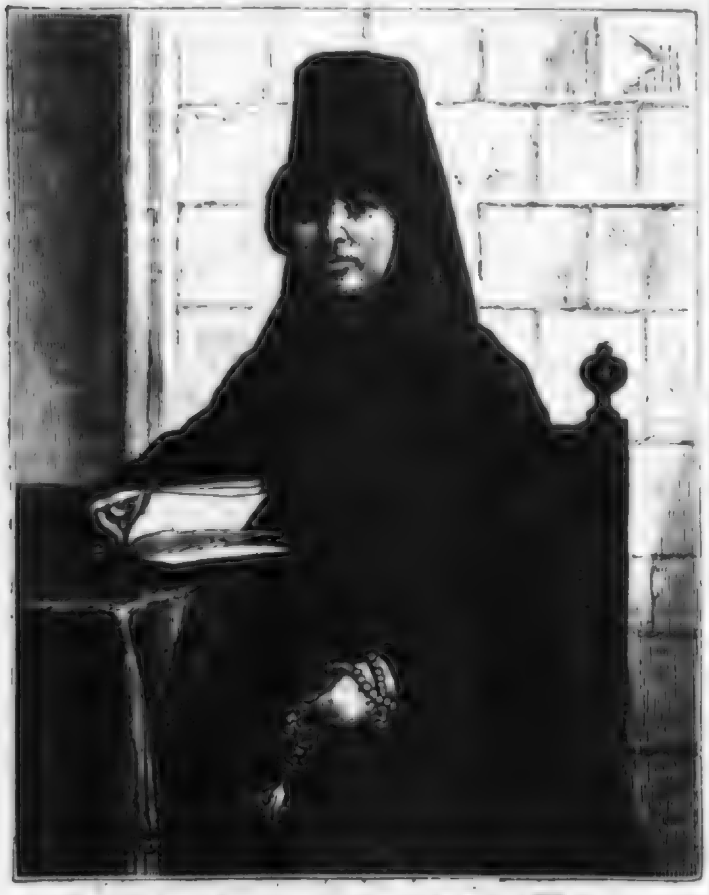


A RUSSIAN SECULAR NUN.—SEE PAGE 609.

an evil prominence as a leader among the violent, the vicious and the degraded. Much of his true nature he had concealed while among the settlements, even as he had the true object, direction and destiny of his present expedition; or else, perhaps, even her obstinate love for her brother would have been insufficient to have entrapped Hannah Ford as one of its members. Among the things, however, which Eph Gridley made no attempt to conceal, was his bold-eyed, insolent admiration of Hannah herself. And poor Murray Ford was so lost to self-respect and manly honor as to consider the admiration of such a man a compliment, if not, indeed, a flattery.

Even before the new-comers had spoken a word, Hannah turned away from them in her almost uncontrollable repulsion, and again looked out upon the open prairie.

"Mr. Moore," she suddenly exclaimed, "what is that yonder? Somebody is coming into the camp."

"It's a human being of some kind," said Harvey. "I wonder he managed to get so close in without being seen."

The others had now their attention similarly arrested, and a chorus of remarks arose from all parts of the little camp. The object, human or otherwise, had continued to advance rapidly, as if aiming directly for the wagons by which Hannah and her friend were standing. It might have been a man, but it was so very small. It was dressed like a man, in a weird and unique sort of half-Indian way, and it carried an appearance of a rifle, but this latter was an army carbine, and the figure's head would not have risen above its muzzle when standing on the ground.

"It *is* a man!" said Hannah.

"Of course it is," said Harvey.

"It's a dwarf," said Murray Ford, in his drawling, uncertain voice.

"It's a Digger Indian," growled Eph Gridley, "and we won't have any of them around *this* camp."

Even as he spoke Eph had jerked his rifle to his shoulder, as if to draw a bead on the stranger. Whether or not he meant to fire, Hannah Ford sprang lightly forward and exclaimed, as she fiercely pushed the barrel of the weapon upward:

"For shame, Eph Gridley——" But as the last words left her lips the weapon exploded, sending its leaden messenger harmlessly into the air, and she added: "It would have been a murder!"

"I guess not—not to shoot a Digger," half angrily laughed Eph, as he lowered his piece. "Hallo, here he comes, eend over eend."

Sure enough, the diminutive stranger had made the remainder of his way into camp by a series of quick, cat-like bounds, whose marvelous agility had brought him almost within reaching distance of Hannah Ford. He was now standing erect, with a very pleasant smile on his tawny face, and as he held out a tiny and odd-looking hand, he said, in excellent English:

"No, no, don't shoot; I'm only Dwarf Dick. I don't mean to hurt you."

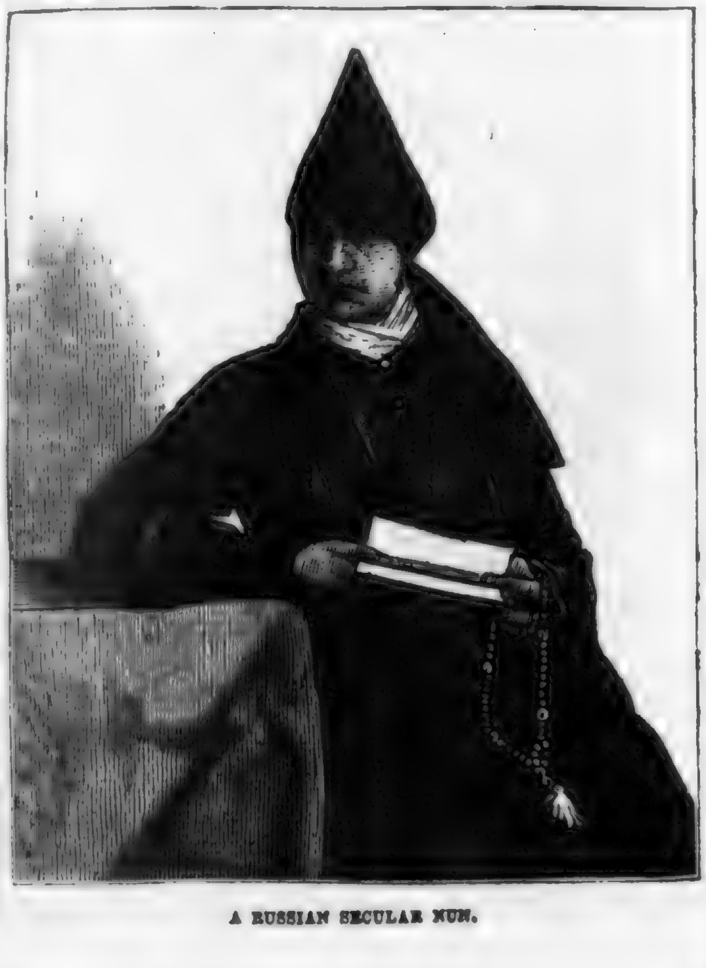
The whole camp was around the stranger now, and he was vigorously plied with questions, but all that could be learned was that he had been on a mining or prospecting tour among the mountains, and was now on his return, but that he had lost his mule, with his tools and provisions, and had come into their camp to look for some.

"I don't want to beg," he said; "I can pay for what little I get."

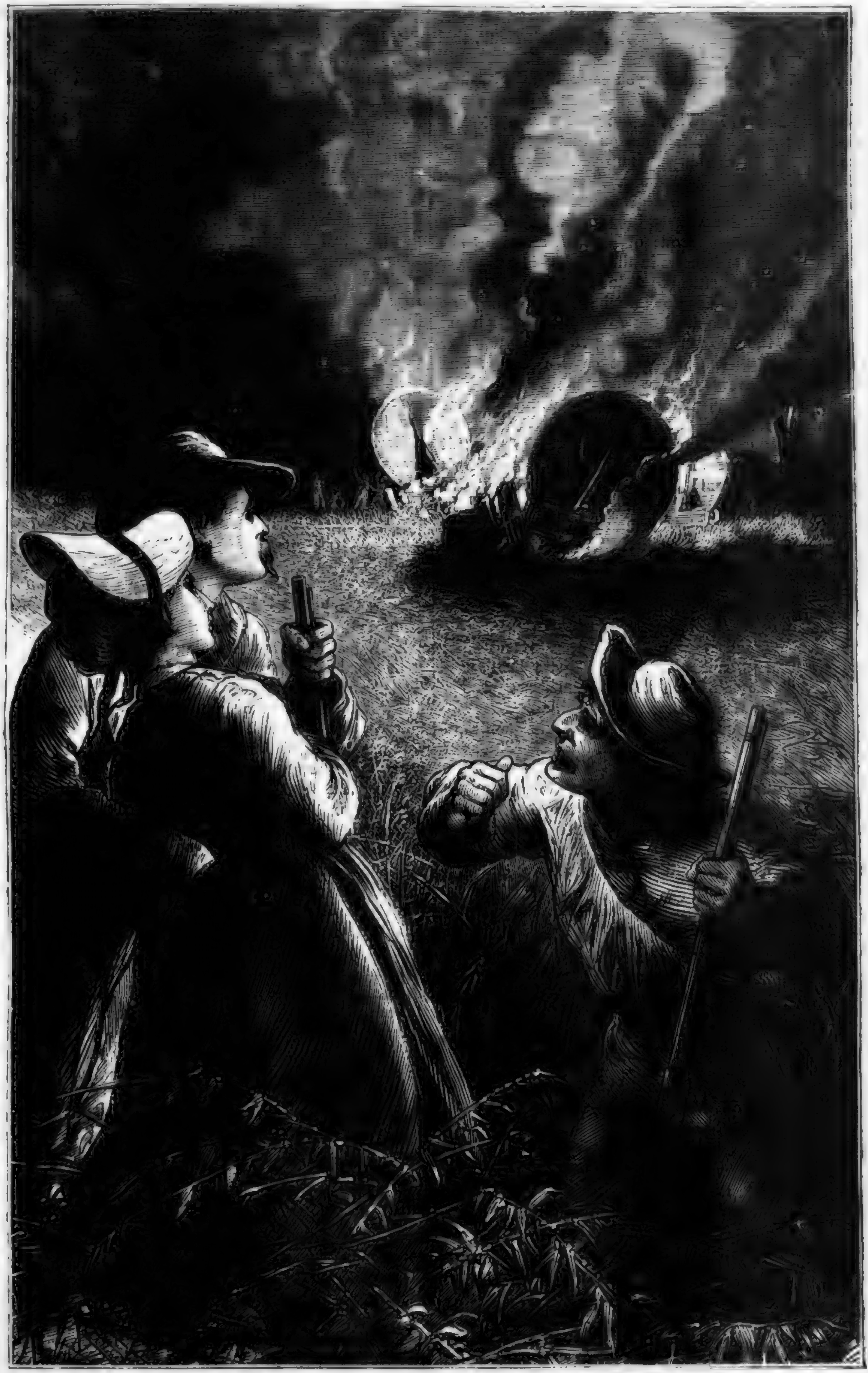
Eph Gridley had been watching the dwarfish stranger narrowly for some minutes, and the keen, animal outlines of his face had rapidly undergone a change, from contemptuous indifference and heartless mockery to an intense and almost feverish interest. Much to the surprise of Hannah Ford, if not of the whole camp, Eph said, with a great appearance of heartiness:

"We don't sell provisions in this camp. You can have just all you want. Reckon 'twon't be a very big pack. Here, you, Lize, Jim, get the little fellow as good a dinner as you can, and a big drink of whisky."

"No whisky," said the stranger. "I never drink any."



A RUSSIAN SECULAR NUN.



LONE TREE KNOB.—"'TRUE AS YOU LIVE!' REPLIED THE LOW VOICE OF DWARF DICK FROM THE GRASS."—SEE PAGE 611.

"You don't say so!" said Eph. "Well, that beats me. You're the first chap of your sort that didn't drink, that ever I saw."

"My sort? Why, what do you mean?" asked Dwarf Dick.

"What do I mean? Why, if you ain't a Digger you're a half-blood; you can't fool me on that sort of thing. Where on airth did you ever pick up your English?"

"Born with me, just as yours was," growled the dwarf, and Eph could see that he had given offense.

The provisions had now been brought, and Hannah contributed sundry delicacies out of her own stock, for she had taken a degree of interest in the odd-looking stranger which she was unable either to define or account for.

Although it was readily to have been seen by any one that there was none too much good-will between Eph and Harvey Moore, the two were standing so closely together as they watched their dwarf guest eat his dinner, that something like conversation was unavoidable.

"Eph," said Harvey, "I can scarcely account for your sudden interest and politeness."

"Well, if you can't, I can," was the rejoinder. "If we're going into the mountains, as we talk of, that fellow's worth his weight in gold to us—if we can get him to go along. I'll bet he knows more mines than you could shake a stick at, if you could only get him to show them."

"But what will you do with him?"

"Keep him," said Eph.

"How?" asked Harvey.

"I'll show you, and him, too," said Eph, as he walked away toward where the dwarf was sitting.

It was evident to Harvey Moore, however, that a feeling very nearly akin to superstition mingled with Eph Gridley's notions concerning the dwarf's value as a mining prospector. He had some sort of idea that, either because he was a Digger, or was a dwarf, he had occult faculties of discerning the whereabouts of the hidden depositions of the precious metals.

As for the dwarf himself, though now he had nearly completed his dinner, he seemed by no means desirous of talking, but was busied, even while his small jaws also were at work, with making as compact a mass as possible of some bacon and other items of provision which had been furnished him.

He had straps with him, ready for his pack, and in a few moments more he rose quickly to his feet, slinging his burden over his shoulders and buckling it firmly. Eph had already addressed him quite earnestly on the subject of remaining with the train, and he had seemed to be considering the matter; but now he said:

"No, I reckon I won't. I'll just go on after my mule. Maybe I can find him."

"Oh, we'll send a fellow with you to help hunt," said Eph, "if you'll come back and go with us."

"Don't want any man with me," said the dwarf. "I'm always better alone."

"I know that," angrily replied Eph, "and I swear you sha'n't go. We've got ye this time, and we mean to have ye show us some of them mines."

As he spoke he made a fierce motion toward the dwarf, as if to seize him; but "Dick" dodged, with a motion like that of a conjurer's fingers, and placed himself for the moment behind Hannah, as if appealing to her for protection.

"Indeed, you shall not hurt him, Mr. Gridley," said Hannah.

"Who wants to hurt him?" said Eph. "I only mean to tie him up for a while, till we've made out to get some good of him."

"You've no right to tie him up, no right to touch him."

"I'll show him what right I have. Come out here, you——"

"Eph Gridley!" energetically exclaimed Hannah, "I know you, and you shall not keep that poor creature in your power. He'd better be somewhere else than in this camp."

"Come out!" roared Eph, with more semblance of passion than the occasion seemed to call for.

Hannah had retreated somewhat toward a wagon which had halted by a bunch of sage bushes, and, for the moment, Dwarf Dick had been entirely concealed from the sight of everybody. Now, however, Eph brushed somewhat rudely past her, and peered under the wagon, loudly repeating his command; but, to his astonishment, no dwarf whatever made his appearance.

The sage bushes were pulled over, one by one, the inside of the wagon thoroughly examined, but all to no purpose, and Eph Gridley felt a thrill of superstition dive at his heart, that might have been spared him if he had seen the dwarf winding his way with such marvelous swiftness under cover of the river-bank, and now nearly half a mile away. The only mystery had been in his own lightning-like movements, and his presence of mind. It may be, however, that Eph's superstition tended to temper his wrath at Hannah Ford for her interference.

CHAPTER II.

It would have been a beautiful day anywhere else than on those dreary plains; but the floods of warm June sunshine failed to bestow anything of beauty on this wearisome expanse. The mountains in the horizon were too distant, and the stunted wild sage bushes and scrubby mesquit trees were too sparsely scattered, and too insignificant, to break the dull uniformity of the landscape.

It was an hour after noon, and not a living thing was visible—yes, there was one, a mere dot, yet an animated, moving, talking dot, that plied its way onward over the heated plain, growling to itself in half a dozen or more distinct languages, not to speak of dialects. English, Spanish, German, French, might have been detected, and the deep, harsh gutturals of Indian tongues; but we can only render one of them all.

"Thanks to that young woman, the brute didn't put a ball through me, or tie me up either. I'll pay her for that yet, and him, too, or my name isn't Dwarf Dick. I hate that, too, but I've got to wear it till I get through with this body. Tie me up? The villain! If he'd have tied me up for three hours, I'd have been too late. Maybe I'm too late now? I guess not. Loaded mules don't travel so very fast. Stolen gold is a heavy load, too, even for stolen mules. I wonder what they want of the Lone Tree? They can't steal it. Why didn't I shoot them, when I could so easy? I don't know. I'm odd at times. It makes me feel odd to think of that young woman. They call her Hannah. Well, she didn't stand up for Dwarf Dick for nothing, or I'm mistaken."

All this while the dwarf had been pressing his way forward, and making wonderfully rapid headway, if his size and length of limb should be taken into consideration. No one who looked at him could long question the correctness of Eph Gridley's surmise as to his parentage, and his features wore other remarkable characteristics besides their show of Indian blood. His aquiline nose and ears were large and prominent; his keen, glittering black eyes were deeply sunken, and his mouth, though almost constantly smiling, had a quick, nervous shiver of the lip that indicated anything but a heavy or stolid nature.

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A very remarkable personage was Dwarf Dick, the half-breed Digger, for even that fact had not prevented him from being a traveler, a student, and a man of education in his own queer way.

At about the same time of the day, the emigrant-train, under the leadership of Eph Gridley, was getting slowly under way again, and its direction across the plain seemed to have scarcely a more definite purpose than to reach the foot of the mountain-ranges.

Hannah Ford and Harvey Moore were riding on, side by side, and their subject of conversation, when they did speak, seemed to divide itself between their unpleasant position as members of that company, and the curious incident of their meeting with Dwarf Dick.

"There was something almost comical about him, after all," said Hannah, "and it was actually a pleasure to look on a new face. Except for our presence, this prairie country seems to me to be a perfect solitude."

"No, not quite," said Harvey. "I can see others even now."

"Where?" asked Hannah.

"Away off there to the right. Don't point. I don't want any more of Eph Gridley's men going off, to be gone all night, and come in again in the morning with extra horses. Maybe these two men will get by without being seen, unless they are fools enough to come in."

"Oh, dear me," sighed Hannah; "we are indeed a band of Ishmaelites!"

No eyes less keen than Harvey Moore's would have detected the presence of those two men, so far were they, and so completely were they blinded most of the time with the inequalities of the plains.

They, on their part, however, had seen the wagons, almost at the same time; and so far from manifesting any disposition to "come in," they at once began to urge their jaded animals in a different direction.

Each was mounted on one mule and leading another, and all four animals were evidently packed and burdened to the extent of their ability.

"I say, Sandy," said one, "it's a good thing these yer mules haven't a great deal furder to go. They're e'en a'most played—they are."

"Pretty much used up, that's a fact, Bill; but, I reckon they can stan' it for about an hour and a half longer."

"Is that all?" said Bill.

"That's all," said Sandy; "an' then we'll have the safest kind of a *cache*, an' a tiptop landmark."

"But, Sandy, sometimes I can't help thinking we'd have been about as safe somewhar among the mountains."

"Bill, my boy, it's harder to find any place among them rocks than it is out in the open. Besides that—an' I don't mean to be a fool, neither—you know, that dwarf. I wouldn't feel safe burying anything he had a claim onto up among the hills. It's his own ground thar, you know. I'd have felt all the while I was digging as if them gimlet eyes of his'n were onto me from somewhar. Now, out yer, we're all right, for we're plainsmen, an' no Digger medicine dwarf's of any account. Mebbe you think I'm a fool——"

"No, I don't, Sandy," said Bill. "I know some folks laughs at sich, and says it's nonsense; but don't you and I know better? Didn't that little big-eared cuss take us right straight to whar we could shovel the stuff right up? An' ain't we goin' thar again, soon's we've got the cargo safe landed?"

"I don't know 'bout that, Bill," said his friend, as he stirred up the lagging mules. "I'd like to go, if we'd made the dwarf all safe; but as long as he's above ground—— I tell ye what, Bill, it was bad luck our missing of him."

"Wasn't we goin' to shoot him that night soon as ever he come in, and then he never did come in! The varmint! We ain't neglected nothing that we had a fair chance to do—an' we ain't one bit to blame, as I see. I'm for going back again." Bill was very much in earnest, and now he added: "How long before we can begin to see this tree of yourn?"

"Not a great while," said Sandy. "But then, you don't see it so very far off. All the better for that."

"Is the Knob much of a peak?" asked Bill.

"No, only a bit of a low down little hill; but it looks a'most as if it was made by humans; and this yer tree is right on the top of it, all alone like."

"Well, Sandy, I must say it's a queer trick for a mesquit to grow to that bigness in such an out-o'-the-way place as that, and mebbe it *will* be a good mark for a *cache*."

"You bet it will," said Sandy.

And so the two rode steadily onward, urging their overtired mules to their very uttermost, and, by some good luck as seems often to attend men of their kidney for a season, no other eyes than those of Harvey and Hannah caught sight of them from Eph Gridley's somewhat dangerous caravan.

Both Bill and Sandy were impatient, little as they showed it externally, and both were visibly relieved when, at last, the latter rose slowly in his stirrups, and pointed with his long arm toward the eastward, exclaiming:

"And thar's Lone Tree Knob!"

Bill looked and looked, and could but just discern something that rose above the level, and replied:

"What! is that it?"

"Wait a bit," said Sandy; "when we've cleared this rise, it'll look a heap bigger."

Differences of elevation on the plains are exceedingly treacherous and deceptive to the eye; but Bill knew that, and so he was not at all surprised that a few minutes' riding brought them out on the brow of a high knoll, or roll, from which the plain swept swiftly away to a lower country, and from which the entire singularity of Lone Tree Knob was strikingly visible.

It was a round, smooth, earthy elevation, scarcely a hundred feet in height, and less than a quarter of a mile in circumference, and on its very summit and centre there stood one single, lonely, desolate-looking tree.

It was no wonder that such an object had gained itself a name and fame among the keen-eyed rovers of the American Desert.

The very mules seemed to have an idea that the end of their labor was approaching, and the remaining distance was briskly hurried over.

The ascent of Lone Tree Knob was by no means difficult, for either wild animals or tame had kept a path well worn along the side of the declivity. This, too, might have been a wonder; but when Sandy and Bill had reached the summit, the former again raised his arm, and pointed.

"Thar's the spring, Bill, over yon, to the left of the tree; an' it's allers full, an' it never runs over, an' it's as clar as crystal all the year round. That's what brings the deer and buffler up yer, and the Injins, too. Brutes and humans, everybody onto these yer plains knows all about Lone Tree Knob."

"Mebbe 'twon't be so good a place for a *cache*," said Bill, "after all."

"Yes, it will," said Sandy, "because, you know, no one'd ever dream of any feller hiding anything up on top of Lone Tree Knob. Besides, that thar dwarf can't be a-watchin' of us up yer, like he might a'most anywhar else, an' we can keep the best kind of a lookout over all the prairie, for ever so many miles."

Bill was compelled to admit that his friend was right, and so they halted their mules at last, under the Lone Tree itself.

It was a very miracle of a mesquit, and an exception to all its kind. For fifteen feet the gnarled and knotty trunk arose without a limb. Then the closely matted, thorny, woven branches spread out with an all but impenetrable shade on every side, while the total height of the tree could not have been less than forty feet.

It must have been a tree of great age, and strange things, beyond all doubt, had passed under the spreading shadow which it cast.

"We mustn't waste any time, Bill," said Sandy. "Lone Tree Knob isn't a safe place to camp on, nohow."

"Well, then," said Bill, "let's get to work as soon as we can."

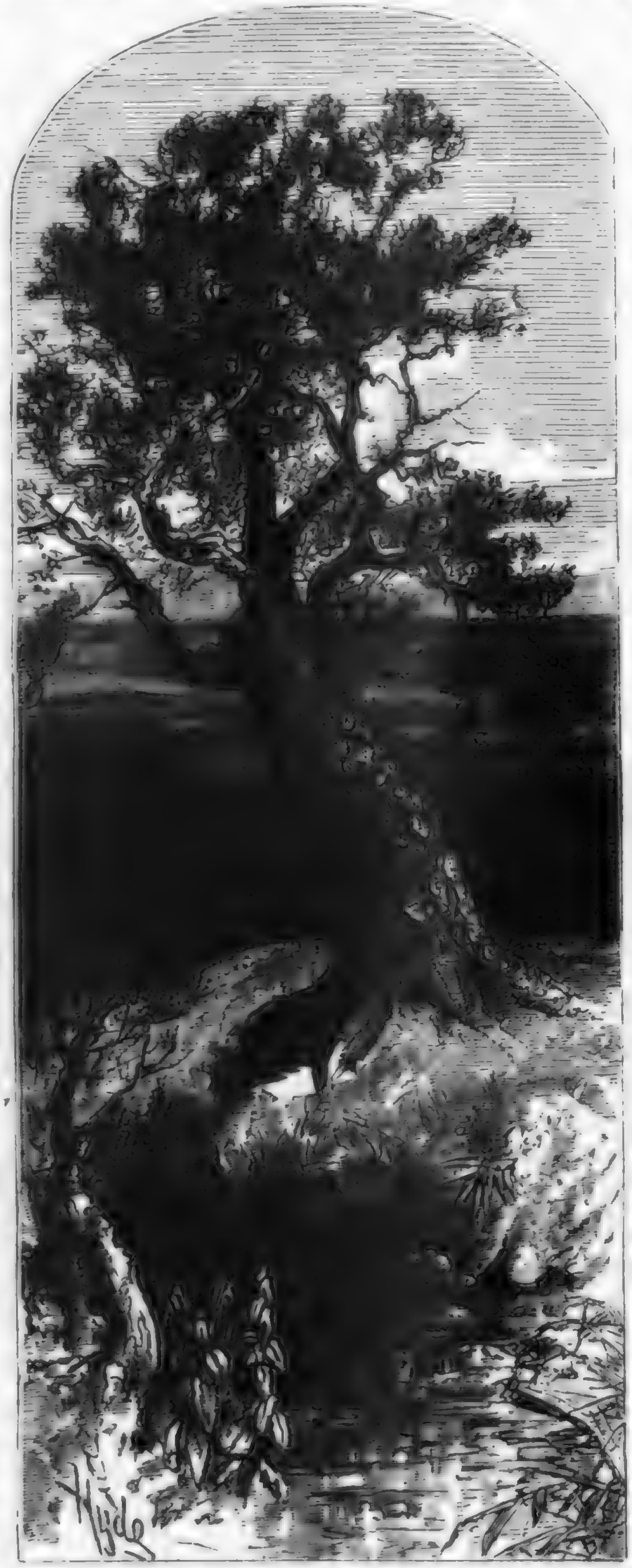
They were a brawny, sun-burned, ill-kempt, ragged-looking pair, of the lower and more reckless grade of miners, with faces that had long since ceased to indicate much for other passions than the greed of gold, and the lust to which that greed for ever panders.

They were well able to attend to the business in hand, however, and in a few moments the mules had all been relieved of their burdens.

None of the packages were large. On the contrary, most of them were quite small, but very heavy.

No wonder that the poor brutes grew weary under them, for those banded sacks of skin, close drawn and carefully secured, contained no other merchandise than *gold.* Gold in dust, in nuggets, in scales, in bars, in bricks of bullion —all that those four mules could journey under, of that dangerous metal, whose lust is the root of all earthly evil.

There it all lay, bagged and strapped, in one little pile, under the old mesquit tree, and as he looked at it, Bill turned to Sandy, and said:



LONE TREE KNOB.—THE LONE TREE.

"Now, if we only *had* shot the dwarf, it would have been all right."

"May *be*," replied Sandy, "we'll come across him somewhar, an' have another chance yet."

"If we do!" growled Bill, with a meaning, menacing nod.

"You bet!" replied Sandy, with another.

"I say," said Bill, "be we goin' to make our *cache* right yer, under the tree? I don't like that."

"No more do I. I'll show ye. I reckon the spring's about thirty yards from the tree, an' thar's nothin' round it but them willers."

"Yes," said Bill—"only the willers."

"Well," said Sandy, "thirty paces beyond the spring we'll dig the *cache.* That's the mark we'll find it by. Don't ye see?"

Bill had dug *caches* enough in his day to understand very well, and in a few minutes more they were at work.

The only very large pack from the mules turned out, among other things, a miner's pick and spade, and the two friends were expert enough in the use of them.

In a marvelously short space of time a hole was dug, wide enough and deep enough to have held a much larger matter than that pile of buckskin bags; but the men knew what they were about, for, after the treasure had been spread as flat and thin as possible over the bottom of the hole, the light and porous soil was so packed and trodden down above it that, when the last shovelful had been thrown back, and the last sod replaced, there was no visible variation on the surface of the ground. After that, the most minute and skillful attention was paid to the restoration of the natural and undisturbed appearance of everything, so that when at last Sandy pronounced their job complete, he declared that in a week more they themselves would be compelled to measure by the tree and the spring, in order to find their own *cache.*

"And you see, Bill," said he, "nobody but you and me knows the measure."

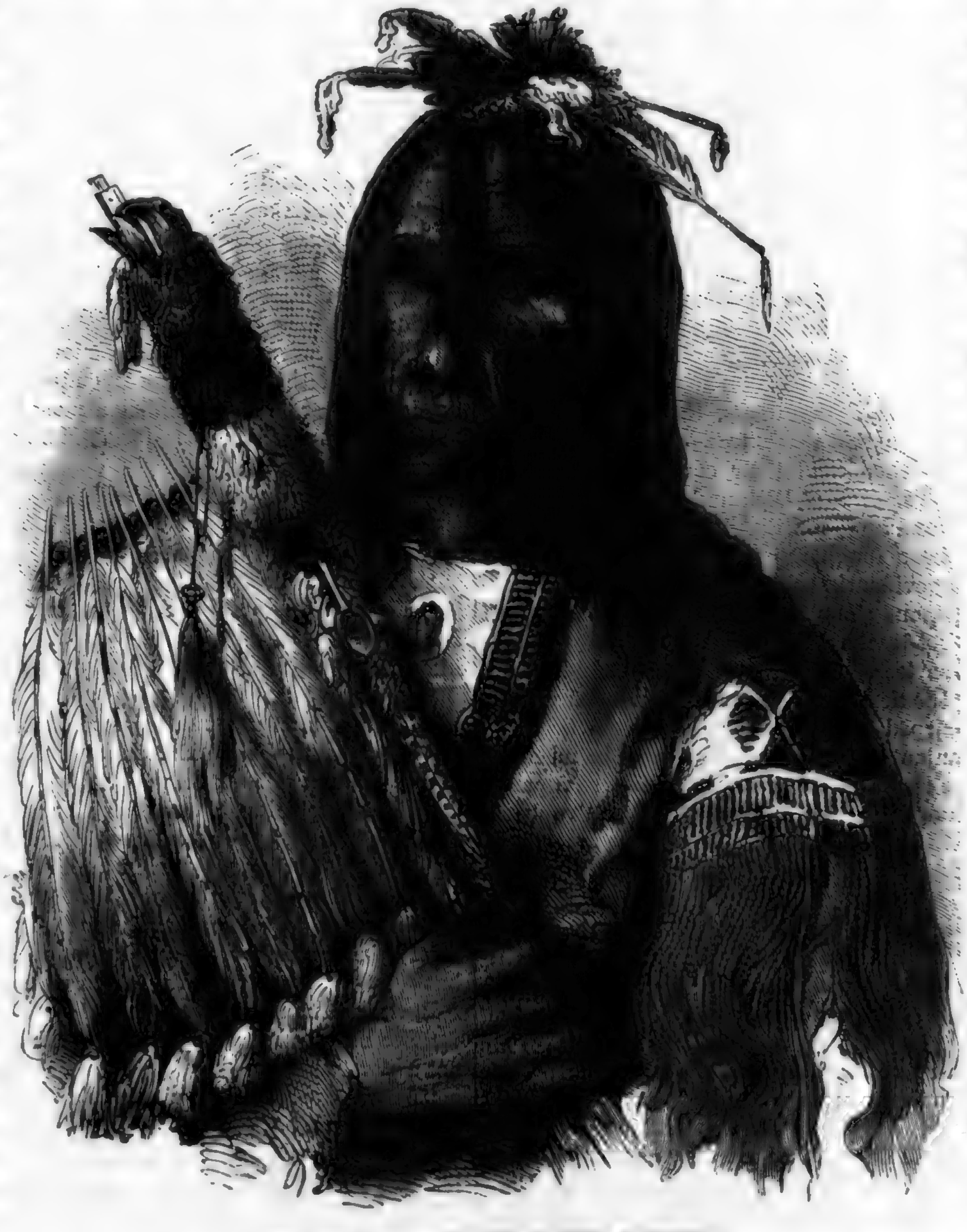
"Let's take it over again," said Bill; "now we've got it all done. It ought to be just sixty paces from yer to the tree."

"Well, Bill, tell ye what ye do," said Sandy. "Stand whar ye are, an' fire a slug right into the centre of the tree, an' then pace straight ahead, an' count till ye put yer finger on to the bullet-hole."

Bill slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder, took a long and careful sight, and blazed away; and, as he lowered his piece, he promptly strode off toward the tree, counting carefully as he went. He had done a great deal of counting in his day, had Bill, but never any paces so fearfully important to him as were those.

Sandy had watched his "mate" start away from over the *cache*, with eyes in which a very strange glitter was swiftly rising; and, as Bill's measuring footsteps neared the tree, Sandy also drew himself to his full height, and his rifle arose with mechanical precision to his shoulder. Even now he was superstitious, for, as Bill reached out his searching forefinger for the bullet-mark, Sandy exclaimed:

"Yes, left foot first, and left hand touching. It's his fate!" and, as Bill turned his head toward the *cache*, exclaiming, loudly, "Sixty-one!" the flame leaped from the muzzle of Sandy's rifle, and Bill sank heavily back at the foot of the Lone Tree, with a ragged hole in his forehead.



LONE TREE KNOB.—THE INDIAN CHIEF, SANTANTA.

CHAPTER III.

NO BLOOD at the foot of the Lone Tree, only that stiffening corpse, with the blue hole in its forehead, and the brawny, ragged form of Sandy standing over and looking down upon it.

"It was a rough thing to do," he muttered to himself; "but somehow I mistrusted Bill. He wasn't a very good one, nohow, an' I reckon it's just as well that only one of us knows the measure of that *cache*, or can get back to dig it out. Now," he added, with a bitter oath, "if I could only git to draw a bead on that thar dwarf! I'd feel a heap easier if that feller was clean wiped out. Next time I meet him'll do, but I'd kind o' like to make one job o' him and Bill yer."

As he said this, he started suddenly and looked up, as if he heard some unaccountable noise among the shadows of the Lone Tree. Perhaps he did, and perhaps not; but out from among the matted branches came a sound that Sandy never heard, for the bullet travels faster than the report, and the miner staggered back across the body of his murdered mate, with precisely the same terrible sign in his forehead.

There was only this difference in the two wounds: that Sandy's head was more crushed and broken, for the ball went clear through, and came out at the back. There they lay—the two dead miners—and the four mules stood gazing at them, with staring eyes and distended nostrils, straining at their lariats as if ready for a stampede.

A moment more, and the mystery of the Lone-Tree was solved; for down from among its gloomy recesses writhed and twisted the agile, sinewy, diminutive body of Dwarf Dick. He did not climb down the trunk, but dropped lightly from the lower limb, alighting catlike on his feet.

"They'd surely have shot me," he growled, "and it was a necessary thing to do. The gold's mine, too, the half of it—and now they're dead, the other half, too. But what'll I do with them, or it? The mules could pack the gold; but where could I take it to without provisions? Those two knew what they were about when they hid it, an' I reckon I'll let it stay for the present. Hullo! What's that?"

The dwarf turned his large, keen ears to listen, as an

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animal might have done, and in a moment more the sound which had startled him came once again pealing up the side of Lone Tree Knob.

Was it a human halloo?

Yes, it was a signal-whoop of some red man.

"I don't think it's anybody that will hurt me," said Dwarf Dick. "Not unless there happen to be white men along. Anyhow, I'd better take to cover till I know who he is. Here goes for safety."

Up the gnarled trunk he went with the easy activity of a monkey, and in a moment more he was altogether hidden. Then followed minutes of silence and waiting, and the mules once more began to nip away at the scanty herbage, and then, rapidly filing along the slanting path on the declivity of the Knob, came the gayly caparisoned horses of a strong war party of Indian braves.

"Sioux," muttered Dwarf Dick, from his perch in the tree; "but I'll wait till I know what band they are, and what their errand is."

The prairie warriors had seen at a glance that others were before them on the Knob; but their numbers—for there were threescore of them—prevented their caring who or what the strangers might be, and they were quickly gathered around the Lone Tree, chattering and gesticulating, as only Indians can, in spite of their "show day" taciturnity.

The mules, the two dead miners, the nature of their wounds, the bullet-mark in the tree—not the minutest particular escaped them, and their conclusions were sagacious, if erroneous. Dwarf Dick understood every word that was uttered, and he found that the Sioux had decided that a *duel* had been fought by the two miners, both of their rifles having evidently been just fired; that one had fallen in the duel, and the other afterward by some third party, whose foot-tracks they had discovered on the ground under the tree. Just then a tall, stately-looking savage came for the first time within Dick's line of vision, and the dwarf chirped to himself:

"All right, Santanta! But then there must be mischief brewing when he is out on the war-path with such a party as this. And now I don't want them to know I've been up in the tree, if I can help it."

And he did help it, somehow, by watching his chance to drop unseen from the branches; for, in a few minutes more, Dwarf Dick suddenly stepped out from behind a mule, right in front of Santanta, holding out his right hand with a strange, wavering sign of peace and recognition, speaking, at the same time, some few words in the Sioux tongue.

Even the iron-nerved Indian warriors were startled at the strange and sudden apparition. Not that Dwarf Dick was a stranger to most of them, but they had long regarded him as "big medicine," and this sort of "coming in from nowhere" was decidedly in keeping with that idea. Perhaps they were none the less prepared to receive him with amity and respect, for a redskin is as superstitious as a Congo.

Still, Santanta asked Dick very freely about the story of Sandy and Bill, and was pleased to be informed that his own sagacity had already discovered the truth. Dick added that, not knowing that the newcomers were his friends, he had deemed it necessary to "disappear" on the approach of Santanta and his warriors. Now, however, he would take his four mules and go onward.

Some of the warriors looked a little cloudy at the claim put in for the mules, but Santanta was on the war-path, and he was anxious to have such a tremendous amount of "medicine" go along with him. So earnestly did he plead with Dick on this subject, hinting, at the same time, pretty distinctly, that the mules depended on it, that the dwarf allowed himself to be over-persuaded, and after a sufficient rest and refreshment the whole band, accompanied by their new ally, once more sprang into the saddle, and descended the grassy side of Lone Tree Knob.

The bodies of the two miners, stripped of all that was useful or valuable, lay at a distance from the tree, dragged away by Santanta's orders, for the Lone Tree also was "big medicine," and not one of the careering warriors had for a moment suspected the existence of the fatal *cache* and its heap of hidden treasure.

They had not ridden far before Dick was made aware of the special errand of Santanta, and that a *white* prey was before them.

Chapter IV.

Ever and anon that day, as Harvey Moore and Hannah Ford had ridden onward, side by side, they could detect the bitterness and hatred of the glances cast upon them by the rest of that evil company, and only a fear of the former's strong arm, and the known influence of the latter over Eph Gridley, if not her misguided brother, prevented the sly and muttered slurs from assuming the tone of open ribaldry.

Still, they were compelled to admit to one another that this state of things could not endure for ever, and that, sooner or later, an open collision must come.

"There is nothing else for it, Hannah," said Harvey; "we must fly."

"You must, if you value life."

"And you, if you value more than life," he fiercely whispered.

"But my brother?"

"He is utterly unworthy of your unselfish devotion. He has lost his manhood, if he ever had any, or he would himself be first to protest against your remaining."

"How can I leave him?"

"Leave him? Do you suppose that by remaining you can lengthen the space of his forfeited life any more than you can win him back to good?"

"His life forfeited?" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, indeed, even as mine is. He is an obstacle between Eph Gridley and that which Eph has determined on possessing—I mean your brother's own gold, that which you and I retain, and more than that——"

"No more, Harvey—say no more. It is dreadful, but—— Please say nothing for a while. I must think."

In a moment more she added:

"See how it is clouding up. It will be a dark night, if not a stormy one."

"Just the night for an escape from the camp," whispered Harvey.

Before long an eligible place for an encampment made its appearance, and as the sun went down Hannah observed that the mountain ranges were visibly nearer than they had been at the noonday halt. The same fact had been noted by the others, and it seemed to arouse in them all a perfect fever of mining enthusiasm, with the wildest and greediest visions of golden wealth to come.

"Ah—agh!" exclaimed Eph Gridley, as he was holding forth to an excited group by one of the wagons, while the darkness was fast settling over the camp. "If we only *could* have caught and caged the Digger dwarf! I'd give a good deal to have him along. If I put my hands on him once more he won't get away, I tell you."

The loud, harsh tones of his voice could be heard all over the camp, and scarcely had they ceased to jar on the ears of Hannah Ford, as she stood somewhat apart by her own wagon, when she felt her dress pulled gently, and

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looking down, she was half frightened to discern, peering up, almost from the ground itself, the keen visage of Dwarf Dick.

"He will not catch me," hissed the dwarf. "He will himself be caught. I do not care for him, and I could not help him if I would; but you, I must save you, for you were good to me."

"Save me from what?" asked Hannah.

"Why, from being scalped by the Sioux. There won't be a living soul in this camp by daylight."

And Dwarf Dick followed up his assertion by additional assurances that fairly convinced the reluctant Hannah.

At first she proposed to warn the camp, but Dick objected, as she must have given the source of her information.

He would rather do it himself, he said; and so he did, for he disappeared in the shadow, and in a few moments more a Sioux war-arrow came hissing through the air into the very midst of the camp, barely missing a lodgment in the capacious form of Eph Gridley himself. That was warning enough for anybody, and the camp was on the alert in a moment.

All the surrounding prairie was searched by the men, as if they expected to catch Sioux warriors in the dark; but when at last they were ordered in by a loud, shrill call from Eph Gridley, and each in turn was summoned to report on what he had discovered, the leader called again and again, in vain, for Murray Ford.

"If the fool has gone too far to-night," growled Eph, "he will never bring his scalp into camp again."

A long, hollow, shrill whoop from the surrounding darkness was the only comment on this brutal speech; but while Hannah Ford buried her face in her hands in an agony of apprehension, she again felt a gentle pull on her dress, and almost at the same moment Harvey Moore came up to her, muttering:

"Hannah, if harm has come to Murray Ford this night, it is not from the hand of any Indian warrior. I believe all this to be a plot. If we would escape, we have no time to lose.'

"True as you live!" replied the low voice of Dwarf Dick from the grass, and the startled youth was rapidly made acquainted with the facts of the case.

"Your wagon is here in the shadow," said Dwarf Dick, "and your horses are picketed behind it. Hurry their sacks and provision-packs onto them, while the rest, over yonder, are fixing the other wagons against Indians."

Harvey rapidly and silently followed the suggestion, while Hannah earnestly questioned her almost invisible friend concerning her brother; but the only reply she received was:

"There was no Indian near enough to hurt him, though there soon will be; but there were white men enough. Eph Gridley was the first man to get back into camp, and he probably knows why."

Further and further into the now deepening darkness the two horses seemed to be gradually "drifting," rather than being led, and then, as they disappeared altogether, Harvey Moore laid his hand upon Hannah's arm, saying:

"Come, Hannah, we have no time to lose, and your friend says *haste*."

Hannah lifted her face from her hands, and whispered, hoarsely:

"I will *not* go until I know what has become of my brother!"

"Come, then, and I will show you," again spoke up from the ground the voice of Dwarf Dick. "Keep in the shadow of the wagon, and make all the haste you can."

If Hannah was yet undecided, Harvey Moore was not, and he almost carried her along with him by force. Nor were they more than fairly out of reach in the darkness before their absence was discovered by Eph Gridley, and the rest, and the chorus of angry threats, shouts and profane exclamations which followed bore witness to the excitement which it created. Perhaps they would have been pursued, even then, but scarcely had they been in the saddle three minutes, guided by the persistent and earnest urging of Dwarf Dick, before all the night that darkened over the camp seemed suddenly to be vocal with savage and appalling sounds.

The dwarf himself was now, in some mysterious way, provided with a horse.

"On, on!" he exclaimed, in low, intense tones. "Haste now, for Santanta and his men are charging on the camp."

"But my brother!" despairingly exclaimed Hannah Ford.

"If the missing man was your brother," said the dwarf, "I am sorry, for you will never see him again. Please ask me no more. Santanta will be sure to avenge him, and that right promptly."

As they looked behind them, they could see fierce figures dashing by between them and the dull glare of the camp-fires, and from the twanging sound of bows that was almost as incessant as the yelling, it was evident that the war-arrows were not now falling "one at a time" among the devoted denizens of the little camp.

It was terrible, but it was indeed a place to ride fast away from, and the three pressed rapidly forward, only the dwarf knew whither.

Chapter V.

Far and wide, wherever the English tongue is spoken, has traveled the fame of Santanta, the terrible, eloquent, cruel, unconquerable war-chief of the Sioux, and none would dream of looking for human life in the encampment over which had passed the destroying energy of his band of picked braves. Not even the "Red Cloud" itself, the pride of all his nation, could have left a more perfect devastation. Eph Gridley and his men had struggled desperately for their lives, but they knew little of Indian warfare, and they had been confused, disordered and swept away by the sudden and appalling onset of their red destroyers.

It will therefore be of no use for us to return to the encampment for further information. We should only find smoking wrecks of wagons, and yet more ghastly assurances of the perfect workmanship of Santanta and his men.

That night, after once bringing his two charges to what he deemed a safe distance from the camp, Dwarf Dick had led them for some time in what seemed to Harvey Moore a semicircle, and then, after a brief absence, during which Harvey and Hannah waited anxiously alone in the darkness, he reappeared, leading with him a string of four mules, very lightly laden. Then again he urged them rapidly forward, but for all direction they were compelled to yield unhesitatingly to him. All attempts to draw him into conversation were failures, although he frequently and freely expressed his warm admiration of Hannah Ford, and his gratitude for her kindness and courage in his behalf the previous day. He seemed to care nothing especially for Harvey Moore, except as the friend and protector of Hannah, and he was gruff enough, at times.

Before morning dawned, they found themselves slowly clambering along a narrow path, up a somewhat steep declivity, and Harvey said:

"This is odd; where are we now?"

DEFENDING HER NEST.

"Never you mind," snapped Dick. "Yes, I don't care if I tell you. You're going up Lone Tree Knob, and I'll tell you what for when we get to the top."

Harvey had already begun to feel something like awe of the strange being to whom he owed so much, and he said no more; but the novelty of their position, with its weird excitement, was fast aiding Hannah to throw off the stupor of grief which the certainty of her brother's fate had occasioned.

A few moments brought them out upon the gently curving plateau of the summit, but the darkness was too great to allow objects to become very sharply defined. Still, as they went forward, Harvey asked their guide:

"Is not that a tree yonder?"

"Yes—it is the Lone Tree of the Knob; but there is blood there, and we must not go near it to-night; it would bring us nothing but evil fortune. Come this way."

And so saying, he led them to the spring. As they dismounted, at the dwarf's request, by the stunted willow shrubs, he said to Harvey: "Now, turn your back to the tree and walk forward thirty steps."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"I will show you," replied Dick, in such a tone, that somehow Harvey at once obeyed.

"Thirty," called he, as he finished it.

Dwarf Dick had been picketing the animals by the spring, and now he went forward to Harvey bearing two spades and a pick.

"It is all right," said he; "we have hit the spot, for the sods are loose. Now we must dig."

"What for?" again asked Harvey.

"For my fortune and hers. Yours, too, it may be. But we must dig fast, while the mules have a rest."

Strong as Harvey Moore was, the perspiration rolled freely from him as he labored to keep pace with the weird activity of his friend.

Just as the sun was rising, Harvey felt his spade strike on something that rattled strangely, and in a moment more Dwarf Dick began to lift, one after the other, the little bags of skin, that gave a dull, chinking thud as he threw them out upon the grass above, and before the light had grown fairly clear he sprang out of the hole, exclaiming:

"That is all. Now, Hannah, you go back to the horses and look at the tree, while Harvey goes a little way with me. Come!"

So complete had now become his ascendency over both, that he was obeyed without a word.

It was strange work for Harvey Moore, for Dwarf Dick led him to where the bodies of Sandy and Bill w ere lying, nor would he vouchsafe any other explanation than that they must be buried. Harvey could not oppose him, so the two dead miners were made to take the place of their ill-gotten treasure, and the soil was heaped above them.

That duty accomplished, and Dwarf Dick began to separate the bags into two equal heaps, exclaiming, as he tossed each bag on its pile:

"Mine—theirs! mine—theirs!"

"What do you mean now?" asked Hannah, who had again joined them.

"I am making a division with you."

"But it is not ours?"

"It is mine to give, and I give it to you. You are the first, for many a long day, to give a smile and a kind word to Dwarf Dick."

"What is in it—in the bags?"

"Gold," said the dwarf. "Gold enough to make you rich when you get safely home."

"Gold!" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, gold that I dug in the mountains. But, after all, why should I divide? You can use it, and to you it will be pleasure in the using. It could never do any good in my hands. I can neither spend nor keep it. My only pleasure is in finding, and I know where to get more when I want it. Will you not take it all?"

At first both Hannah and her lover positively refused, but the dwarf waxed eloquent in his gush of sudden generosity, and all the time he was busily packing the bags upon the mules. At last he said:

"It's of no use to talk. You have a pocket compass. Travel due east for two days, and you will strike the overland trail. You will reach good water at noon. Do not pause a moment, for no man knows if Santanta may not come back this way. You are rich, but all the gold in the mountains is mine if I choose to find it. Good-by, and do not forget Dwarf Dick."

In an instant he was in the saddle, and as he rode by where Hannah Ford was standing, he bent, and caught one light kiss from her cheek, and was off at full speed.

The two stood watching him in breathless astonishment as he disappeared over the declivity, and then they, too, accepted the full meaning of his friendship and his warning, and pressed forward on their journey homeward.

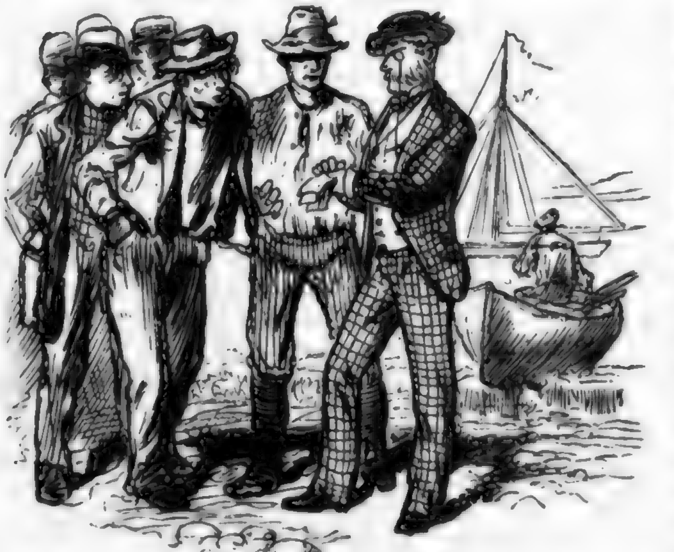
On that we cannot follow them, but this is only one of the many tales which the miners tell of Lone Tree Knob, while the wonderful exploits of Dwarf Dick, the mysterious half-breed Digger, are the staple of many an evening talk around the prospecting camp-fires of the eastern spurs of the Sierras of Nevada.

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

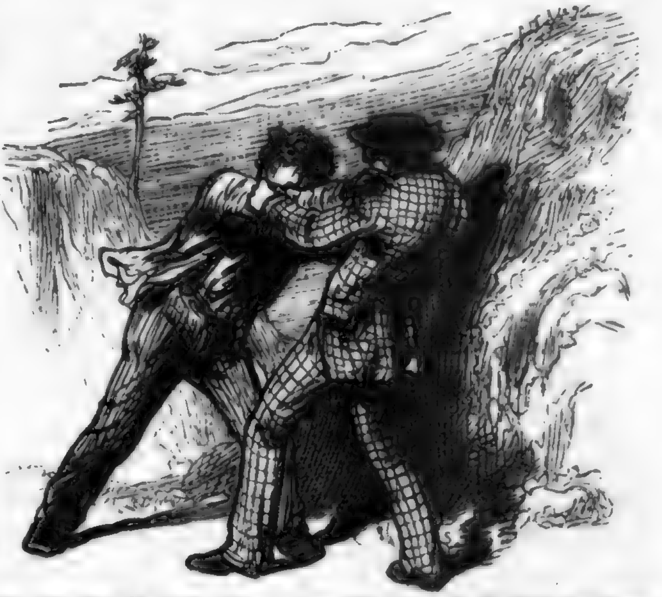
By Lieutenant H. D. Smith, U.S.R.M.

Did I ever catch a smuggler? Yes, indeed. I ran foul of one when I first entered the service. I was full of enthusiasm and zeal then, which the increasing infirmities of accumulated years have somewhat cooled.

I was indebted to the first luff for the adventure. He was an old barnacle, who for years had been backing and filling around the head of the list, always failing to round successfully the point which to him was as formidable as the Cape of Good Hope proved to the *Flying Dutchman*.



THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"MANY A GREEDY EYE WAS TURNED UPON THE ROLL OF BILLS WHICH THE YOUNG MAN HELD IN HIS HAND."



THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S EMBRACE, BOTH STROVE TO THE UTMOST OF THEIR STRENGTH TO OBTAIN THE MASTERY OVER THE OTHER."

The *Detective* was the first cutter I had the honor of joining, and the station was one affording unusual facilities and advantages to the smuggler.

It was during the Spring overhaul, which usually consumed a month or more, that, through the Executive's instrumentality, I was placed in command of a small sloop-boat, chartered for the purpose by permission of the Department. Five men composed the crew, and my instructions were to cruise actively and look out for Black Ralph.

He was a smuggler whose renown extended along the whole coast. Strong of nerve, cool of head, with a large frame and great strength, his career had been one continuous round of hairbreadth escapes and daring adventures. No one knew the spot he had selected for his home; no one could tell where his renowned schooner lay concealed while discharging the valuable cargoes of liquors, teas, cloths, drugs and other valuable as well as dutiable articles.

Bound together by a bond of sympathy, poor and wretched as they were, gold would not have tempted the miserable denizens of the isolated islands fringing the coast to have betrayed the smuggler.

A revenue cutter was hated fervently; looked upon as an instrument of oppression to wrest from their hands articles theirs by right of possession. Their ideas of flotsam and jetsam did not extend beyond a fair distribution of the plunder, and a speedy market for the goods.

I hoisted the ensign and pennant over my craft, placed my commission in my pocket, to be used in case of emergency, and soon after I bade adieu to my comrades, who waved a last farewell as the sloop rounded the entrance to the harbor.

The afternoon was well advanced as a beautiful, fast-sailing yacht, her white hull flashing in the slanting rays of the sun, came to anchor in a cove situated to leeward of an island seemingly one vast mass of towering crags and pinnacles of granite, which for centuries have braved the fierce storms of the Atlantic, the waves thundering and roaring incessantly along the base of the rock-bound shore, casting the spray high up the smooth face of the gray, quaint rocks.

A scarlet ribbon skirted the water-line of the graceful

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craft, upon whose deck the forms of three men were perceptible to the eager, astonished gaze of the inhabitants, who, irrespective of sex, had hurried down to the beach to watch the new and unusual arrival.

With a quick stroke the light skiff of the yacht neared the sloping beach. The two men handling the oars were attired in the ordinary garb of seamen; but the third occupant, who stepped languidly ashore, instantly arrested the undivided attention of the islanders, who had never before beheld such an exhibition of wealth and magnificence.

Attired in clothes of a texture new to them, with light curly hair, surmounted by a soft felt hat, blonde side-whiskers, eye-glasses, and a heavy gold chain, rather ostentatiously displayed on his immaculate vest, with which he toyed from time to time with a hand superbly gloved, no wonder the stranger who had so suddenly dropped amongst them created a sensation amounting almost to awe.

"Kin I be of sarvice to yer, kernel?" inquired one of the fishermen, a beetle-browed, squint-eyed, shuffling-gaited fellow, who rejoiced in the name of Jake. A fawning smile parted his thin, parched lips, displaying the yellow, irregular teeth, with an expression at once grotesque and repulsive.

"That depends upon circumstances, old Cross-jack Eye," replied the young man, as he motioned him to walk one side, when the two men engaged in a deep, earnest conversation.

The balance of the crowd rallied around the boatmen, who, in a loquacious manner, informed their audience that they had been hired to sail the yacht for the young fellow, who had piles of money—that his father was a banker in some city, and the son was out on a little fishing and hunting cruise of his own.

"What did I tell ye?" chuckled one of the yachtsmen, pointing to their employer. "Just look at the ballast he's pullin' out. Oh, he's got lots of it, and can throw it around, too."

Many a greedy eye was turned upon the roll of bills which the young man held in his hand.

The dull, sunken orbs of Jake flared up with a sudden wolfish light as he beheld the mass of crisp notes, and his long, lean fingers worked convulsively, as if impatient to clutch a portion of the coveted wealth.

The banker's son waved them to and fro in his careless, indifferent manner, apparently unmindful of the hungry eyes watching every movement, and the evil passions called into action by the temptation displayed in their midst.

More than one significant glance was exchanged between the rude, rough-garbed islanders, which was not lost upon Jake. With a stealthy glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, he eyed his neighbors with no loving expression as he drew the young man still further aside.

In a husky whisper he called the yachtman's attention to a narrow, rugged path winding around the base of a cliff, disappearing amid a growth of low, scrubby trees, already enshrouded in the fast-approaching gloom of night.

"I will meet you there, beside that fallen tree. Land further down when you come ashore, so as to keep out of sight of the folks. It wouldn't do for them to know what we are up to. Don't let on to one of 'em." And with a slight nod the young man returned to his boat.

It was dark when he again clambered over the rocks, stealing cautiously forward, keeping within the shadow and gloom of the rough granite boulders. Carefully he avoided all observation from prying eyes, never hesitating but once, and then only to look back for a moment in the direction of the yacht, which, in the rays of the moon just rising, casting a broad belt of dancing light across, the sparkling waters, stood out in bold relief, the white hull looming up to twice its natural size.

The next moment a dark shadow fell across his path, and Jake started from behind a huge rock, his form bent and inclined forward as he rubbed his skinny hands together.

"Have you brought the dosh with yer?—the picters with which to pay for the brandy I am ter git for yer?"

"Ay, more than would suffice to load her down twice over with the choicest vintage of Europe."

"Oh, never mind yer big jingo. I doesn't understand the half on't. But the money—that's all right—eh?"

"In my pocket, old Turk, where it will remain until you show me the house of Black Ralph, I believe you called him."

"Sh-h-h! not so loud. Somebody might be listenin' in the shadow hereabouts. But come on; it's a right smart walk, but will pay ye in the end. Many a man would like to see what I shall point out to you this night, and that is the cottage of Black Ralph. You see, this island is surrounded by sunken ledges and rocks without number. Nary a chart has 'em all down, so the cutter—blast her!—never troubles this spot of granite. She has sent her boats in afore now, but they have always happened to diskiver nothin' but shoal water. But beyond, I'll show yer the cliff, which has a narrow opening leadin' to the sea. You might pass it a dozen times from the ocean, and fail to notice the channel. But Black Ralph knows the way, let it be ever so dark, and by aid of a signal light he takes his range, running the schooner safely by the rocks through the break in the cliff, and, once inside, there is good anchorage, where all the revenue cutters afloat would sarch in vain for the hooker."

"You do not appear to like revenue cutters, Jake?"

"Like 'em? No! And as for the reptiles that sails in 'em, I would cut the throats of every cussed one on 'em, if I could!"

"How is it that Black Ralph has been so fortunate in evading capture?"

"Wal, we've all helped him out, and lied to the cutter folks when they asked for information. Then when we had reason to suppose there was pryin' eyes about a-watchin' the moves, then we would slip outside, do yer see, run alongside of Black Ralph, and, in the twinklin' of an eye, take his cargo into our own crafts. A deck-load of wood or a net or two over the stern does the rest of the business; and the cutter officers, with all their gilt lace and buttons, are no match for us, for they have never caught anybody foul yet."

"So, so—o—o! that is the way it is done, eh? But come, Mr. Jake"—and the short, sharp tones of the young man, so different from his usual affected drawl, caused the shuffling figure to start nervously and peer suspiciously from beneath the tattered brim of his hat, as they clambered over the numerous obstacles which obstructed the path leading to the highest point of the island, "how much further have I to travel in order to purchase the brandy? I am about exhausted, and I must say the location you have brought me to would cause the witches in 'Macbeth' to howl with joy."

"A few steps more, just in the shadow of that rock ahead, and we shall see the light in Black Ralph's cottage. It is carefully hid from passing craft, who would not dream of anybody living in such a place. Here we are, sir, and there, ahead—do yer see the light?"

The two had halted on the verge of a declivity, unbroken by the slightest obstacle for full eighty feet. At the base of the precipice, broken masses of rock, piled about in the wildest confusion, lined the shores of a small bay apparently hemmed in on all sides by the smooth, solid walls of granite, where no sign of an opening was perceptible.

In a small hollow, or species of cave, which must have been hewn from the solid rock, the outline of a small house could be dimly made out, from which the rays of a lamp streamed faintly forth.

"Do you see yon pine—the bare trunk, I mean—standin' up stark and grim like ag'in the sky?"

"Yes. What of it? Is it there where we are to obtain the brandy?"

"No; it is the mark which guides Black Ralph to his hiding-place."

"Ah, ha! and what does that mean?"

A train of glittering sparks from seaward suddenly rose upon the arch of heaven, mounting higher and higher, until it culminated in a shower of colored stars. At the same instant a powerful light streamed from the concealed cottage, glancing across the dark waters, tinging them with a blood-red glare as the beacon streamed out its welcome.

"What does it mean?" hissed the low voice of Jake in the young man's ear, as his hot breath fanned his cheek. "It means, you cussed fool, that you have seen all that you will ever see of Black Ralph's doings! Give me the greenbacks—quick!" and springing forward, he threw his long, sinewy arms about the form of the stranger, his fingers failing, however, to reach his throat.

"So, so! that is your game, is it? Now, then, look out, for I'll have no more mercy on you, you treacherous rascal, than I would mete out to a rabid dog!"

Locked in each other's embrace, both strove to the utmost of their strength to obtain the mastery over the other. No doubt the islander, inured to hardship and fatigue, anticipated an easy victory over his adversary, but he soon discovered that he had no child to deal with. Gradually, in their efforts and struggles, the two had approached in dangerous proximity to the verge of the precipice, a fact that was apparently known to both, for they redoubled their efforts; a furious struggle ensued, without resulting in the favor of either party.

Suddenly Jake evaded the grasp of his adversary, who stood panting before him.

"Give up the money—let me have the greenbacks—and you shall go back in safety."

"Not a dollar! Besides, you lie! You intend to murder me."

"Then murder be it!" howled the enraged rascal.

With the rapidity of lightning, he sprang toward his foe, a long, wicked-looking knife gleaming in his hand, which he held in readiness to strike.

"Two can play at that game, Mr. Jake!" exclaimed the other, as he leaped nimbly aside, leaving the fisherman with his back to the cliff. "I am not quite such a fool as you supposed me, eh!" and leveling a revolver, which gleamed with an unpleasant lustre in the moonlight, his eye glanced firmly and steadily upon the shrinking, cowering form of the would-be murderer.

"Don't shoot, kernel—for God's sake drop it, it might go off! I was only foolin' with——"

But the sentence was destined never to be completed; the lie he was uttering changed into a scream of terror so wild, so unearthly, that it resembled more the screech of some wild animal, as the tones echoed through the ravines and hollows of the rocky chasms.

Retreating in terror before the threatening muzzle of the revolver, the wretch had forgotten the precipice in his rear.

For a moment the dark form clutched wildly at the empty air, spun half round in its mad efforts to regain a footing, then disappeared in the dark chasm below, from which no sound ascended save the gentle lapping of the miniature waves as they broke on the narrow belt of sand.

In the meanwhile the signal-light from the cottage had disappeared.

It was no longer necessary, for in the bay below, in the full light of the moon, a schooner had anchored.

At that time of night, surrounded by unknown currents and sunken ledges, no one but Black Ralph could have threaded the narrow, intricate channel leading to his haunt.

It was close upon midnight that the watch on board the sloop heard a slight ripple and plashing astern.

The next instant a dark form glided alongside, clambered over the rail, shaking the water from his clothes like a pure Newfoundland.

"I have been on the lookout, lieutenant, for your signal, but I did not dream of your swimming aboard——"

"Just as well, Cate," I replied. "Call all hands quietly now, and drop out of the cove here with the ebb. We have work and glorious game before us! I have discovered the hiding-place of Black Ralph, where his schooner is at this moment moored."

"Jerusalem! lieutenant, but you are a born detective! When I seed you with the wig and fancy toggery on a-talkin' to them fellers ashore, it was as much as I could do to keep from hollerin' right out."

Yes, gentlemen, as you have probably surmised, the exquisite, the banker's son, and my noble self were all one and the same person.

I had disguised the yacht, fixed myself up, and wound all the greenbacks I had left from my previous month's pay (and that was not much), around some waste paper, until it assumed the appearance of a goodly pile. My whiskers and wig were relics from a set of tableaux in which I had figured the Winter before.

The ruse had succeeded beyond my wildest expectations. For once—and I am inclined to think for once only—the natives had been completely fooled by a revenue-cutter officer. I had gained the all-important clew to the smuggler's stronghold, feasted my eyes on the schooner, marked the cunningly contrived entrance, and now all that remained was to seize the prize.

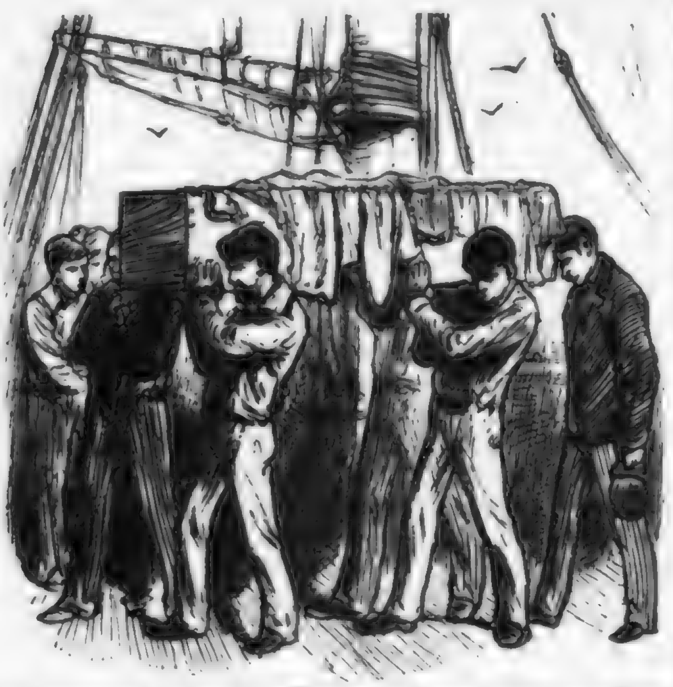
The thanks of the commanding officer, congratulations from my messmates, a favorable mention to the Department, with, perhaps, a change of station to some favored spot, flitted pleasantly through my brain, with other castles in the air, as I proceeded to change my wet attire for my uniform, over which I threw a coarse gray coat.

When I returned to the deck we had drifted beyond the sight of the villagers, who must have been somewhat mystified at our sudden and mysterious disappearance.

There was but one feature of the entire adventure which I regretted, and that was the death of Jake. But he had precipitated his fate upon himself; it was either his life or mine, and, after all, the treacherous rascal received but his just dues.

Daylight, with a roseate hue, was tinging the eastern horizon as I guided the sloop through the singular cleft in the solid wall of granite. The men were all on deck, armed and equipped, the ensign floated proudly from the gaff, while the pennant spun out its trailing length on the sharp, crispy morning air.

We were alongside before the drowsy watch clearly made out what all the noise and commotion was about. dozen men rushed up from the forward hatch, only to



THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"SOLEMNLY AND CAREFULLY MY MEN RAISED THE BURDEN, AND THE SHIP'S BELL TOLLED FORTH IN MEASURED TONES."

meet the leveled weapons of my men, while I hurried aft, revolver in hand, to be met in the companion-way leading to the cabin by a large, square-built man, whose face, naturally good-natured, was distorted by excitement and passion. My uniform instantly arrested his eye. A heavy frown contracted his brows, a revolver was half raised in his hand, as if he was on the point of using it.

A sharp report—the ping of a bullet, as it sped in close proximity to my head—a cry from the broad-chested figure before me as he fell back into the cabin, and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I was stretched out on the quarter-deck, with the cool sea-breeze fanning my cheek, while one of my men with a bucket of salt-water was laving my temples with a hand as gentle as a woman's.

In ten minutes I was myself, and understood all that had happened.

It appeared that, as I was on the point of entering the cabin, and was confronted by the individual, who proved to be no less a personage than Black Ralph himself, a portion of the hoisting purchase aloft, blocks and all, became detached in some unaccountable manner, falling heavily to the deck. I had been struck down by a portion, narrowly escaping death, while one of my men, who was a few paces behind me, was knocked senseless, his revolver accidentally going off and inflicting a mortal wound on the smuggler, who had made his final trip and run his last cargo.

Attended by his daughter, who resided in the cottage, the unfortunate man even then lay in the cabin, breathing his last.

I forbore from intruding on the scene of misery and affliction, keeping the men out of sight as much as possible, while the ex-crew of the schooner I allowed to go backward and forward between the vessel and shore, at their pleasure.

The daughter, whose face and form I had merely caught glimpses of as she flitted to and fro in the cabin, was really a comely-looking girl, with as roguish a pair of black eyes as I ever encountered. Of course they were dimmed with grief then, and no one deplored the sad accident more than myself.

I could not very well move the vessel and the man dying in the cabin, so I delayed two days, keeping a vigilant lookout on the prize. But not a suspicious movement, a sign or whisper, did I discover either on board or among the crew; and still the smuggler lingered, clinging to life to the last.

It lacked but a few hours of sundown, and the deep shadows from the towering cliffs cast their sombre lengths across the smuggler's deck. I was leaning over the low bulwarks, watching the tiny waves as they lapped up against the schooner's counter, when a soft hand and a low voice requested me to enter the cabin.

"Father is dying, sir," she said, "and he wants to see you before he—he departs," and her sobs found an echo in my own heart as I complied with Black Ralph's request.

The old smuggler was lying in his berth, with his back turned partially toward me. The cabin was darkened; but I was struck with the ghastly pallor on the old veteran's face, which betokened the near approach of death.

I knelt beside him, took his hand, and, in the solemn stillness of the dark apartment, begged him to forgive me for the ruin I had brought upon him. Yes, when I saw the man I had so eagerly pursued lying still and mute before me, heard the labored breathing coming short and rapid, beheld the bent form of the maiden convulsed with emotion, destined soon to be an orphan, I felt like a criminal—a felon who deserved death for the misery I had brought about.

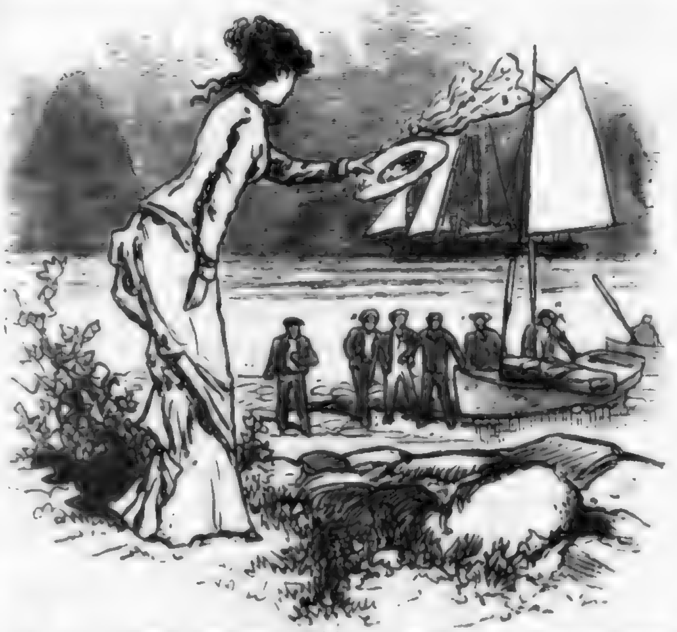
It was a painful interview, and I felt relieved when I again reached the deck. Soon after the old steward informed me that all was over.

The arrangements of the funeral had been completed, and at the request of the daughter, I, with all my men, were to form the escort of honor around the coffin as it was carried to its last resting-place, in a shaded nook ashore.

I suggested the propriety of some of his own men performing the duty, but was silenced when I was told that Black Ralph had particularly requested that we should pull the barge containing the corpse.

The coffin was a rude affair, hastily put together, and the cover nailed on, the whole covered with the ensign of the schooner that, under Black Ralph's command, had weathered many a gale, and run many a rich cargo of the contraband.

Solemnly and carefully my men raised the burden; the



THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"A PEAL OF MERRY LAUGHTER FROM THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER, AS SHE BOUNDED OUT OF THE BOAT, MADE ME RISE IN ASTONISHMENT AND DISMAY."

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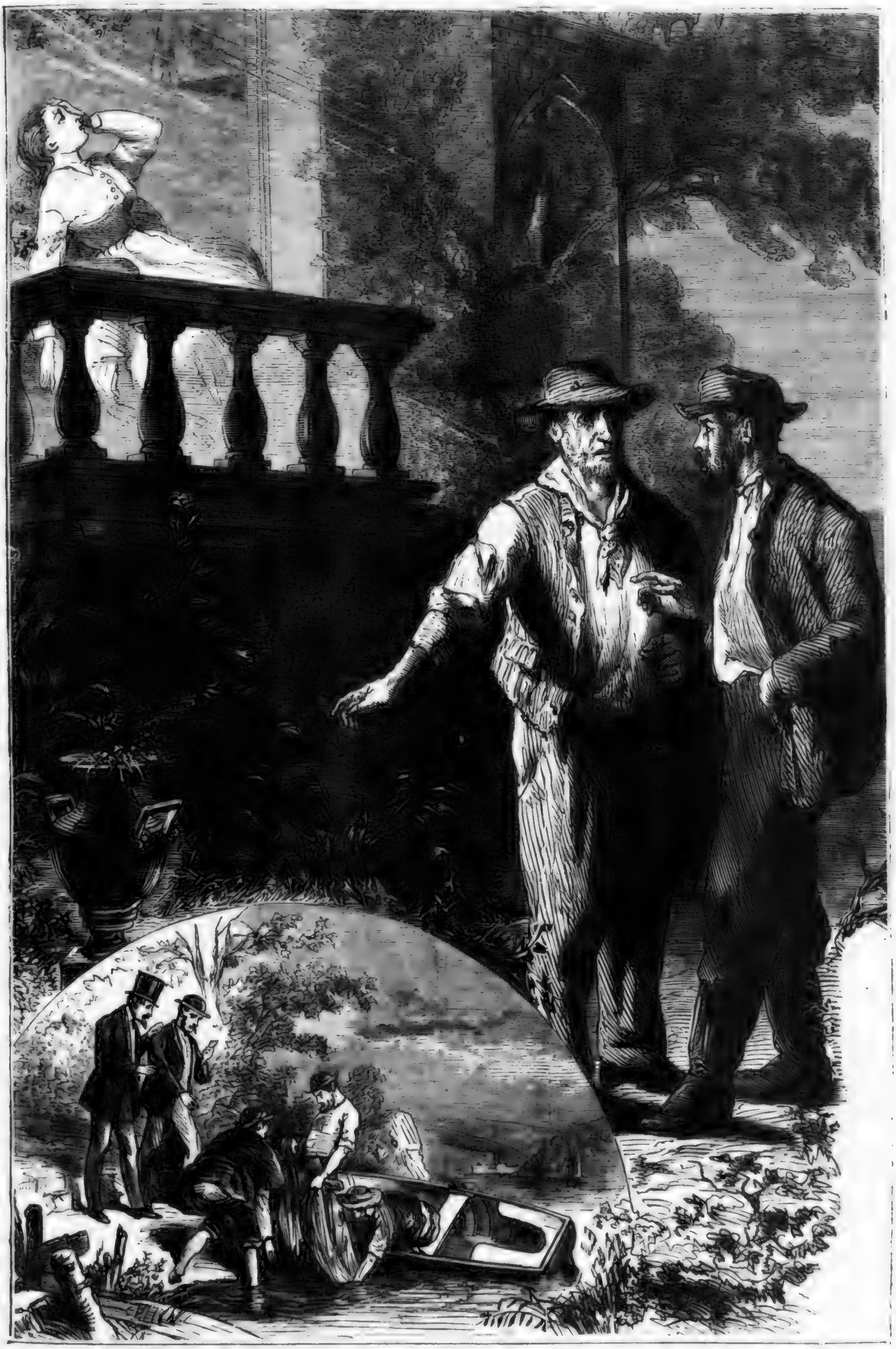

FOUND DROWNED.—1. "LISSA'S HEAD GREW WEAK AND DIZZY. WHO WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT?" 2. "KNEW HIM BY THE CLOTHES; MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE WATER A WEEK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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ship's bell tolled forth in measured tones, ringing out a funeral dirge across the bay, and, as the oars struck the water, the ensign at the schooner's masthead was lowered.

In the stern-sheets of my boat, her face thickly shrouded with a vail, half reclined the form of the smuggler's daughter. I scarcely ventured to look at her as we pulled up the bay, my heart reproached me so.

The tones of the schooner's bell gradually became fainter, and as the boat grated on the beach, the flap of canvas, as it shivered in the wind, fell like a peal of thunder on my astonished ear.

A peal of merry laughter from the smuggler's daughter, as she bounded out of the boat, made me rise in astonishment and dismay, as I gazed after her lithe form disappearing up the rocky slope leading to the cottage. Good God! could it be possible that grief had bereft her of her senses?

A cry of surprise from my men, a ringing cheer from the schooner, almost convinced me that all hands were tinged with madness; but when I beheld the prize under way, with mainsail set, colors flying from the gaff, jibs run up, and the lug foresail hanging in the brails, imagine, if you can, my horror—my utter amazement.

Heeling over to the land-breeze, the schooner headed straight for the opening. With a sharp twang the main boom gybed over, the tall form of Black Ralph was discernible for a moment, waving a final adieu, and that, gentlemen, was the last I ever saw of my prize.

"But the coffin—what was in that?"

"Nothing but old iron, and sufficient junk to keep it from rattling. It was the last exploit, the most daring trick of Black Ralph's famous career, and I, the unhappy victim of his superior skill in deceit and duplicity, returned to headquarters, having finally succeeded in completing a report of the affair, after demolishing fully one-third of the year's allowance of official paper.

It is needless to add that I failed to receive the flattering communications from the Department, praising my zeal, all of which my lively imagination had pictured forth in glowing colors, to say nothing of the minor honors I had so fondly anticipated.

But nevertheless, gentlemen, I had my revenge on Black Ralph.

"How so?" was eagerly demanded.

Two years afterward I was ordered to a large city. There I met the black-eyed damsel, who had just graduated from a celebrated institution, and it ended in our joining both hearts and destinies for life. The old gentleman never made another trip, but we often fight the affair over again, with a bottle of rare old Burgundy between us.

A VERMONT dog belonging to H. M. Beebe, of Andover, is a wonder in training. It is a thoroughbred Scotch shepherd, and never makes a mistake when sent after anything. Mr. Beebe has cattle, which are kept in different stables, and he will open a stable door when the cattle are all in the yard, and say to the dog, "Leo, drive them in." The dog will pick out such cattle as belong in the stable and drive them without any mistake. Leo is great on devotional exercises. When told that it is prayer-time he takes his position in a corner of the room, with his nose in a chair, and will remain (although they may call him and offer him his dinner) until he hears the final amen. The past Summer Mr. Beebe left his vest in the cornfield, where it remained a number of days. Wanting it one day, he said to the dog, "Leo, my vest is down in the cornfield, go and get it." The dog went directly to the field, and soon returned with the vest.

FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY.

By John Sheehan.

I.

WHEN Friendship first came down to earth,
With heart of generous mold,
And soul of truth and heavenly worth,
'Twas in the age of gold.
She taught the love that came from God
For all humanity;
Sweet Pity in her footsteps trod,
With Faith and Charity.

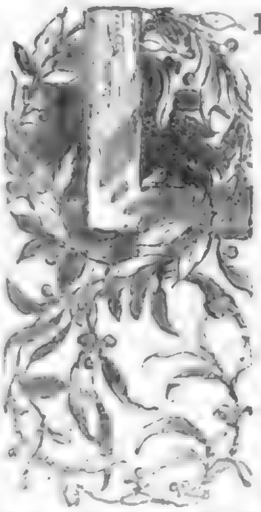
II.

But Flattery, as the world grew old,
Stole Friendship's honest face;
When Truth's stern accents grew less bold,
And Falsehood taught grimace.
Th' indignant martyr did not wreak
Her vengeance upon men,
Nor soar on refluent wing, to seek
Her home in heaven again.

III.

She left her rival to reign o'er
The sunny paths of life,
And loved the dark ones to explore,
With sad misfortune rife.
Both to their own their aid extend,
Each in her way a mother;
Success still finds the one a friend,
Adversity the other.

FOUND DROWNED.



LISSA ELLIOT sprang into the hall, between daylight and dark, and ran plump into somebody's arms.

"Somebody" seemed not unknown to her, and clasped her very closely, while she struggled to release herself. Somebody's lips touched her forehead very daintily, just as a faint light illuminated the hall, and the little figure slipped, blushing, from her lover's arms.

"Just a minute outside," whispered Ned Allyn, as Lissa threw back the stray locks from her blushing cheeks. "Dandy is in the parlor, and I hate the gas — only one minute, my darling."

Lissa had been utterly taken by surprise, and forgotten to be saucy, as her impulse generally was. Besides, all the way home she had been thinking of this same Ned Allyn, whom she had first met in a country village choir, both being visitors from the great City of New York.

"Is there nobody in the parlor to entertain Dandy?" she asked, as they sauntered to the piazza at the back of the house. "I thought I heard some one playing."

"It was him—busy as usual with the new music," Ned replied; "he's all right for an hour yet. I brought twenty or thirty pieces from New York this afternoon. By Jove, there is a new moon, and I saw it over my left shoulder. Deuced unlucky, they say."

"Do break yourself of such hard words," said Lissa, looking up at the shining crescent that struck faintly through the ragged fleece of a snow-white cloud. "Mamma would say it was swearing."

"Not a deuced bit of it—begging pardon. It is an ugly habit, and my dear old grandmother would lift her hands in holy horror if she heard 'her boy' swear. I never do

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it there, by—kettledrums. You perceive what a habit it has become; but I promise you, on the word of a gentleman, I will stop it, just as I stopped smoking, you know. But—Lissa?"

"Well?"

Ned thrust his hands into his pockets, looked at the moon over his left shoulder again, grew crimson, and then said, catching himself with a jerk:

"I would like to own property on these highlands, by—ta, la, la, la!" he sang, looking foolish, and laughing. "You see how hard it is to break even a senseless habit," he added.

"*Perseverentia*," laughed Lissa, back; "the only Latin word I ever learned."

"Then you don't know the meaning of the word *amo?*" queried Ned.

"I—I—expect I do," stammered the beautiful girl.

"It means 'I love'; and if I may be permitted to monopolize the verb, I should say it is exclusively my case. I do love, Lissa—I love you—there, it is out; and now, I suppose, you will laugh at me for my pains," he added, sheepishly. And then, suddenly losing his diffidence, he went up to Lissa, with a look in his face that quite transfigured it, as he placed his arm about her and drew her unresistingly to him. "I love you, darling," he whispered; "I want you to be my wife; don't say it cannot be—don't say you won't be my own for ever."

Ned was triumphant, and scarcely knew how to bear his good fortune. He had said to himself, when he first saw Lissa's face, "Oh, how I could love that woman!" And then, when he did love her with all the strength of his generous nature, he was such a coward in his love, that he dared not tell the fair girl, who seemed so much above him in every quality of mind and heart. Now he challenged all the world to find a happier man than himself. He was thoughtless in his happiness, and boasted too much in the society of his confidential friends.

"When is the eventful day to come?" asked Dandy, whose real cognomen was Andrew, but whose solicitous regard to appearances, and really elegant face and figure, gave rise to the nickname.

"Fortunate man," he replied, with a cynical smile, as Ned named the time, six months ahead. "Wish I had been so lucky; hang it if I don't believe I should have stood in your shoes if I had only plucked up courage to go ahead sooner. I flatter myself I could have cut you out, Ned."

"Hadn't you better try it, now?" asked Ned, with quiet sarcasm. "I'll give you leave."

"Will you?" asked Dandy, his dark eye suddenly flashing.

"Certainly," replied Ned, without flinching, though he would fain have gone back of his word. "I merely wish you to see the futility of your schemes. I am not at all troubled as to the result. To-morrow I start for New York, to be gone a month."

"You give me leave to try in any way I think proper?"

"Yes; but try as you will, it will not redound to your credit," muttered Ned, with a sudden heat.

"That's my lookout," retorted Dandy, curling his delicate mustache, and smiling. "If I was a betting man, now——"

"None of that," responded Ned, angrily, yet striving to speak with calmness, as he remembered how naturally Lissa took the admiration of men, and how, by prudes, her artless merriment might be construed into the worst kind of coquetry.

"It will be no harm to put her on her guard," he whispered to himself. Easier said than done. When he came to broach the subject, it seemed impossible to avoid the imputation of jealousy; and, like most people attacked by the green-eyed monster, he would have died sooner than confess it. Lissa opened the way unconsciously.

"After all," she said, "a month will soon pass. George (her brother) has promised to buy a boat, and we shall make up a few parties among ourselves. Then, for music, you know Dandy is always on hand, and he is so amusing, time seems to fly in his presence."

"I am very glad you have so pleasant a guest," said Ned. It was quite dark, now; Ned hated gas; and Lissa could not see the expression of his face.

"Yes, Dandy is always obliging; and don't you think him handsome? George used to praise him up so, that we were all anxious to see his paragon, as we used to call him. I think his nickname is against him, and told him so."

"What did he say?" Ned asked, uneasily.

"Oh," laughed Lissa, "that he didn't care what they called him, if it was only in time for dinner. Still, I don't think he quite likes it."

After that Ned tried to be sociable, but failed utterly. The poor fellow was, for the first time in his life, jealous, and did not like to own it. Lissa overlooked his taciturnity, supposing it to proceed from the pained consciousness that he was to part from her for a month.

* * * * * *

"No letters!" exclaimed Lissa, as for the fourth time the mail was brought in.

"Your true knight is recreant," said Dandy, lifting his handsome eyes to hers. "His business claims, no doubt, the largest share of his attention. With some, the motto invariably is, 'Business before pleasure.' Ned hates letter-writing. He told me so."

Lissa flushed, and sipped her coffee in silence.

"He promised to write every day," she said to herself, and invented a hundred excuses for his neglect.

At that moment five of her letters were lying in an old tobacco-box in Dandy's room. He had bribed the postman, assuring himself that it was all for sport. For a week, however, no letters had come. "Ned is a fool to be balked by so small a failure," he said to himself; "and Lissa is another. Confound it, the girl is really growing pale."

Lissa sat in the parlor one evening, looking, quite dejected, from the window. In vain Dandy flourished, in vain he sang his sweetest songs, and played with ravishing skill. It was his one talent, improvisitation. Afar off could be seen the Hudson, like a blue thread, narrowing between opposite cliffs, that took on a thousand gorgeous colors. A soft, purple haze caught the sinking sunlight in huge masses, so that great bodies of crimson fire seemed rolling down the heights, extending far along the horizon. Beautiful gardens gleamed in the shifting light; a soft, damp wind, redolent of Summer showers, and the perfume exhaled from beds of roses, blew in upon the girl's forehead; but of none of these was she thinking. The dark eyes saw no beauty in tree, nor field, nor flower; they were fixed, and painfully distended.

Dandy rose from the instrument and sauntered toward the window. Faultless in manner and dress, as usual, he leaned against the casing and looked at Lissa. Presently she was conscious that he was regarding her. Their eyes met, and a faint crimson surged over her cheeks.

"You are not looking happy this evening, Miss Lissa," he said, in his softest tones, drawing a chair near her.

"I was not conscious of it," she returned, straightening herself up a little; "how very lovely the evening is."

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"Yes; we only want Ned here to enjoy it with us. He thought there was not such another place under the wide heavens," said Dandy, carelessly.

"He has probably changed his mind," Lissa responded, a slight pique in her voice.

"Forgotten his old friends, eh? Well, that is a weakness of his. Out of sight, out of mind—that is, I mean, of course, with ordinary acquaintances. Ned's a good fellow, but rather fickle in his attachments."

Lissa was silent. There was something in her throat that felt hard, and almost strangled her. She was glad when she saw George hurrying up to the window.

"There's a man found drowned close here, they say, Dandy. They're bringing him ashore, now, at the Point. Want to go?"

"Yes," responded the young man, stepping out; and presently the two disappeared.

Lissa sank back in the great easy-chair, and closed her eyes, to which the hot tears brimmed. She felt utterly desolate, and she had done with inventing excuses for Ned's silence. What could it mean? Was he really fickle, as Dandy said? Might he not be ill?—ill, and alone in that great city? But surely, if that was the case, some one would have told her.'

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Mrs. Morey-Antick—*"I really don't know what to wear to-night, Tibbits."*
Mrs. Tibbits (imported lady's-maid)—*"That is not surprising, you being what one may call a 'nouvelle riche,' and unaccustomed to society. So, perhaps, you'd better leave the whole matter to my taste."*

"Why did I not write him?" she cried—"because of my foolish pride. He may be dying; he may be dead—nothing short of some great calamity would cause him to forget me. I am sure of it," she added, springing to her feet, and walking back and forth.

Darker and thinner grew the horizon, and the faint stars began to sprinkle the mighty space overhead. The wind blew cooler; the landscape faded out. Here and there were twinkling lights starring the distant gloom. Lissa, utterly exhausted with her varying sensations, sank again into her seat. Presently, as she sat there, footsteps sounded near, and voices. Lissa recognized them; they were two of the farm-hands, who had been hired by her father for the Summer.

"He was a friend of the family, wasn't he?" asked one of them.

"Engaged to the young lady here, I've heard—at least, so Jim says," replied the other.

"Kind o' stunning, ain't it? Them things is worse to bear than when the parties is married. I remember when poor Katie Stores lost her man—going to be married next week, poor creetur; jest the same as widdered. Kate couldn't stand up under it; she jest sunk, and sunk, and followed him in a year."

"Are they sure it's him?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Knew him by the clothes. Must have been in the water a week; badly ate by the fishes. Nothing stands long in these waters—ravenous fish here, they say."

Lissa's head grew weak and dizzy. Who were they talking about? She tried to rise, but could not; her lips were parched and dry; a nameless horror kept them motionless.

"Did they not find a paper in the pocket?" the voice queried, growing fainter and fainter in Lissa's dull ears.

"Business cards, just—nothing more. Business cards, and the name not rubbed off; there it was, in big letters, 'Edward Allyn.'"

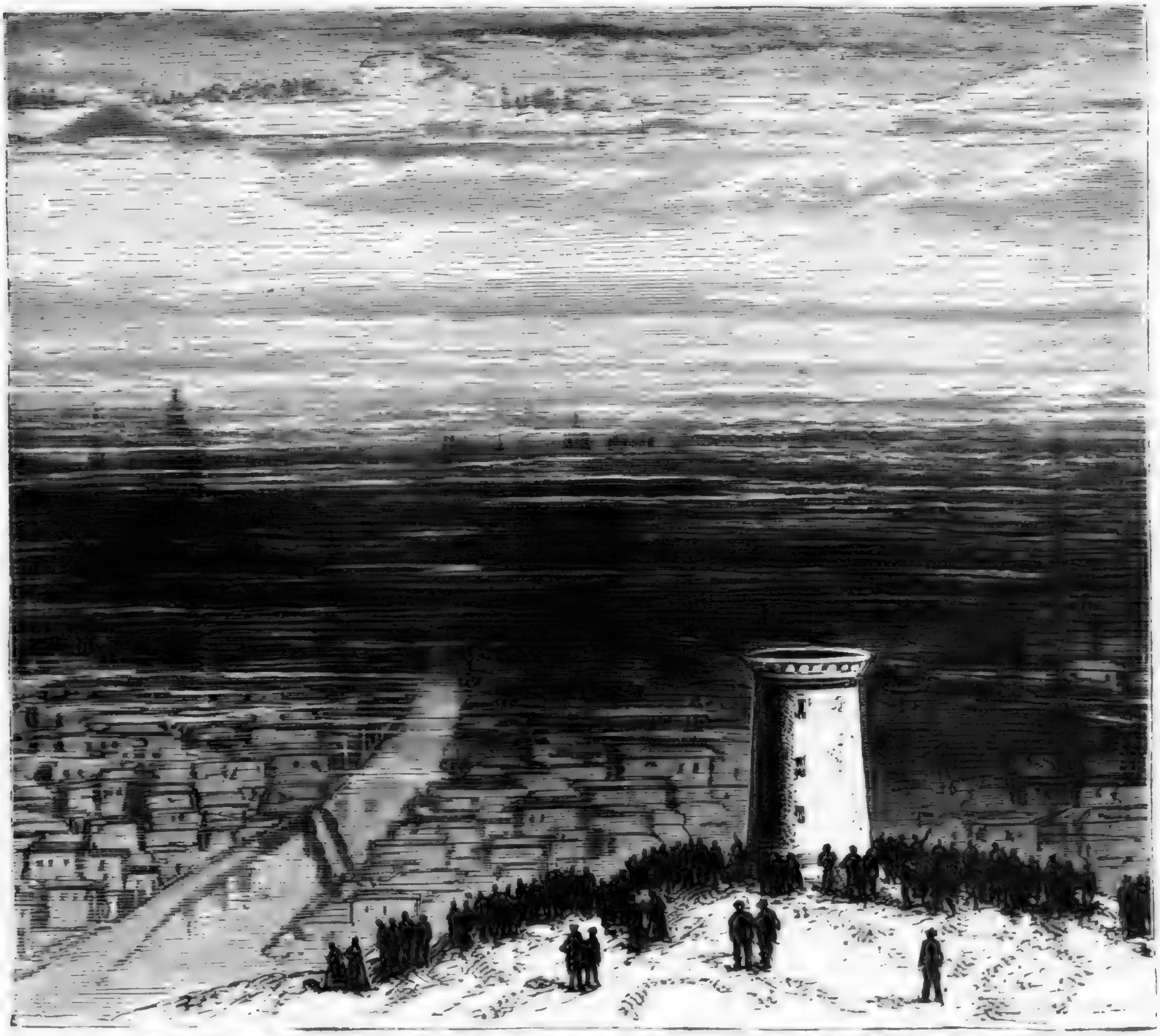
A little while after, George coming in pale and shaken, saw a white heap lying in a great easy-chair by the window.

"My God!" he cried, "who has told her?" and summoned the servants. Meantime, Dandy was walking distractedly about his room.

"He got no letters from her, and the jealous fool drowned himself," he said, over and over again, biting his lips, and trembling to the very heart. "I meant to make a joke of it," he muttered, taking the intercepted letters from his box, "but I'd better burn them. I wish I'd never done anything in this deuced unlucky affair;" and, presently, putting the letters in the stove, he applied a match to them.

The body was brought to the house. The face was mutilated beyond recognition, but the clothes and cards were Ned Allyn's.

Lissa kept her room. She had not spoken, only to ask



OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.—MIRAGE SEEN AT MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, APRIL 16TH, 1871.—SEE PAGE 631.

one question, as yet. It seemed to her, when she thought of how severely she had judged him, that her heart would break.

But for Dandy were reserved the harder lashings of conscience. Not naturally a bad man, the thought that he had kept from Lissa the last words of her lover, and the no less painful consciousness that he had utterly destroyed them, took all the peace out of his soul. Twenty times a day he determined to confess, and each time he was withheld by the utter shamefulness of the thing. It seemed more like a brigand's act, the longer he thought of it, and he would have given worlds to undo it.

That dreadful accusing thing down-stairs, waiting for its coffin, haunted him—but the pale face of poor Lissa accused him with a more mournful sadness. It seemed to say, "You tried to strike at my heart, to trifle with my peace of mind; and, perhaps, my death and his will lie at your door."

"Comfortable reflections these, for a young man of twenty-three, by Jove!" he muttered, under his breath.

Of course George telegraphed directly to Allyn's firm. No answer came till early the next morning, when the following was received:

> "Mr. Allyn left town on Thursday last for ——. Expect him back to-day. Very strange. Will be up by afternoon train."

George and Dandy looked at each other in blank perplexity. The town named in the dispatch lay in a totally different direction. How in the world did the body get up there? Only three days ago, besides, he was alive and well. This body looked as if it had been in the water a fortnight.

They were talking it over toward evening, beside the shrouded form that lay near, when a slight rustling noise attracted their attention. It was Lissa. She had crept down, thinking herself entirely unobserved, to weep over the dead body of her lover.

"My poor darling!" said George, placing his arm about her, while Dandy stood off like a guilty thing, "this is no sight for you."

"I was lonely," she sobbed; then started forward, gave an unearthly cry, and flew with outstretched arms to the open casement.

George and Dandy looked on like men in a dream, incapable of moving, for there stood the real Ned Allyn, veritable flesh and blood, and in another moment he was in their midst.

"So you've had me dead and drowned!" he said, gravely, as he came forward, leading and supporting the half-fainting Lissa. "How came it all about?"

"He had on your clothes, and your cards in his pocket," said George, pointing to the body.

"Easily accounted for," said Ned. "I gave three complete suits away two months ago, and you know I always wear gray. As to the pockets, if they don't jingle, I seldom trouble myself about turning them. Well, you have had a pleasant time of it, I should say. These poor cheeks are washed of all their roses. Why did you not write to me, Lissa?"

"Because I got no letter from you."

"No letter from me! Why, I wrote every day for a week."

Dandy turned away suddenly, and Ned's eye followed him suspiciously. The household was soon electrified with the news, and even the servants came thronging to see the drowned come to life, for so it seemed to them.

Both Ned and Dandy had received a lesson which bade fair to last them all their lives; but they were never very firm friends after that. Dandy never confessed the burning of the letters, and Ned never accused him, only in his heart. He did not wait till the six months were out, however, before he made Lissa his wife. He has bought one of the best properties overlooking the Hudson, and there, with Lissa, spends the happiest hours of his life.

Dandy is married to a pretty girl, an heiress, and lives in even greater style than Ned; but that secret exploit weighs upon his conscience, and the two men avoid each other. Under a little knoll, aside from the highway, lies all that is mortal of the poor unfortunate who was supposed to be Ned Allyn.

LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

The German legend which accounts for the poetical name of this tiny floral pet runs thus: A knight and his betrothed were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the lady espied a bunch of the *Myosotris palustris* floating away down the stream; and expressing a wish to possess it, with chivalrous promptitude the mail-clad warrior plunged into the river and grasped the flower. But, alas! encumbered by his armor, he was unable to remount the slippery bank. Finding himself sinking fast, he flung the blossom ashore to his agonized lady-love, crying, ere he sank for ever, "Forget me not!"

It is said that when Lord Scales, brother to Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., tilted against a French knight of Burgundy, the ladies of the Court presented him with a golden collar brilliantly enameled with these little blossoms, as a fitting reward for his success, proving that in olden times this simple flower was greatly admired.

The forget-me-not flourishes in great luxuriance on the banks of a beautiful rivulet in the vicinity of Luxembourg; one particular portion of this stream, facing the sunny south, is known as the "Fairies' Bath." Hither come the young city maidens to hold dances upon the blooming sward, wreathing garlands for each other of the blue-petaled forget-me-nots.

> "But of the flowers that deck the field,
> Or grace the garden of the cot,
> Though others richer perfume yield,
> The sweetest is forget-me-not."

The Unfaithful Man.—The unfaithful man is more untrue to himself than to any one else. Every promise which he breaks, every trust which he dishonors, every responsibility which he throws off, every rightful labor which he shirks, weakens the force of the inner law, destroys his firmness, impairs his energy, hardens his conscience, and renders him not a free man, but a slave. In being unfaithful to others, he is still more unfaithful to his own nature; in trying to secure some paltry gratification, he has lost the richest treasure of his being.

A TOWN BUILT ON DIAMONDS.

No town in Africa can boast such rapid growth as Kimberley, the seat of government of Griqualand West, and the headquarters of the South African diamond diggings. Eleven years ago not a hut stood where now some 16,000 people, with a trade of over $2,000,000 a year, form one of the most thriving communities on the African continent. It is now discovered that the town is built upon land which promises to be as productive of diamonds as the neighboring "diggings," which have been the very source of its wealth and the very origin of its existence. Kimberley is identical with the "New Rush" diamond settlement of 1870; and the thousands who flocked to the locality to secure a "claim" in the valuable reefs, which have been worked further and further to the east of the site of the future town, were in such a hurry to seek their fortune in the diggings, that they forgot to inquire whether the soil on which they pitched their tents or erected their log huts was not equally diamondiferous. As the wooden shanties have given place to more substantial buildings, it has been found that Kimberley itself has been built on a diamond field, and that the west end, or residential part of the town, is as full of gems as the actual diggings themselves at the eastern or working end of the town. New claims are being taken up in all directions, and land which was beginning to acquire considerable value as building sites has suddenly assumed fresh importance as possibly containing some new "Star of South Africa." How many houses will be pulled down in the search for the diamonds upon which they are built, it would be difficult to say. But it will be interesting to watch the future progress of a town which owes its existence and its subsequent partial destruction and removal to the same cause—the abundance of diamonds, in the midst of which it appears to have grown.

HOW THEY MARRY IN POLAND.

In Poland it is not the would-be bridegroom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carry with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy, and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room the friend asks for a wineglass; if it be produced at once it is a good sign; if not, they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted. Suppose, however, that the desired wineglass is forthcoming, the friend drinks to the father's and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting. Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is tied around the girl's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal until her wedding-day, which is very soon afterward, as on the Sunday following the proposal the bans are published.

FASHIONS IN JAVA.

In an evening promenade the gentleman arrays himself in a dress suit and carries a cane, but he sallies forth bareheaded, and makes you think some one has stolen his hat, until you learn the custom of the country. The ladies are likewise bareheaded, but they have their hair dressed rather elaborately, and there are unkind gossips who say that some of them have it so arranged that their maids can dress it in the ante-room while the owner is slumbering in the dormitory. The fashions of Europe prevail, but with a good many modifications. Dresses are generally worn without trains, except at grand balls and other festivities, when the wardrobes vie with those of Paris or London.

The morning array of the ladies is the oddest of all when viewed through foreign eyes, and it takes one several days to comprehend that it is proper to gaze upon the fair creatures that are visible upon the verandas, or whom one encounters in the streets of Batavia or Buitenzorg. Their dress is the loose sarong, or native petticoat, which resembles an embroidered tablecloth gathered about the waist, and held in place by a knot tied in one corner and pushed into the fold.

Above this sarong is a loose sack of white muslin, coming well up on the neck and falling below the waist. As far as a stranger can judge, these garments comprise the morning dress of the European lady in Java, or at any rate they are the only ones visible. The slippers that cover her unstockinged feet must be mentioned, and with her hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her hands innocent of gloves, is it any wonder that a bashful bachelor averts his eyes when he first meets dame or maiden in her morning walk?

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

By Conrad W. Cooke.

It is admitted by everybody that, of all proofs that can be adduced in support of facts, none are so convincing to a man as the evidence of his own senses. That which he has seen or heard or handled becomes fixed upon his mind as a reality far more vividly than it could be by any other kind of evidence. It is a proverbial expression that "seeing is believing," and the evidence of the ear, of the sense of touch, and in certain cases of the senses of taste and of smell, are scarcely less convincing. All this shows the marvelous perfection of the various organs of sense through the instrumentality of which the mind is made acquainted with the outer world.

The eye, considered as an optical instrument, is of extraordinary perfection and adaptability to the purposes for which it is employed; it combines in itself the instruments known as the telescope, the microscope and the camera obscura, and it has in addition the property of automatically adjusting itself to the continually varying distances at which objects are presented in succession before it; in other words, the focusing of the eye to insure clear vision of objects at different distances is, except in certain special cases, an almost involuntary act. If we look at a landscape through a window, it is perfectly easy to obtain in succession a clear view of the distant horizon, or of the window-bars which are close to the eye; and, apart from the exercise of the will or inclination to look from the one to the other, the mind is not cognizant of any effort by which the focus of the eye is adjusted for the longer or the shorter distance. But just as it is necessary for a photographer to alter the position of his lens to obtain upon his sensitized plate a clear image of objects placed at different distances from his camera, so it is necessary for an adjustment to be effected within the eye when it is directed to objects nearer or further off.

The human eye is, in fact, a little camera which, by means of lenses and optical contrivances (identical in principle with, but far more perfect than, those employed in a photographic instrument), forms upon a sensitive film an image of objects to which it may be directed. This sensitive film (corresponding to the prepared collodion of the photographer) consists of a membrane at the back of the eyeball, traversed by a system of nerve-filaments of extraordinary delicacy and sensitiveness, so interlaced as to form a network, which is in consequence called the *retina*. Upon this network of nervous matter is thrown, by means of the lens, a minute inverted image of whatever objects the eye is directed to; and the phenomenon of sight may be defined as the reading of the telegraphic message, which the retina transmits through the optic nerve to the brain, descriptive of the image that is falling upon it. But, while this message is, in a healthy state of the eye, always correctly transmitted by the retina, and is almost always correctly interpreted by the brain, the proverbial statement that "seeing is believing" has, like every other rule, its exceptions; and it is the object of this paper to bring before the readers a few of the most striking of those exceptions, which are known as "Optical Illusions."

Every boy is familiar with the experiment of making a ring of fire in the air by swinging round the red-hot end of a burning stick. The luminous ring so formed is obviously an illusion, for it is clear that the light from the incandescent point can come from only one position in its path at any one time. It cannot be at the same instant at both ends of the diameter of the circle, and yet the eye can detect no break in the continuity of its path. This experiment is a simple and characteristic illustration of a large class of optical illusions, which result from a very necessary property of vision, which is called the "persistence of visual impressions on the retina"—that is to say, an object placed before the eye and suddenly removed, is seen for a certain appreciable time after its removal. This persistence of the image on the retina—or what is for practical purposes the same thing, the impression on the brain of a persistent image—facilitates the exercise of sight; it gives time to the mind to take in the message, and to interpret its meaning. Were it not for this property, the eye in the act of reading would be compelled to rest for a longer period on each word, to enable the mind to understand it, and by the necessary and involuntary act of winking the eye would be plunged into darkness at every few seconds. The time that this impression lasts has been variously estimated at from the sixth to the eleventh part of a second, but it is very generally regarded as about one-eighth of a second. The explanation, therefore, of the luminous ring formed by a lighted stick is that the impression made by it at any one point of its course remains on the retina until it again reaches that point.

For the same reason, a vibrating string, such as that of a harp, or other musical instrument, appears as a flat, transparent film, filling up the space included between the two extremes of its amplitude of vibration. Similarly a red-hot cannon-ball fired at night appears like a long line of light, or as a luminous stick traveling through the air in the direction of its length. Were it not for this phenomenon of vision, some of the chief attractions of fireworks would be lost altogether; the rocket would have no fiery train, the catherine-wheel would exhibit but a shower of sparks, and the larger revolving "set pieces" would be but slightly more attractive.

Upon this principle is founded a large class of optical toys, of which the following may be mentioned as examples. The Zoetrope, or "Wheel of Life," consists of a shallow cylinder of zinc or cardboard, open at the top, and centred on a vertical axis, so that it can be rotated rapidly. The circumference of this cylinder is pierced at equal

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distances by a number of vertical slits, through which the inner circumference may be seen when the instrument is in rotation. On the inside, and below the slits, is placed a strip of paper, having drawn upon its surface a series of pictures representing the different attitudes successively assumed by an object in completing the cycle of a given movement. Thus a juggler may be depicted in the act of throwing up and catching a ball, by say twelve drawings, of which the first six respectively represent the ball at various positions in its upward flight, and the next six at as many positions passed in its descent, the successive positions of the arms and body of the figure being similarly portrayed. When this series of diagrams is rotated in the zoetrope, and looked at through the rapidly-moving slits, the effect is that the pictures appear to be suddenly endowed with life, and if the phases be correctly drawn, the illusion is complete.

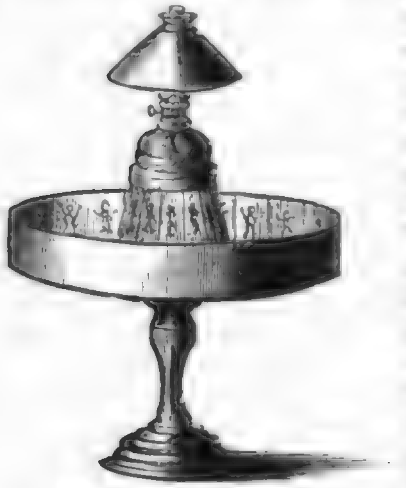

FIG. 1.—THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

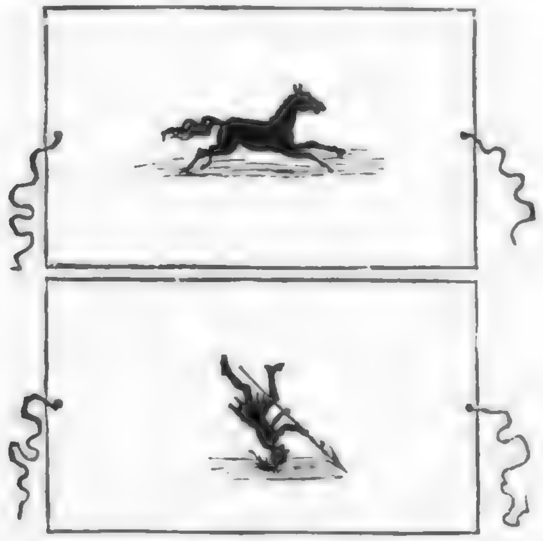

FIG. 2.—THE THAUMATROPE.

A very ingenious modification of the zoetrope, which has recently been brought out, is represented in Fig. 1. In this instrument, to which the name Praxinoscope has been given, the vertical slits are dispensed with, the figures being seen in succession in a set of small mirrors arranged round the frustrum of a cone placed at the centre of and revolving with the drum carrying the figures. This is a great improvement upon the zoetrope; for, on account of the substitution of mirrors for rapidly-passing slits, a much smaller percentage of light is lost, and the use of the instrument is unaccompanied by the unpleasant and fatiguing effect on the eyes, of which so many people complain with respect to the older form. A candle or a small lamp is placed above the conical drum carrying the mirrors, for the purpose of illuminating the figures.

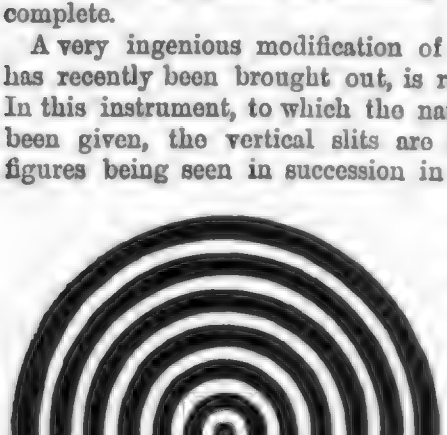

FIG. 3.—STROBIC CIRCLES.

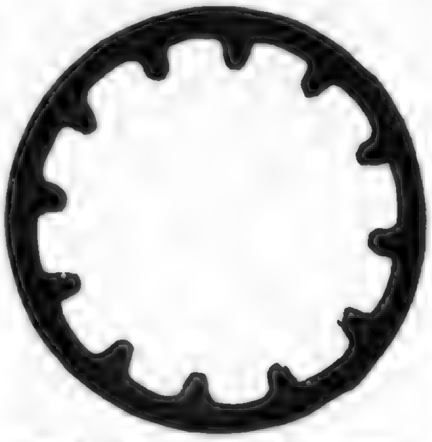

FIG. 4.—STROBIC CIRCLE EXPERIMENT.

Another optical toy depending upon the same principle is the Thaumatrope, shown in Fig. 2, which consists of a card, which can be rotated about its middle line by means of strings attached to its edge; if upon one side be painted the representation of an object, such as a horse, and on the other side be depicted a rider, when the disk is made to rotate the man and the horse will be seen at the same time, and if properly placed with respect to the axis of rotation, the man will appear to be riding on the horse. The Phenakistoscope, Anorthoscope, and many others, are modifications of the two instruments which have been described.

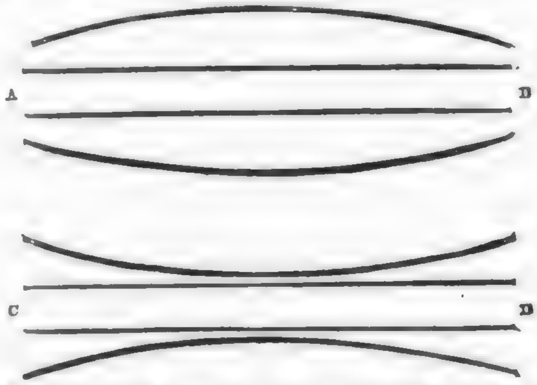

FIG. 5.—APPARENT CONCAVITY AND CONVEXITY OF PARALLEL LINES.

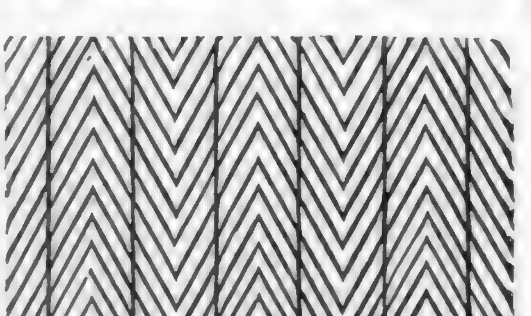

FIG. 6.—EXPERIMENT WITH PARALLEL PERPENDICULAR LINES.

One of the most beautiful applications of the principle upon which the simple experiment of making "a ring of fire" is founded, is the method by which M. Lissajous analyzed the harmonic combinations produced by two tuning-forks, by the curve traced out by a spot of light upon a screen, reflected from small silver mirrors attached to the tuning-forks. The curves so produced are known as "*Lissajous's figures*," and are of great beauty, which is due entirely to the optical illusion which gives to the spot of light the appearance of a continuous line illuminating the whole length of its more or less complicated path. The blending of colors, and the other experiments with the well-known color-top, are examples of the persistence of optical impressions on the retina.

At the Plymouth (1877) meeting of the British Association, Mr. Silvanus P. Thompson, Professor of Experimental Physics in University College, Bristol, exhibited some very remarkable optical illusions, to which he has given the name "Strobic Circles." These illusions depend partly upon the persistence of impressions on the eye, and partly upon the effect of the movement of the optical image across the retina. If a set of concentric circles (Fig. 3) be drawn in black and white upon a card, so as to present the appearance of a black and white target, and the card be moved in circles before the eye, the whole target will appear to rotate on its centre, the effect being heightened by the appearance of a hazy cross rotating in the same direction. This effect can be explained by the fact that those portions of the black circles which are nearly coincident with the path of motion of the card are not by that motion blended with the white circles, and therefore remain distinct and clear; while those portions of the same circles whose direction is perpendicular to the path of the card become confused with the white spaces, and are rendered nebulous and indistinct. It will be found that if one of these targets be moved rapidly vertically up and down, the top and the bottom portions of the circles will become hazy, while the parts to the right and left will be comparatively clear; and, similarly, the effect will be reversed if the card be moved horizontally from right to left. When, however, the card is moved in a circular path, the position of the diameter along which the circles are blended by the movement is continually changing, rotating with the rotation of the card, and then the whole figure appears to be turning on its central axis. In Fig. 4, the effect of moving the card in a similar way is to give to the toothed wheel the appearance of rotating in the opposite direction to that in which the card is being moved.

A very remarkable series of optical illusions are derived from the influence of neighboring forms upon one another, either by making violent contrasts, or by leading the eye to form an erroneous idea of form, size, or distance, by presenting a standard of comparison whose tendency is to mislead. In illustration of this, let two pairs of perfectly parallel straight lines be drawn—A B and C D (Fig 5). Outside A and B, draw two curved lines, or arcs of circles, having their concavities directed toward the parallel lines; and outside C and D draw two curves, presenting their convexities to the lines. The effect of these curves will be to destroy the appearance of parallelism between the lines—A and B appearing to be closer at the middle than at the ends, and C and D appearing to be more widely separated at the middle, and to be contracted at the ends. In this case, the eye unconsciously measures the distances between the curved and straight lines at various points along their length, and is led to assume

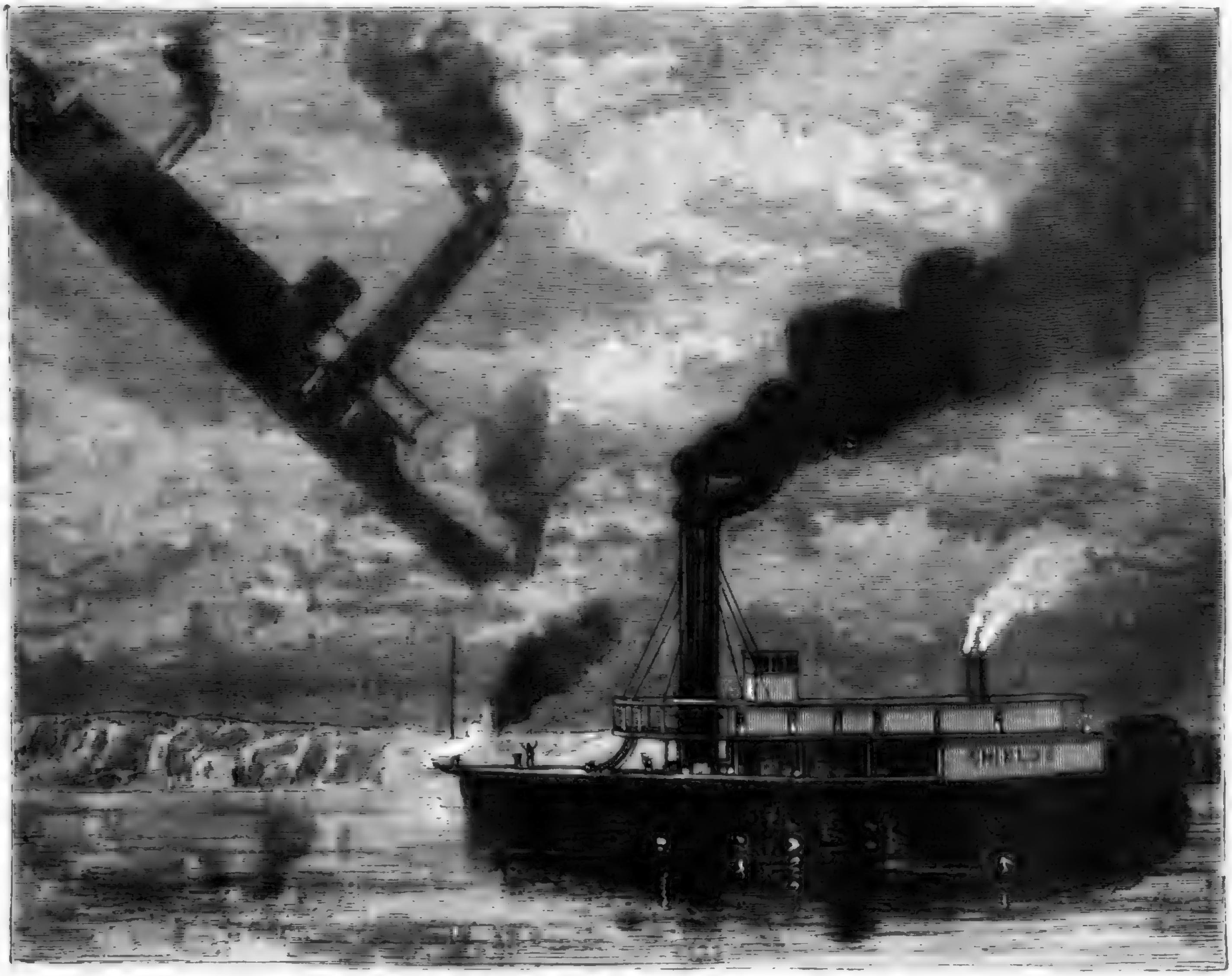

FIG. 13.—EFFECT OF MIRAGE AS SEEN AT COMMERCE LANDING, TENN., IN 1880.

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that the variation of distance is due to a variation in direction of both lines instead of only one.

Lines drawn diagonally in alternate directions across parallel lines have the effect of destroying their appearance of parallelism. This phenomenon was first pointed out by Zollner. It will be noticed in Fig. 6 that the vertical lines, which are perfectly parallel, appear by contrast with the diagonal hatching to be tapering in alternate directions. Fig. 7 is an illustration of an illusion closely related to the last. The lines C D and E F lie in the same straight line; but the effect of their being separated by the parallel straight lines A and B is to make E F appear to be considerably higher than the line C D would be, if produced.

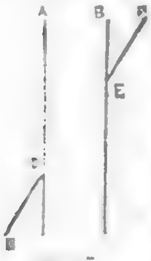


FIG. 7.

The effect of contrast upon the appearance of the relative size of objects may be shown by the following simple experiment: Cut out two pieces of white cardboard, of the form shown in Fig. 8, and take care to make them in every respect exactly the same size. It will be found that, when placed in the relative positions shown in the figure, the lower piece will invariably appear the larger, which can be proved to be a delusion by their being interchanged, when that which previously looked the larger will appear the smaller. This effect is no doubt due to the fact that, in the relative position shown in the figure, the widest part of the lower figure is in close juxtaposition to the smallest part of the upper figure; and, as comparisons by contrast are always more striking when the objects compared are near to one another than when they are further off, the eye forms its estimate of the relative sizes of the figures by comparing the parts of each which are nearest together, and the result is in favor of the lower figure.

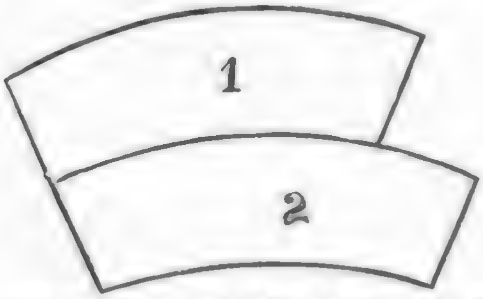


FIG. 8.— APPARENT VARIATION IN SIZE BETWEEN TWO EXACTLY SIMILAR OBJECTS.

A very amusing illustration of the different estimates which the eye makes of the size of the selfsame object in different positions may be made with an ordinary "chimney-pot" hat. Let a mental estimate of the height of a gentleman's hat be made, when it is on somebody's head, and let the person who has made that estimate draw a mark on the wall, at a height above the floor equal to what he thinks is the height of the hat. If now the crown of the hat be placed on the floor, with the brim against the wall, it will be found that the estimate is almost invariably too great, and that scarcely one in twenty persons estimates within two inches of the correct height, some being as much as six inches out.

The relative brightness or illumination of objects affects very considerably their apparent size—bright objects appearing larger than dark ones. Thus, if two equal-sized wafers—one black, and the other white—be placed side by side upon a table, the white wafer will appear to be considerably larger than the black one; and the effect is still more striking if the white wafer be placed on a black card, and the black wafer on a white card. Similarly, a white line drawn on black paper looks thicker than a black line of the same size drawn on white paper. If a branch of a tree, or a telegraph-post, be seen with the sun's disk for a background, it will appear to be carved out on each side, so as to appear narrower for that portion of its length which traverses the disk of the sun, the light of the brilliantly illuminated background appearing to encroach beyond its legitimate boundary (see Fig. 9). And if a much narrower object than the post be looked at, with the sun behind it, it will disappear altogether, the two portions of the sun encroaching the boundary so far as to unite and obliterate the object. This phenomenon may be observed by placing the eye so that the smaller branches or twigs of a tree, or the wires from the telegraph-pole, traverse the sun's disk, in which case they disappear as completely as they would if the sun were in front instead of behind them. But perhaps the most striking illustration of the effect of brightness upon the apparent size of an object, which is known as *irradiation*, may be made by the following experiment: Let a fine platinum wire, stretched between two supports, be so arranged that it can at will be rendered incandescent or white-hot by passing an electric current through it. It will be observed that a wire so small as to be invisible a short distance off will, when glowing with incandescence, be rendered not only visible, but will appear as a thick wire or rod, capable of illuminating a small room.

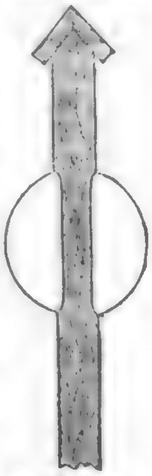


FIG. 9.— TELEGRAPH POST WITH SUN BEHIND IT.

From the effects of contrast upon form and size, the mind is naturally led to its effect upon shade and color. An object appears to be light when placed on a background darker than itself, and *vice versâ*. Every observer must have noticed that the flakes of snow, while falling, look white against the background formed by houses and trees, but appear to be black when seen against the sky. The following is an interesting illustration of the effect of the close juxtaposition of different shades of tone or color: Let a parellelogram (Fig 10) be divided by vertical lines into, say, six compartments, having previously received a light wash of Indian ink. When that is dry, let the first five divisions receive a second wash of the same color, the first four a third wash, and so on, each succeeding wash being taken over a number of divisions which is less by one than its predecessor. The first division will, therefore, have had six washes, the second five, the third four, and so on down to the sixth, which will have had but one faint wash of tint. The effect of contrast in this diagram is most apparent, the stripes appearing darker toward all their right-hand boundaries, which are contrasted with their lighter neighbors, and lighter toward their left-hand edges, where they are bounded by darker stripes. However evenly the color may have been laid on, each division will appear to be shaded across its width from light into dark; and it is only by covering up all other divisions that the true appearance of a uniform shade can be observed.

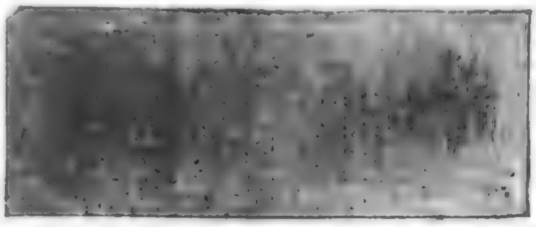


FIG. 10.—EFFECT OF CONTRAST UPON SHADE.

The illusionary effects of colors upon one another form a very important subject to painters; and the great masters of color, Paolo Veronese, Titian, and in more recent times Turner, knew well how to use them to produce upon the eye of the spectator the effects intended to be portrayed. If a strip of red paper be placed against a strip of green paper, the brilliancy of both colors is heightened; the one supplies to the eye what the other lacks, and the fatigue which would be caused by regarding one color is relieved by the other; so it is with the contrasted colors blue and orange, and with violet and yellow; the colors in each of these pairs together constitute white light, and are, for that reason, said to be *complementary* to one another; and it is the property of all complementary colors to heighten the effect of one another by contrast.

If, however, a blue object be placed close to a yellow one, it will acquire a more violet hue, and the color of the yellow object will incline toward orange. In looking at this contrast, the eye appreciates what is wanting in each color to make up the constituents of white, just in the same way as in comparing the lengths of two rods, placed side by side, one of which is a foot long and the other eleven inches, the eye is struck rather by the last inch in the longer rod which is wanting in the shorter, than by the eleven inches which are common to both. Now, in order to bring blue and yellow to white, the blue requires the addition of yellow and red, and the yellow requires the addition of red and blue. But the effect of looking at blue is to diminish the discriminative power of the eye for blue light—in other words, to fatigue it, so that other colors have a predominating effect. The eye, therefore, after looking at blue, appreciates the colors yellow and red, or their mixture, orange; and, after looking at yellow, is more sensitive to red and blue, which constitute violet. M. Chevreul, whose researches in this subject have been very extensive, constructed a table, in which the modifications undergone by colors by being contrasted with other colors are recorded, and some of the results of his experiments are most interesting.

A more curious series of optical illusions in connection with color are those which are known as *accidental* or *subjective images*. If the eye be fixed for a few moments upon a red wafer laid upon white paper, and then be suddenly turned to another part of the white ground, a spectral image of the wafer will be seen, but of a bright-green color. Similarly, a green wafer will produce a red image; in fact, gazing at an object of any bright color will cause a spectral image of its complementary color to appear when the eye is directed to another spot. Here, again, the effect is produced by the flooding or fatiguing of the eye by one color, temporarily destroying its power of appreciating that color, and rendering it proportionately more sensitive to the remaining or complementary hues. The white ground may be looked upon as a mixture of all the colors, or, for convenience, of the primaries, red, blue, and yellow. If then, after the sensibility for red of a portion of the retina has been diminished by the fatigue caused by gazing at a red object, the eye be directed to a white surface, that portion of the retina which has been fatigued will see in the white ground only the blue and the yellow, being blind to the red, but the surrounding portions of the retina which have not been so fatigued will be able to appreciate the white ground in its integrity. Thus the real image of a red wafer on a white ground is succeeded by a spectral image on a white ground of a green wafer. In all these cases the brain notices just what constitutes the difference between the color of the object gazed upon and that of the ground upon which the spectral image is formed. An analogous illusion of another sense—the taste—will, perhaps, explain this phenomenon. A mixture of sugar and common salt will appear sweet to a person who has just tasted a solution of salt, but it will seem to be salt if sugar has been previously tasted. Here, then, is an instance of one and the same compound substance having apparently two distinct flavors, according as the organs of taste have been fatigued by one or the other of its constituents. Comparing this with the color experiment, the white represents the mixture, and the red and the green its two separate constituents, corresponding to the salt and to the sugar. Sudden contrast will cause a mixture of red and green to appear green after seeing red, and red after seeing green. There are, however, instances of analogous illusions by contrast in all the senses.

At the meeting of the British Association, which was held at York in the year 1844, the late Sir Charles Wheatstone exhibited a very curious chromatic illusion, to which he gave the name of "Fluttering Hearts." Upon a greenish-blue ground were painted, in bright scarlet, a number of hearts. When this was viewed in the brilliant light of a beam of sunshine coming through a hole in a shutter in an otherwise dark room, the hearts appeared to flutter over the paper, producing a very extraordinary and dazzling effect. The explanation of this phenomenon must be sought in the inability of the eye to focus itself at the same moment for two colors of so great a difference of refrangibility as blue and red. We need not remind our readers that if a beam of light be passed through a prism it will be split up into its constituent colors, forming upon a screen a figure which is called a *spectrum*. Now, as this separation of the colors is due to some being more diverted than others from their original path during their passage through the prism, it follows that a refracting instrument, such as a magnifying glass, must be focused differently for different colors. The eye is such a refracting instrument; but although it possesses a marvelous facility for adjusting itself in focus, yet some time must be occupied in making the change; and in looking at the "Fluttering Hearts" diagram, a succession of adjustments and readjustments in focus for the red and for the blue take place with great rapidity, giving a fluttering appearance to the hearts, and accompanied after a short time by a painful sensation of fatigue.

Deceptive impressions may be produced from either the want of magnifying power in the eye for small objects by which their structure could be detected, or from want of power of discernment of the details of objects at a distance. Of the former, instances may be cited in the white opacity of milk, and the crimson appearance of blood. Both these animal fluids consist in reality of a vast number of ovoid bodies suspended in a clear, almost colorless medium; and in the case of milk these bodies are almost as transparent and colorless as the medium in which they are suspended; but as the unassisted eye is not able to detect these minute bodies, the rays reflected from them and from the colorless medium become so intermingled as to present the appearance of a homogeneous color. If a circle, one inch in diameter, colored in alternate straight stripes of red and blue, each about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness, be viewed from a distance of a few feet, the distinction between the stripes will become entirely lost; their colors will be blended, and the disk will appear as if colored by a uniform wash of violet color; if the stripes be wider, the same effect will be produced, but at a greater distance of observation.

All the foregoing illusions can be observed equally well with one eye as with two; but there is a very large and important class of optical illusions which depend upon the

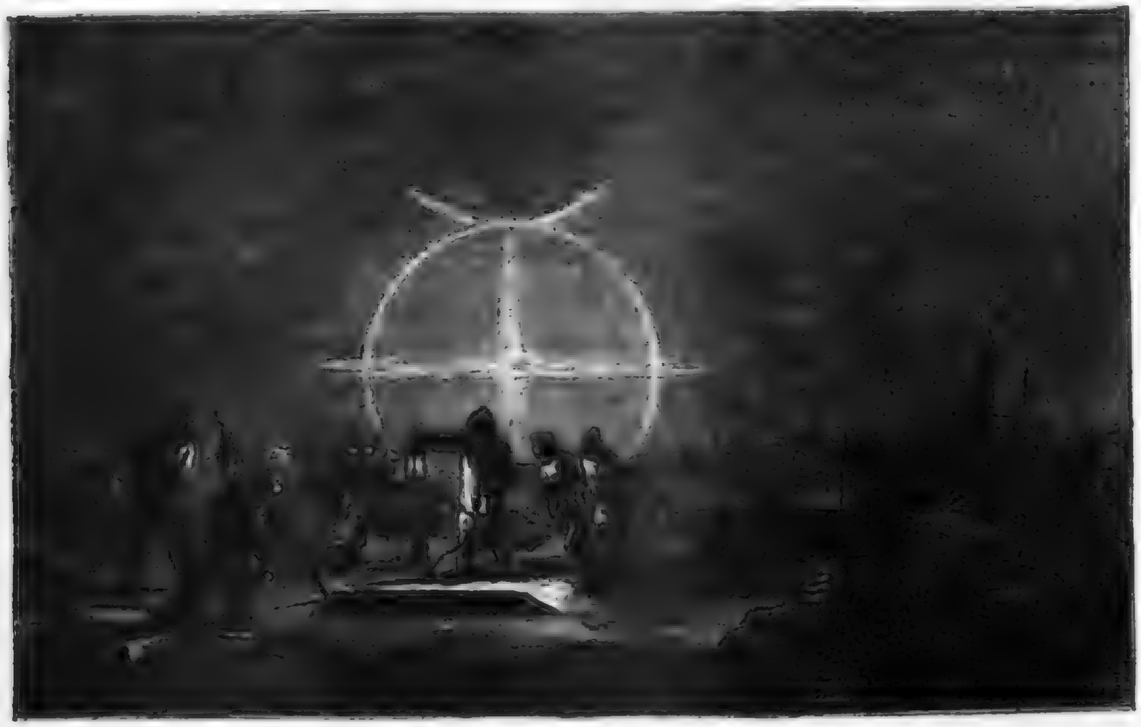


FIG. 14.—"MOCK SUNS" (PARHELIA).

phenomena connected with binocular vision, or the simultaneous use of the two eyes. A very amusing and at the same time very striking experiment is the following: Let a tube, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, be formed by rolling up a sheet of writing-paper; keeping both eyes open, look through the tube with the right eye, and with the other look at the palm of the left hand placed against the side of the tube at a spot about the middle of its length. The effect is almost magical, for the hand appears as if a hole of the diameter of the tube had been cut through it, through which objects may be seen; and with this simple apparatus many interesting modifications of the experiment may be made.

The well-known optical instrument, the Stereoscope, has for its sole object the production of optical illusions of great beauty, and is too familiar to require any description. The principle of its action is derived entirely from the phenomena attending binocular vision. If a cube standing on a table be viewed from different sides of the room, two different pictures of it will be obtained, one taking in more of the right-hand face, and less of the left, and the other more of the left-hand face, and less of the right. The same applies in a less degree to the appearance of objects when seen by one eye or by the other—a slightly different view is obtained, the one letting in a little more of the one side, and the other a little more of the other; and it is by the union of these two views that the appearance of solidity is obtained. But, besides seeing to a certain extent round an object, there must be a difference of convergence of the axis of the eyes when looking at objects at different distances. This is apparent in the case of a man trying to look with both eyes at the point of his own nose; the convergence in that case is so great as to be painful, and he is said to squint; and as the distance of the object looked at increases, so the convergence decreases, but never entirely disappears. The diagram shown in Fig. 11 will make this clear. Let L and R represent the left and right eyes, respectively. If an object be placed at A, the convergence of the optic axes of the eyes will be equal to the angle *a*; if the object be removed to C, the angle of convergence will be reduced to the angle *c*; and at any point (B) intermediate between the two, the angle of convergence *b* will be larger than *c*, but smaller than *a*.

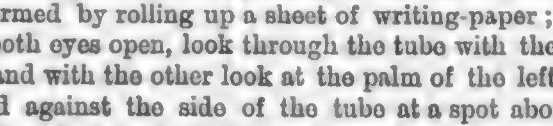


FIG. 11.—THE STEREOSCOPE.

Now, the stereoscope is an instrument which, by means of either prisms or reflectors, assists the eyes to combine pairs of dissimilar pictures, so as to convey to the mind the impression of only one view; and as the two pictures so combined represent the object seen by the two eyes respectively, the combination conveys to the mind the impression not of two flat pictures, but of one solid object in relief. In order to heighten the effect, in preparing the pictures, the distance between the eyes is, in practice, assumed to be much greater than it is in reality.

It has been shown, in reference to Fig. 11, that it is mainly to the degree of convergence of the optic axes of the eyes, that the mind is enabled to judge of distance. The more a man has to squint in order to see an object, the nearer it must be to him. It is clear, then, that if by any means this order of things could be reversed—if by looking through an instrument the angle of convergence could be increased with an increase of distance—then near objects would appear further off than distant objects, and everything would appear to be turned inside out. The Pseudoscope is an instrument also devised by Sir Charles Wheatstone for producing this result; and of all optical illusions, those produced by this instrument are, perhaps, the most extraordinary and striking. It consists (see Fig. 12) of two rectangular prisms of glass fixed at such an

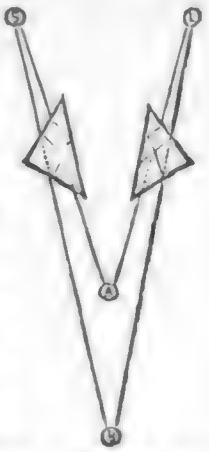


FIG. 12.—THE PSEUDOSCOPE.

angle that the relative direction of rays reaching the eyes from objects seen through them is laterally inverted by internal reflection, so that the convergence of the optic axes increases with the distance of the object looked at, and *vice versâ*. If a globe be looked at through the pseudoscope, it appears like a concave cup, because the point on the globe nearest the eye appears furthest off, and parts further off appear nearer in the inverse order of their distance. Similarly, the inside of a basin appears like a globe, and a hat appears to be turned completely inside out; this last illusion is far more difficult to see in perfection, on account of the great difficulty of overcoming the inherent conviction that the contrary is the case. If, however, a hat be specially made with the lining outside, the delusion is instant and complete. For the same reason, although a bust appears through this instrument as a hollow mask, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a similar delusion with the living human face.

In the preceding pages no mention has been made of the deceptions produced by reflectors or other optical contrivances, such as the effect known as "Pepper's Ghost," and other experiments of that class. These are not, strictly speaking, optical illusions at all, but are applications of optical principles for producing perfectly regular physical results. The effects of a common looking-glass can scarcely be called optical illusions, although they convey the impression that a second self is standing as far behind the mirror as the observer is in front; and the removal of the silvering from the glass, which would make it identical with the apparatus employed for producing the "Ghost" effect, would not bring it within the legitimate scope of this paper. Nor has it been deemed necessary to describe those optical toys and contrivances, such as the apparatus for apparently seeing through a brick, which, by means of reflectors, simply diverts the beam of light *round* the obstruction, whether it be a brick or anything else.

The celebrated *Fata Morgana* of the Straits of Messina, in which the spectator on shore sees images in the sky, of men, houses, trees and ships, is a special instance of the phenomenon known as the *Mirage*, in which, in certain thermal conditions of the atmosphere, reflection takes place from the bounding surfaces of laminæ of different densities, as from the surface of a sheet of water, and very remarkable effects are produced. All these phenomena are physical rather than physiological, and only on account of their abnormal appearance and rare occurrence can they be called optical illusions.

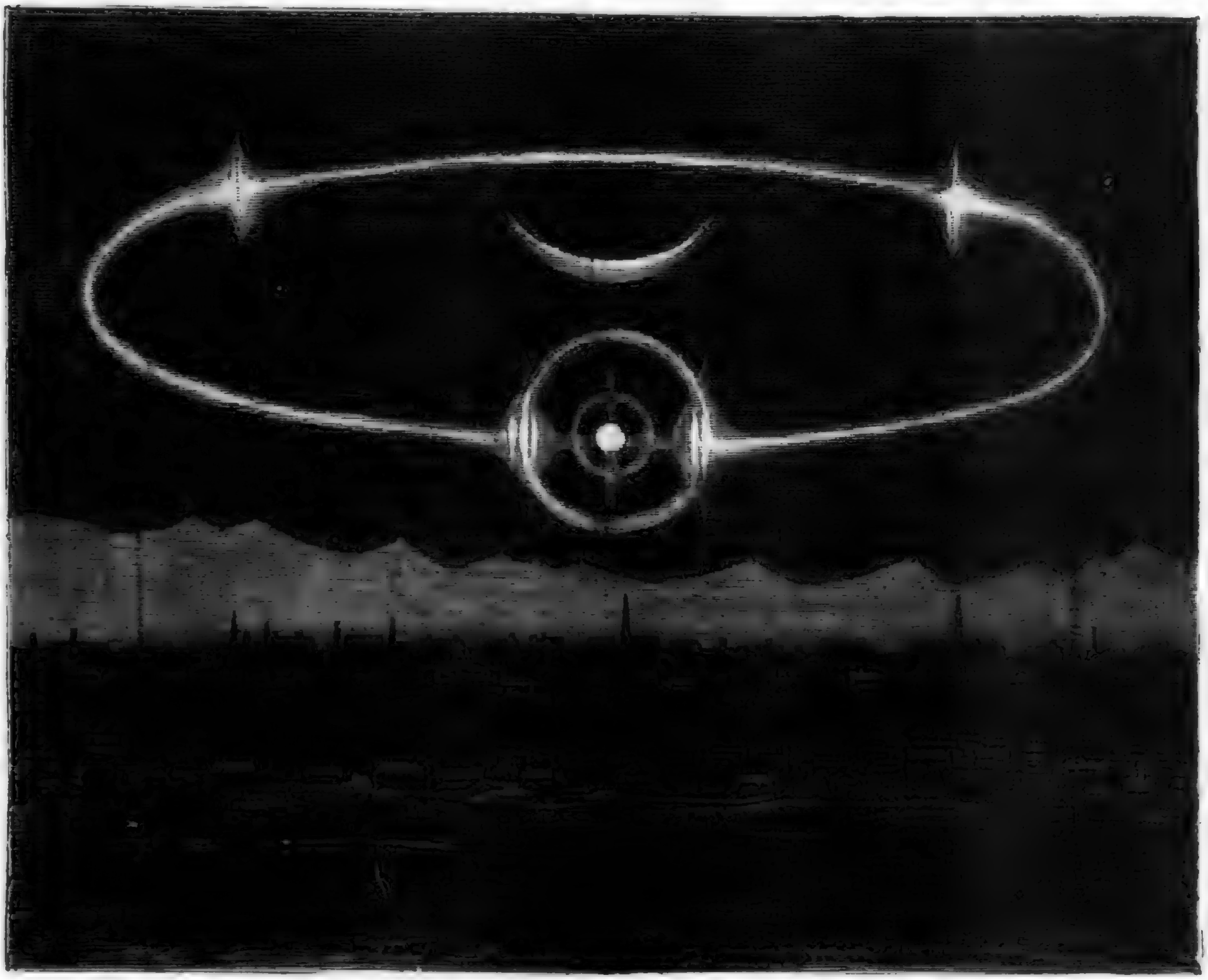


FIG. 15.—"MOCK MOONS" (PARASELENÆ), SEEN AT DENVER, COL., IN 1881.

Those extraordinary and rare phenomena in Nature which are called "*Mock Suns*" or parhelia (see Fig. 14), or "*Mock Moons*" (paraselenæ), Fig. 15, chiefly seen in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, owe their origin, like the rainbow, to reflection by particles of water, but, unlike the rainbow, those particles are in their crystalline or frozen condition. The phenomena of *halos* and *coronæ* are caused partly by diffraction in the aqueous particles constituting a misty atmosphere, and partly by reflection and decomposition of light, as produced in the rainbow.

The celebrated *Spectre of the Brocken*, to be seen in the

Hartz Mountains, under favorable conditions, is nothing more than the shadow of the observer cast by the rays of the rising sun upon the mists lying in the valleys below, and cannot, therefore, be classed among illusionary effects.

The useful applications of optical illusions are not numerous, being almost exclusively employed for scenic effects and for decorative purposes. Every picture is, by its very nature, made up of optical illusions; and the more perfect the illusive effect, the greater, of course, is its merit. The science of perspective teaches the principles upon which a very important branch of the illusionary effects of the painter's art is produced; and scenic effects upon the stage depend in a great measure upon an exaggeration of the effects of perspective. For instance, for the purpose of giving to the stage greater apparent depth, the floor is made higher at the back of the stage than it is toward the auditorium, and the side walls in an interior taper both vertically and horizontally from the front to the back. For a similar reason, an avenue of trees planted in two tapering straight lines appears longer or shorter, according as it is viewed from the wider or the narrower end; in the one case, the tapering of the avenue adds to the effects of perspective, and exaggerates them; and in the other it subtracts from, and to a certain extent neutralizes them.

We cannot conclude this paper without mentioning an interesting optical experiment which, though scarcely to be classed among optical illusions, is closely related to them. It has been pointed out that the nerve-filaments of the retina diverge from a common centre, to which is attached the optic nerve leading to the brain. It is a curious fact that this spot, instead of being, as might have been supposed, the most sensitive to optical impressions, is absolutely and totally blind, as may be proved by the following experiment: Let two small black wafers or disks be placed on a sheet of white paper, about four and a half inches apart, then let the left eye be closed and the right eye be fixed on the left-hand wafer. If now the head be steadily drawn back from the sheet of paper, a point will be found at which the right-hand wafer becomes totally invisible; this invisibility will continue over a short range, while the distance is increasing, becoming again visible when the further limit of that range is passed. On again slowly approaching the paper, the effects reappear in their inverse order. With a distance between the spots of four and a half inches, the usual range of invisibility is between the distances of ten and twenty inches from the paper.

It is impossible, within the limits of the space at our disposal, to do more than mention some of the more characteristic of the abnormal phenomena connected with vision, which together form a most interesting branch of physiological inquiry. We trust, however, that, notwithstanding many, and, perhaps, obvious omissions, a sufficient number have been recorded in this paper to suggest further experiments, and that the reader may be led by them to investigate the subject for himself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Mr. A. A. Nesbit has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged check an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalies, and which will change color on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-removers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

Telegraphic Photographs.—A New York correspondent of an Indianapolis paper tells the following astounding story: Another of the achievements of electricity is called "telegraphic photography." The claim of the inventor is that he can, by a single flash of electricity, telegraph any amount of printed matter simultaneously for a distance of at least fifty miles. This, in fact, he claims to have done. Before me, lying on the table where I write, is the printed prospectus of a mine, about twelve by fifteen inches, arranged in newspaper columns, and with a displayed head over it, and four handsome engravings illustrating the text. It is a beautiful print, but apparently in diamond type so small as to be read with difficulty. On the other side of the table lies a sheet four times as large, in brevier or long primer, evidently the original of the first-named prospectus. "This small one is the telegraphic copy; it was telegraphed fifty miles," says my friend, who is in the new company. A comparison shows that they are precisely the same to the most minute particulars, but the smaller one shows no indications of an impression, and the man who brings it—an intelligent person, who knows what he is talking about—declares that it was not printed in any sense, but was, in fact, printed by telegraph. He also shows me a picture, apparently a bit of spatter work—a submerged anchor beautifully entwined and overgrown with marine flora and corals—and then he brings another exactly like it in size and style. They are both apparently lithographs, with the strongest light and shade. There is no difference between them. "One of them is the original," says the man, "and the other, I cannot tell which, is the telegraphic copy." He goes on to explain: "The picture was put into a little box at one side of the laboratory, and was reproduced on this paper on the opposite wall before my eyes. There was only a wire between—a wire twenty feet long, say. That is why it is of the same size. When we telegraph a picture or a newspaper fifty miles, it becomes much reduced in size—reduced in proportion to the distance. It is that the inventor is now trying to overcome. If it cannot be overcome by some reversing process, we shall have to go to the trouble of rephotographing the matter sent at its destination, so as to get it back to the same size."

The color of lightning is altogether due to the nature of the substance which is made incandescent in its track. The blue, red, purple, or silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in warm climates and inter-tropical countries than they ever are here, are due to the same circumstances as the color which is designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. It is a result of the intrinsic natures of the vaporized particles which are made to shine. The vapor of iron has one kind of sheen, and the vapor of sulphur another. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The broad flashes of light that appear in the clouds during a thunderstorm, and that are distinguished as "sheet" lightning, are very often merely the reflections from the cloud-mists of the discharges that pass from one part to another with each redistribution of the internal charge, as the tension at the outer surface is changed by an external flash. This redistribution of the internal charge is sometimes also marked by very beautiful lines of coruscation playing upon the dark background as the storm drifts away. There is a table-mountain a few miles away from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, over which this kind of display is continually exhibited. The retreating storm-clouds linger over the flat top of this mountain, where they can be seen from the city in the advancing night. In this dark canopy of the mountain, bright coruscations, accompanying each distribution of the electric charge, can be watched for hours at a time—now assuming the form of coronals of electric fire, now running along in machicolated horizontal lines just above the flat top of the mountain, and now radiating out in all directions from a central loop, like the cracks of starred glass.

Some cavalrymen near the Cape of Good Hope were in a heavy thunderstorm. A flash of lightning flung seventeen horses with their riders to the ground, killing ten men and five horses on the spot. Those who were not killed were all seriously injured, and it was long before animation could be restored in the case of seven of the men. All the bits and stirrup-irons were blackened, and many of the men, though personally uninjured, had their clothing rent by the force of the electric discharge. The greatest difficulty was naturally experienced in preventing a general stampede among the frightened horses.

Professor Minchin has hit upon a strange discovery in connection with electricity. He has found that a cell consisting of plates of tinfoil in water containing acid carbonate of lime, is intensely sensitive to light. In other words, such a cell behaves much in the same manner as the selenium cell used in Professor Bell's photophone. Experiments tend to show that its action is not quick enough to enable it to replace the selenium in the photophone; still, it generates a powerful current; and, looking to the simple means employed, the discovery is one of a most interesting nature.

An interesting report upon the "Artificial Propagation of Sponges" has been prepared by Prof. Ray Lankester. It chiefly deals with the results obtained in some experiments initiated by Professor Oscar Schmidt in the waters of the Adriatic during the period 1863–'72. From these experiments, it has been proved that a sponge cut into small pieces will form independent masses of growth. Each piece was fixed to a movable support, and sunk in a suitable locality in salt water, when it was found that it grew into a well-formed sponge of marketable size in about seven years. One condition of success was, that the cuttings must be left in open, unprotected beds, where the natural food of the sponge is not withheld from them. This condition unfortunately led to the abandonment of the experiments in 1872; for the regular fishers were so hostile to the scheme—considering that it might in time to come endanger their trade—that they continually robbed the experimental beds, and finally brought the trials to an end. The results obtained are nevertheless valuable, as pointing to the possibility of growing sponges in localities at present free from them. It seems but yesterday when the sponge was regarded as a vegetable product; we now not only recognize it as an animal, but are considering schemes for its artificial nurture. Human knowledge indeed makes rapid strides; but how much there is still to learn about the embryology of a bit of sponge, those who have studied the subject most alone can guess.

The peculiarity of goat's milk, as recently pointed out by Dr. Voelcker, is that the cream globules are smaller than in cow's milk, and, the milk being more concentrated, are contained in a more perfect state of emulsion, the result being that scarcely any cream rises to the surface, even after the milk has stood for twelve hours or longer. This quality of the milk explains the fact that it is more easily digested than cow's milk.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Why are the glories of Greece like iron?—Because they are o'er.

It was the man who was arrested for stealing a mirror who discovered that he had a glass too much.

One of the first requisitions received from a newly appointed railway official was, "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger-lamps."

A tall man having rallied his friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied, "My legs reach the ground. What more can yours do?"

"Whit name are ye goin' to gie the bairn?" "Oh, we want a fancy yin! We'll gie't Leonora." "Leein' Nora! Puir lamb! Siccan a name for a Christian!"

James: "Have you read the letters to the heditor to-day, Tummas?" *Thomas:* "No, Jeems; I never read the productions of anonymous writers that are fond of seein' their names in print."

Country parson, to bereaved widow of doctor in Yorkshire: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom-friends, but now we shall never meet again."

Woman in the Witness-box.—"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a female witness in a police-court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

Pedestrian, who has dropped a penny in front of a "poor blind man": "Why, you humbug, you're not blind!" *Beggar:* "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

A newspaper thus describes a talkative female: "I know a lady who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play. She has such an everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words."

A bright little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched into him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight!"

A contemporary tells us that a distinguished R.A., in responding recently to the toast of "The Royal Academy," delivered one of his characteristic addresses—smooth, oily, glib, verbose, elegant, and enervated, which may be qualified as the Rowland's Macassar, plus the Kalydor, plus the brown Windsor soap, of eloquence.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

His heart is all of English oak,
His trousers all of English kersey,
He always rows the English stroke—
And yet he came from North New Jersey.

He docks his horses' flowing tails,
He drives an English cart, with buttons;
His beard is like the Prince of Wales',
His eyeglass like the Earl of Mutton's.

His satin scarf is Oxford-blue,
And cut-away his English coat is;
And when he speaks, oh, English too
The difficulty in his throat is.

He calls his cousins' dresses "frocks,"
And rides upon an English nag
To hounds—although the English fox
Is started from a pudding-bag.

J. Edmonds Jones he writes his name;
And yet, if you'll believe me, sirs, he
Was known as "Jim" Jones when he came,
Some years ago, from North New Jersey.

"There is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto; and he added, "I'm deuced glad there isn't."

"Is that a deer park over there?" asked a gentleman of a laborer. "Yes," he replied—"a very dear park. It almost ruined the owner to fit it up.'

McFlannery heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked: "A 2 by 9 countenance! What a face, to be sure!"

"Lemmy, you're a pig," said a father to his son, who was five years old. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?" "Yes, sir—a pig is a hog's little boy."

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages; to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman!"

Mrs. Coodle was telling Jane that the potatoes had an oniony smell, when that monster Coodle suggested that perhaps they had been cooked in a saucepan with a leak in it.

"Bless me, Emily, you don't look as well as usual—indeed, I do not think I ever saw you looking so old as you do to-day!" "My dear, I never was as old as I am to-day."

"Have you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply; "but some of my friends have favored me with some original spelling."

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Partington; "and so he's gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more, he'd have been a centurion!"

When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it is a provoking thing for him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove."

A fashion magazine wants to know "why the young men do not marry?" Maybe it's because the girls haven't asked them. Mighty bashful young men, this generation, Mrs. Grundy—powerful bashful.

Said one friend to another, "Did K——, after marrying his second wife, take a bridal tour?" "I don't know as to that," was the reply; "but I've heard that after marrying his first wife, he took a paddle to 'er."

County Callers.—It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly married couple possesses after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.

The last piece of rustic laziness encountered by out-of-town correspondents is that of the man who, being asked what ailed his eye, answered: "Nothin'; I shut it coz I can see well enough with one. Sometimes I shut one, sometimes t'other."

There is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma," said a five-year old, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry-jam to amuse him."

MITES.

A woman dropped a coin upon
The missionary plate;
Another broke her husband's head
For staying out too late.

The former deed will sure be blest—
It was the widow's mite:
The latter, too, as may be guessed,
Was just the woman's smite.

The senior Greek professor, in his lecture to the juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked that the handsomest women generally marry the homeliest men, adding, grimly, "There's encouragement for a good many of you."

A young dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling out a tooth for your father some time ago."

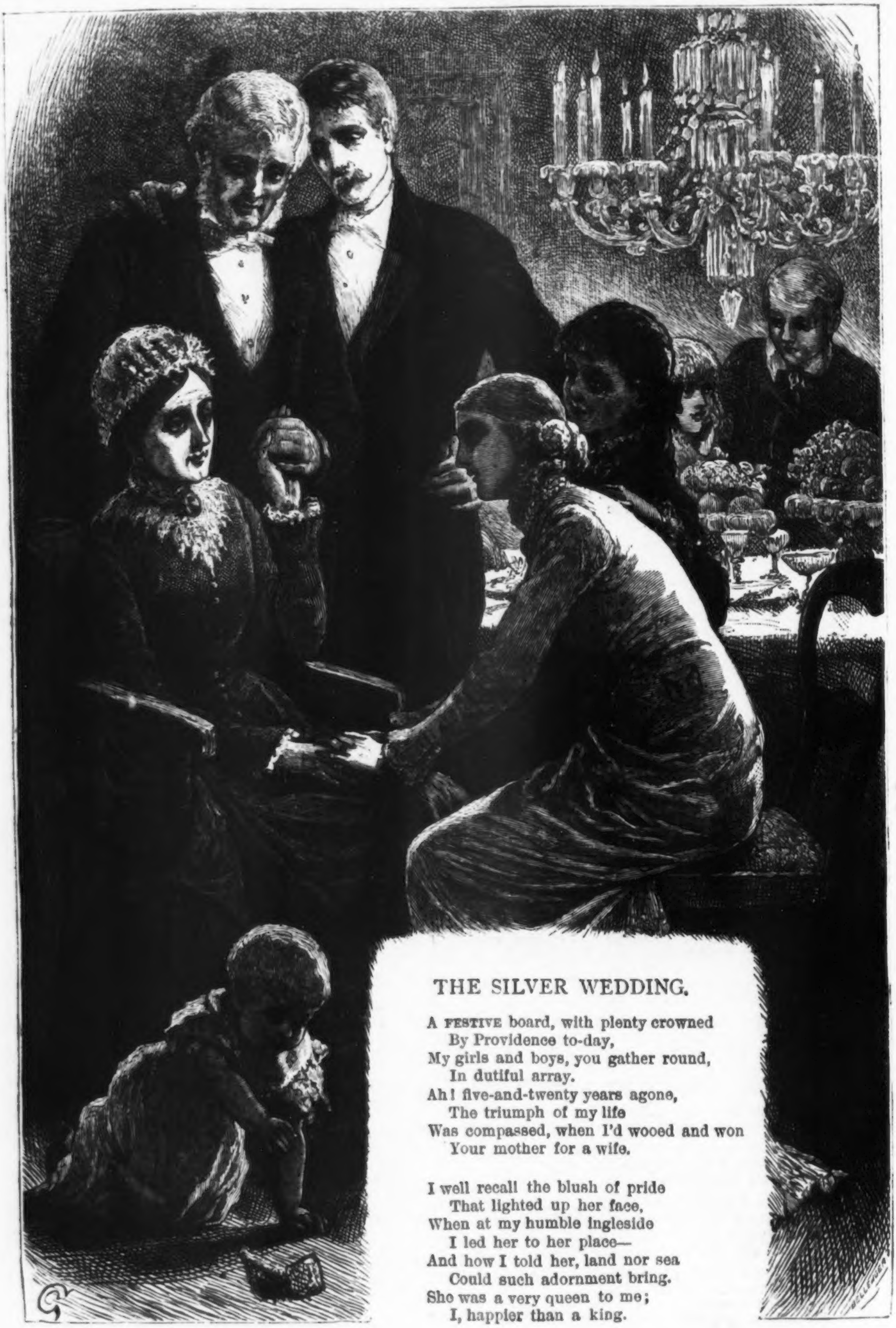
"How do you manage him?" This is a question we heard asked of one of the "dearest and best" wives, who was conspicuously happy in her domestic relations. "Ah," she said, with a merry twinkle in her soft eyes, "the best way to manage a husband is not to manage him."

TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES.

These roses tried to blush like you,
Warm tints suffused each waxen cup;
They found they had too much to do—
Turned very white, and gave it up.

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it.

XUM



THE SILVER WEDDING.

A FESTIVE board, with plenty crowned
By Providence to-day,
My girls and boys, you gather round,
In dutiful array.
Ah! five-and-twenty years agone,
The triumph of my life
Was compassed, when I'd wooed and won
Your mother for a wife.

I well recall the blush of pride
That lighted up her face,
When at my humble ingleside
I led her to her place—
And how I told her, land nor sea
Could such adornment bring.
She was a very queen to me;
I, happier than a king.

And when two fair-haired little elves
Stole into our wee nest,
To share our love, we deemed ourselves
More, more than ever blest;

And though succeeding seasons brought
Fresh rosy cheeks to press,
We ever found the bread we sought,
And peace and happiness.